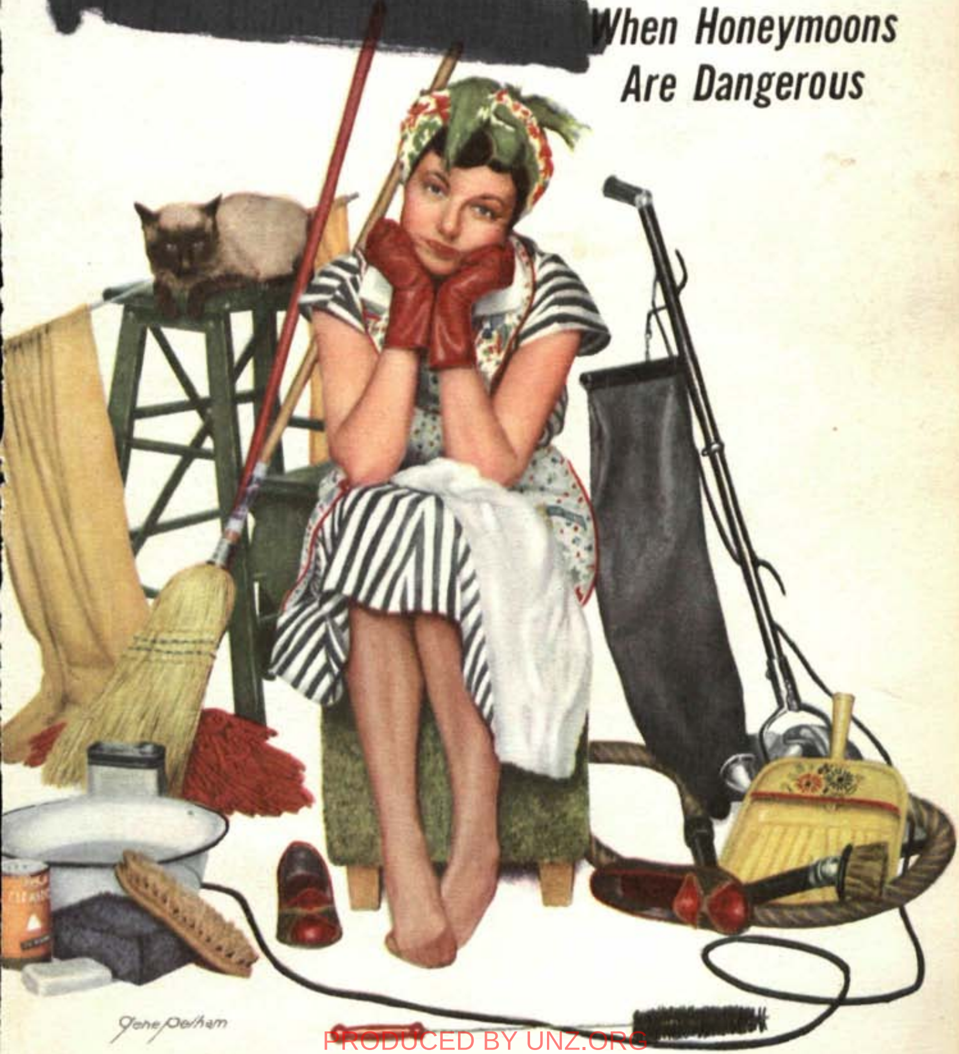
JUNE 25c

Coronet

[redacted]

WARNING:

When Honeymoons Are Dangerous


Gene Pelham

now your beautician can show you proof positive

Helene Curtis RHAPS[illegible]

must giv[illegible]iner permanent every time!

Just ask her to show you the sensationally new Rhapsody Magic Test! See for yourself positive proof of complete neutralization . . . the Magic Test that guarantees you a perfect permanent, **THREE WAYS** more wonderful *every time!*

1 ***Easiest* permanent you ever experienced!** You don't get out of the chair! No neck-breaking session at shampoo bowl!

2 **Incredibly quicker!** New instant On-The-Rod Neutralizing gives far lovelier wave *in far less time!*

3 **Longer lasting, softer, more beautiful!** Perfect, new Magic Test neutralization means exciting, shimmering waves . . . deep curls that look like you were born with them! Because your hair is so important, ask for a Helene Curtis Rhapsody Professional Permanent. Phone for an appointment today.

Helene Curtis

the most desired of all permanents

How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

"The day Nancy and I hit Arizona, we knew it was for us. The air itself felt alive, and the sunshine—well, it was wonderful. Every single morning I've waked up since, I've been thankful to the monthly check for $250 that makes it all possible.

"Somehow, in my forties it was hard to believe I'd ever slow up. Fact is, Nancy was the smart one. One day in 1939 she came to me with our bankbook. 'We must do something,' she said. 'You work hard. You ought to be able to plan to retire someday. We just aren't savers.'

" 'Want to try a business of our own?' I asked.

"Nancy shook her head. 'We haven't enough money—experience, either.'

"But a few weeks later Nancy came to me with a little book called 'Phoenix Mutual Retirement Plans.' She said she'd read an ad about a new way to retire and sent for the book. It was Nancy's little book that changed my mind. Here was a way I could retire—and in 15 years, if I wanted to. There was no secret, except to start soon enough. And I did.

"My first check for $250 came this spring. With it, Nancy and I were off to the West. I wouldn't change places with our company president."

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR MEN

PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
964 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name____________________

Date of Birth____________________

Business Address____________________

____

Home Address____________________

Copyright 1954, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

SANDWICH IDEAS...from the KRAFT Kitchen

ONE PINT
Miracle
Sandwich Spread
Made by Kraft

Male and hearty- sure to be a hit!

PATIO PICNICKER

For each sandwich use a 2" slice of Vienna bread, cut in half crosswise and spread generously with *Miracle Sandwich Spread*. Cover the bottom half with a slice of luncheon meat, a slice of Kraft's golden Velveeta, some lettuce and the top half of Vienna bread. Garnish with a radish rose.

Hearty eating. And such exciting flavor! To *Miracle Sandwich Spread* goes credit for the "excitment". Kraft's famous Miracle Whip Salad Dressing plus special spicy relishes make this delicious sandwich spread.

Easy spreading, always ready, modestly priced! No wonder *Miracle Sandwich Spread* is such a pantry pet. Try a jar soon.

Coronet

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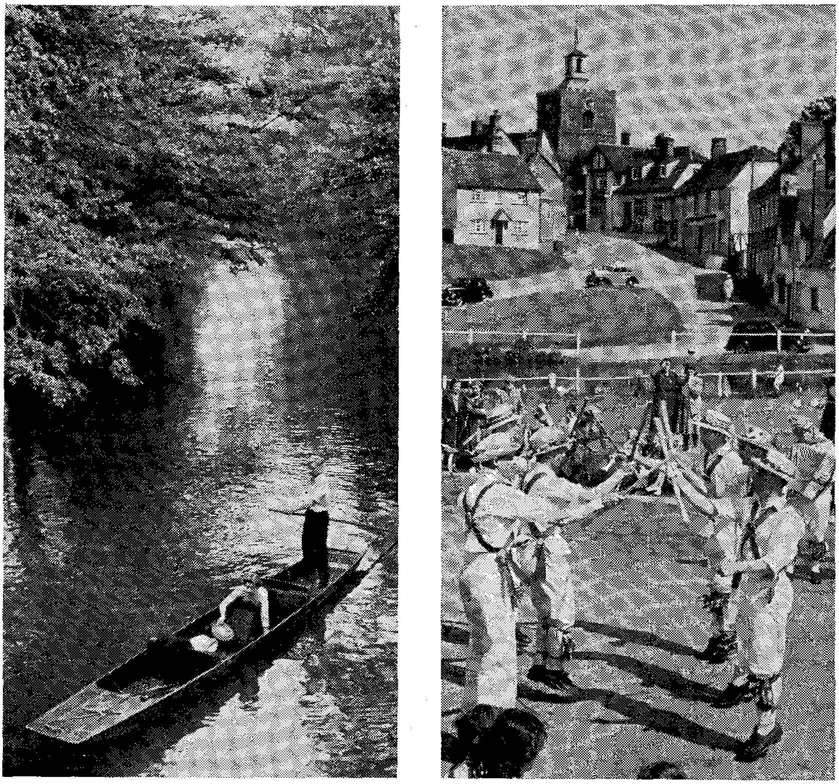
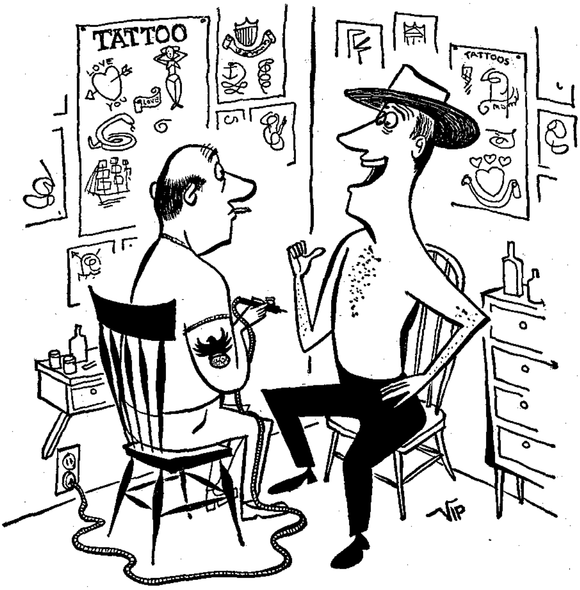


Punting on a quiet river and watching the Morris dancers are part of the fun.

English Panorama

ENGLAND IN JUNE offers a variety of attractions to its visitors. For pageantry, the Trooping of the Color ceremonies, celebrating Queen Elizabeth's official birthday, will afford a glimpse of the monarch on horseback. Playgoers will enjoy the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon and the medieval mystery plays at York. Antique fans will find much to admire at the London fair. Sportsmen have a choice of the Royal Tournament at Earl's Court, the horse races at Epsom Downs and Ascot, and the tennis matches at Wimbledon. For music, there is opera at Glyndebourne and a festival at Aldeburgh. And, for quiet walks, the countryside, with a cool green smile, awaits.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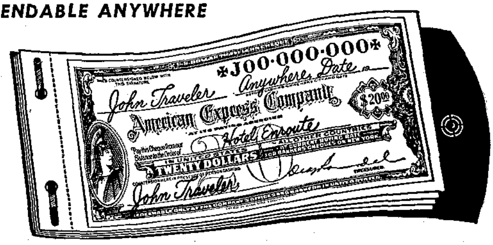
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THE BEST-KNOWN CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Maggie McNamara learns that a secretary and an Italian prince are worlds apart.

THE MONTH'S BEST...

"THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN" offers a brilliant cast, including Louis Jourdan, in the romantic story of three American secretaries in Rome. The Italian scenery and CinemaScope enhance 20th Century-Fox's production.

Jean Peters: frank, friendly and fiery.

Dorothy McGuire: wise, witty and warm.

Good News for Telephone Users

FEDERAL EXCISE TAX
ON LONG DISTANCE

REDUCED

From 25% to 10%

FEDERAL EXCISE TAX
ON LOCAL SERVICE

REDUCED

From 15% to 10%

THE reductions in federal excise taxes, voted recently by Congress, mean substantial savings for telephone users. Your telephone bill is lowered by the entire difference between the old and the new taxes.

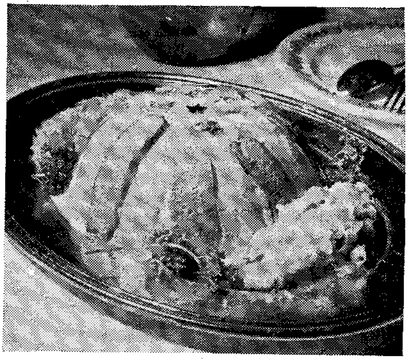
Instead of paying 25% on Long Distance calls, you now pay 10%. On Local telephone service, the tax is now 10% instead of 15%.

The entire amount of the saving in taxes comes off the bills of our customers. None of it is retained by the telephone companies.

The reductions went into effect on April 1 and apply to service billed to you on or after that date.

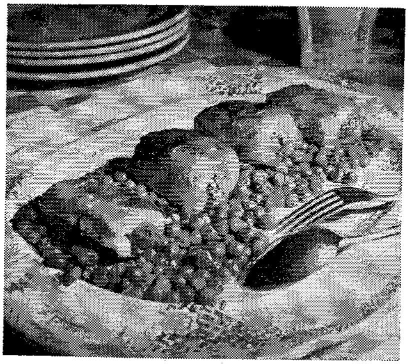
Now it costs you even less to keep in touch by telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



"Knocknagow," Irish dish: Cavanagh's.

"Kartoffel Pfannkuchen" from Lüchow's.



Town and Country's "Pigs in Blanket."

Potato Platters

FROM THE KITCHENS of three noted New York restaurants come these potato specialties for preparation at home.

For "Knocknagow" (Hill of the Smith), boil 4 lbs. potatoes in salted water, put through ricer. Sauté 2 medium chopped onions in butter; mix with potatoes, 1 tbs. chopped chives, 2 oz. light cream, 2 oz. butter. Season to taste and keep warm. Then cook 4 long carrots, 1 lb. country sausage; slice lengthwise. Line buttered pudding mold with alternate strips of carrots and sausage. Press potato mixture in mold; heat in oven. Then braise 1 large head cabbage, shredded, in 3 tbs. bacon fat, season with salt, pepper, 1 tsp. cider vinegar, 1 tsp. sugar. To serve, turn mold upside down on platter, surround with cabbage and sprinkle with chopped parsley; for 4-6 persons.

German potato pancakes require 2 lbs. medium potatoes, washed, peeled, soaked in cold water, and drained. Grate instantly and drain water again. Add ½ medium onion, grated; mix. Add 2 tbs. flour, 2 eggs beaten, 1½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, ¼ tsp. grated nutmeg, 2 tbs. minced parsley; mix well. Heat 3-4 tbs. butter on griddle; drop on large spoonfuls of potato mixture and grill 3 or 4 pancakes at a time until brown and crisp on each side. Garnish with hot bacon, serve on hot dish with stewed apples. (Six portions.)

The old Yankee potato dish, "Pigs in Blanket," has a simple recipe: Tunnel through pared potatoes with an apple corer. Fill each with a pork sausage. Place in baking pan, bake at 375° about 50 minutes. Baste occasionally with fat in pan; add hot water if needed.

salt-free dieters

and doctors acclaim...

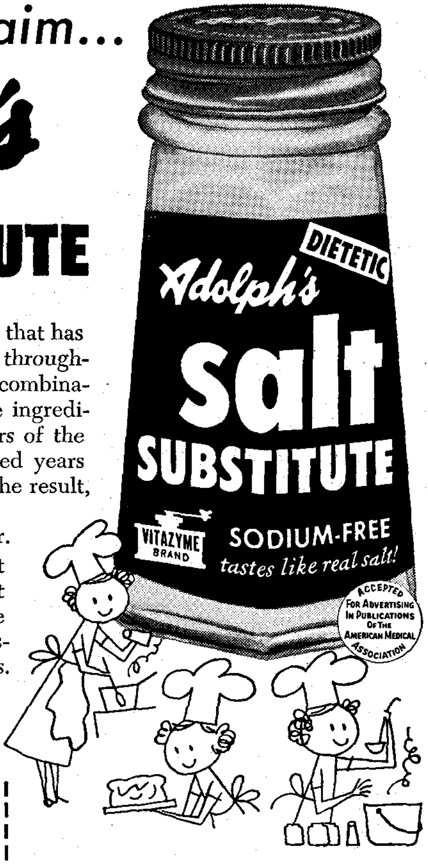
Adolph's

LOW SODIUM

SALT SUBSTITUTE

ADOLPH'S satisfies the desire for salt flavor that has been voiced by millions of salt-free dieters throughout the country. To find the best tasting combination of salt-free and medically acceptable ingredients, Adolph's of Los Angeles, formulators of the original Adolph's Meat Tenderizer devoted years to laboratory research and taste testing. The result, Adolph's Salt Substitute, really satisfies the low-sodium dieter's craving for salt flavor.

ADOLPH'S Salt Substitute retains its salt flavor in cooking, baking and canning. At the table, Adolph's looks and sprinkles like real salt and can be used to give the necessary flavor lift to all salt-demanding dishes. It tastes so good, food can now be prepared for the entire family with Adolph's Salt Substitute.


DIETETIC
Adolph's
Salt
SUBSTITUTE
VITAZYME BRAND
SODIUM-FREE
tastes like real salt!
ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING IN PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

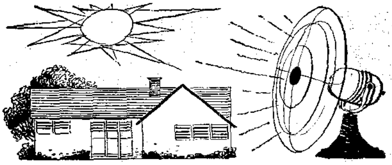
Adolph's SALT SUBSTITUTE also enhances the natural flavor of food since it contains MPG (Mono-Potassium Glutamate), "sister" to the widely used MSG (Mono-Sodium Glutamate). Although MPG gives the same flavor enhancing effect as MSG, it is dietetically sodium-free.

FOR THE BEST TASTING SALT SUBSTITUTE EVER MADE, BUY ADOLPH'S. NOW AT GROCERS EVERYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

NEW Adolph's low-sodium Meat Tenderizer now available for mail order. Specify seasoned or non-seasoned. Send $1.75 ($1.50 plus 25¢ postage) for large economy jar, to Adolph's Ltd., Dept. C-2, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Drop That Temperature!



Now is the time to prepare for those inevitable summer heat waves. Used correctly, the ordinary exhaust or circulator fan can help reduce temperatures in your house as much as 25 degrees, not in one room alone, but from basement to attic. The secret? Strategic placement of the right fan in the right room. Here's how:

Kitchen—Since the heat and odors of cooking collect and hang in the kitchen, an exhaust fan works best there. Put it as close to the stove as possible, but not closer than 18 inches for a wall model, directly overhead for the ceiling type, to give it maximum "pulling" power over cooking fumes. If possible, it should be on the lee side of the room, with another open window or door opposite. Then fresh entering currents can drive stale, heated air into the exhaust. If you have no kitchen exhaust, a desk fan, placed near the stove and facing an open window, will chase most cooking vapor and heat.

Attic—Exhaust fans are invaluable in the attic, too, for summer nights are far too short to cool the heat that is absorbed and held by roof, beams and walls. A fan works well anywhere but on the windward side of the house. In effect, it is a central ventilator that draws up warm air from downstairs through a grille set in the attic floor or, more simply, through an open attic door and dispels it outside, along with the accumulated heat. As it continues to sweep away the stagnant air, a breeze circulates throughout the house.

Bedroom—A desk fan set before a partially open bedroom window and facing inward introduces the cool breezes of night. Open another window or door across the room and out goes the heat.

Basement—Put a fan close to an open basement window, this time facing out. Let fresh air in from a window on the opposite wall, and you will banish that dank, underground atmosphere.

Living Room—Air circulators carry the principle of the ordinary fan one step farther; placed on the floor—the coolest level in any room— they pick up air and spray fresh currents upward and outward in all directions. Kept in the center of the living room, it rounds out your ventilating system.

Bathroom—In most bathrooms, the sole means of ventilation is a single small window—and that is usually kept tightly closed. Result: a persistently clammy atmosphere and foggy mirrors and walls. The cure: a bathroom ventilator, a compact unit easy to install and use. Since warm air rises, the best place for the bathroom ventilator is in the ceiling, not too far from the bathtub. Heat and vapor are whisked along an air duct running to an outlet louver —again, not on the windward side of the house—and out of the bathroom, leaving it fresh and cool at all times.

Window Ventilator—The window ventilator, with the same function as the built-in kitchen and attic exhausts, has a special advantage: it is portable and can be used by apartment dwellers as well as home-owners. Built for windows up to 48 inches wide, it can be moved from room to room for day-long comfort. Put it in the window which permits ventilation to cross the entire room, but never in one facing the prevailing winds.

—James Boran

New, non-fattening liquid sweetener

SWEETA

"SWEETA" IS A TRADEMARK.

Squibb Saccharin in a handy
squeeze-a-drop plastic bottle

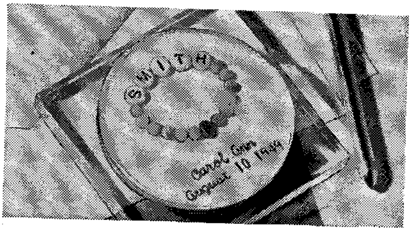
24 cc.
SWEETA
SQUIBB
Concentrated Sweetener
Two drops supply the sweetness of one lump or teaspoonful of sugar
E·R·SQUIBB & SONS
NEW YORK

Sweetens instantly even in iced drinks ...boil it or bake it, it won't lose its flavor...it's calorie-free and just 2 drops are as sweet as a teaspoon of sugar.

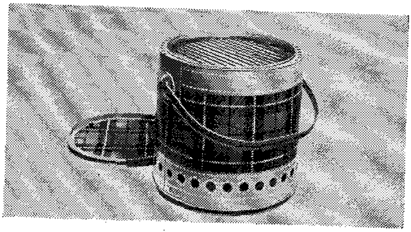
Look for this
SQUIBB
package at your drugstore

NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper



SEND YOUR BABY's hospital identification beads to Keepsake Shops, Dept. CT, Union City, New Jersey, to have them preserved in a Lucite paperweight. $4.45 with inscription.

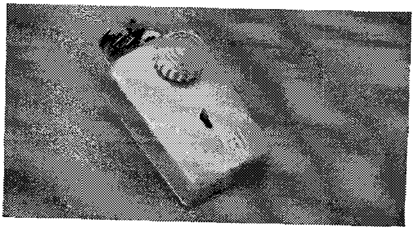


PROFESSIONAL equipment for the amateur chef: the Skotch Grill is a portable charcoal broiler, safe and easy to use, perfect for picnics. $6.95*, Easy Living, 679 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

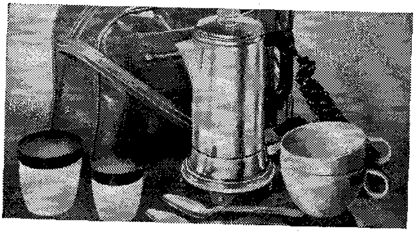
FABULON
Fabulon
FLOOR FINISH

A FLOOR FINISH called Fabulon, $1.98* a quart, takes no longer to apply but lasts longer, and never needs waxing or scrubbing. Write Fabulon, Buffalo 3, N.Y., for more information.

COFFEE POT, creamer and sugar bowl and 6 cups and saucers, all for demitasse service, come in white china with pink rosebuds from Seth & Jed, Dept. C, New Marlborough, Mass. $6.50*.



KODAK AUTO-RELEASE, attached to camera, trips shutter 10 seconds after it is set, so photographer can get into picture. $3.86*, Miami Photo Supply, 1337 Biscayne Blvd., Miami, Fla.



YOU CAN take Koffe Pak with you: AC/DC percolator, 2 cups and spoons, containers for sugar and coffee, all in zipper case, $10.20, from Clarion Products, Box 255 N, Highland Park, Ill.

(*Continued on page 14*)

Can this be true? **YOU**...
playing lovely organ music in 30 minutes?

Of course you don't believe it . . . *now*. But a few minutes at the Hammond Chord Organ will prove you can play even if you can't read a note. Thousands have done it!

Look How Simple

One finger of your right hand plays the melody. A key at a time. Easy "Picture Music" shows you how. (You can also play from standard music.)

One finger of your left hand presses a clearly marked button to play full, rich chords that take up to five fingers on most instruments.

In a few weeks you will probably be playing dozens of selections—popular songs, church music, even classics—on your Hammond Chord Organ. All this, without lessons or tiresome practice! And, you will find the rest of the family joining in the fun of making music.

Visit your dealer and try the Hammond Chord Organ in private. No obligation. $975 f.o.b. Chicago, often with terms of up to 3 years. Mail coupon for further details.

The Hammond Chord Organ

By the makers of Hammond Organs

Hammond Organ Company
4203 W. Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois
Without obligation, please send me full details about the Hammond Chord Organ

Name________________________________

Address________________________________

City________________Zone______State__________

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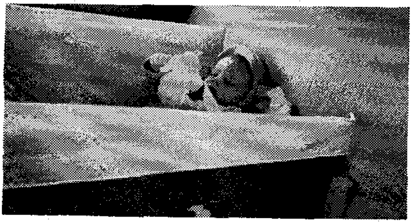
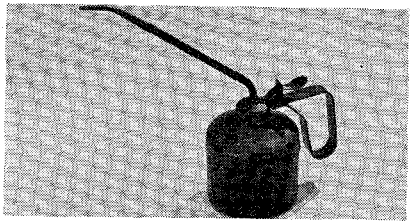
NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper

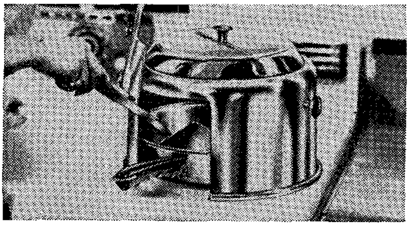
CAPTAIN'S STOOLS, birch or maple, 24" or 30" high, come sanded and ready to be painted. $14.95* for two, from Meadowbrook Industries, West Hempstead, 27, N.Y. Specify seat height.



BABY-PULLMAN safely cradles baby in car, and easily converts into jumbo back-seat play pen. Completely upholstered, $14.95*. Stacy Mfg. Co., 155 E. 23 Street, New York 10, N. Y.

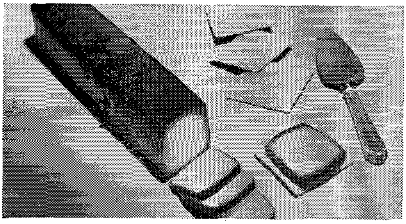


START outdoor fires without kindling or loss of temper. Cape Horn Lighter squirts oil on logs to aid ignition. Safe to use. Wrought iron, $7.95. Cape Horn Co., Box 453, Seattle, Wash.



SPATTERING FAT will no longer land in your eyes or on kitchen wall if you keep Pyrex-topped Protect-O-Cover over frying pan. $6.50 from House of Miller, 630 Greenberg Rd., Kenilworth, Ill.

ONLY $1.50 will buy 50 sheets of stationery and envelopes with your name and address inscribed. To order or get free samples, write Charm Cards, Inc., 393 Peachtree St., NE, Atlanta, Ga.



A LONG BAR—about one foot long—of natural smoked cheese comes from Sugarbush Farm, Rt. 1, Woodstock, Vermont, for $2.50. Each slice of this 1½-lb. loaf just fits a cracker.

(*Continued on page 16*)

Can't seem to get ENOUGH sleep?

New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

AT BEDTIME and especially during the long nighttime hours without food, your brain may become *starved* for blood sugar, your vital "sleep food." Result: You may feel too nervous to *go* to sleep, too restless to sleep *well.*

How you can help your body get the "sleep food" it needs. Take something before bed that will help maintain your blood sugar supply. Sweet, sugary foods are too quickly burned up . . . but the new Postum Nightcap is ideal. Made with INSTANT POSTUM and hot milk, a drugless Postum Nightcap is good-tasting, safe—helps assure a *slow, steady* supply of "sleep food" . . . the kind that helps give you more refreshing sleep *tonight*, a brighter, more productive day *tomorrow.*

RING
RING
RING
RING

The new Postum Nightcap is safe and so easy—try one tonight! If the *right* kind of sleep is a problem for you—get yourself a jar of INSTANT POSTUM and try the new Postum Nightcap tonight. It's easy—just a teaspoon of INSTANT POSTUM in a cup of hot milk. See if you don't sleep better, *nights*—wake to more energetic *days*. Remember, too, that POSTUM is a great mealtime beverage—no caffein, no "Coffee Nerves"!

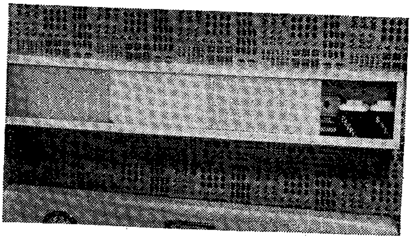
The "SLEEP-FOOD" Nightcap
—for sleepless Millions!

Instant
POSTUM

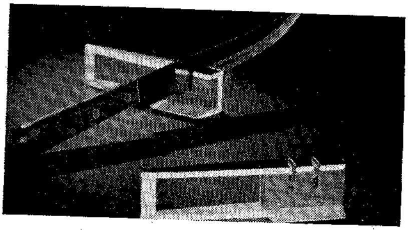
A Product of
General Foods

NEW PRODUCTS

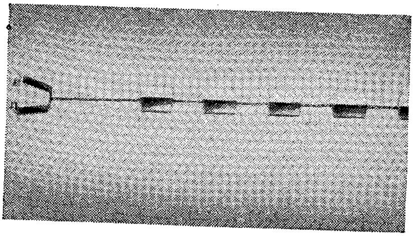
Coronet's Family Shopper



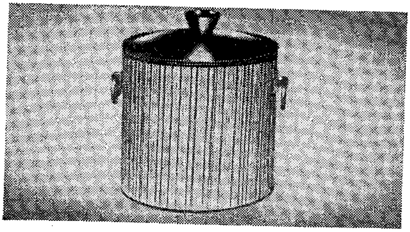
SPICENETTE, a hanging cabinet, keeps mother's spices dust-free and easy to reach. Send $5.48 to Marbrite Company, P.O. Box 36, Queens Village 24, N.Y. for 24″ cabinet, $4.48 for 18″.



LI'L SHARPY, $1.98, is a first-rate knife sharpener. Its tough, adjustable steel file will give any blade a professional razor edge. From Ed. Schuster & Co., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

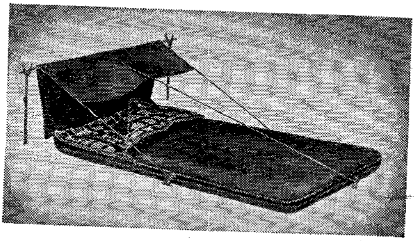


WHEN MAGIC MAID is installed in your toilet tank, it purifies all the water running through, so that the bowl stays clean. $1.25 from Jane Co., Dept. C2, 29 East 29 St., New York 16, N. Y.



ICE-O-LATOR, $5.95, keeps hot foods hot and cold foods cold; holds 3 trays of ice cubes. Fiberglas insulator, bamboo pattern, ebony trim. From Buyways, Dept. C, Orange, New Jersey.

FOR MEN ONLY—the newest sports accessory in years. Hickok's Bola Tie is made of leather, has a metal slide pull with sports motif. $5*. E. W. Edwards & Son, 144 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.



SLUMBERJACK Sleeping Bag weighs just 2½ lbs., is made of Dacron (74% warmer than wool) with water-repellent nylon cover. $30 Bamberger, Dept. 38, 131 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Mailing charges must be added to the prices of starred (*) items.

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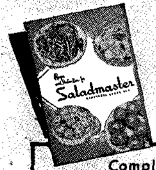

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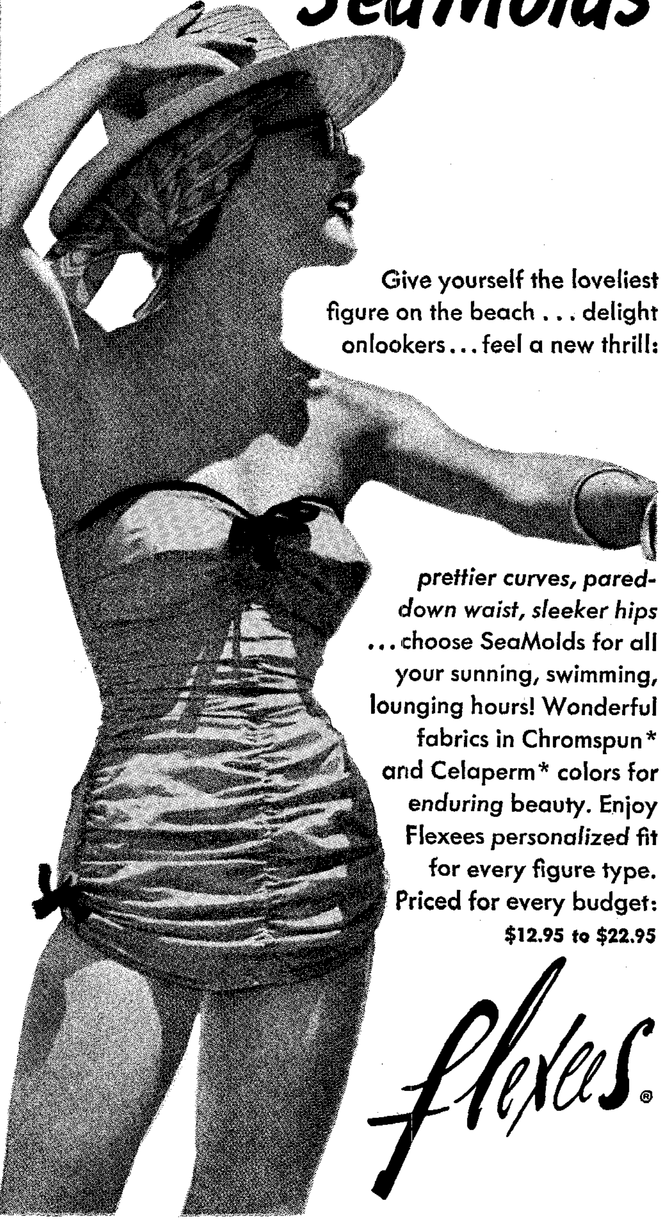

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR ♛ Coronet ♛ JUNE 1954

When Honeymoons Are Dangerous

by HELEN COLTON

THINKING OF THE RAPTUROUS honeymoon awaiting them, tremors of excitement shot through Ann and Bill Shaw as they ran to their car, rice still flying from their clothes. But as almost every married couple could have told them, these starry-eyed newlyweds, expecting to pass through the gates of paradise together, were in for disappointment. For the ecstatic, blissful, serene honeymoon usually happens only in stories; the truth is often quite different.

"Few men and women will admit, even to themselves," says novelist Mary Borden, "that their honeymoon was a strain, a bore, a nerve-wracking period of adjustment, or a miserable failure that estranged them temporarily and made their married life unnecessarily difficult. It is often a painful, difficult, disappointing experience, both to the man and to the woman and, therefore, an utterly useless, abnormal, unfair test of their love. . . ."

Moreover, the honeymoon is frequently such a financial burden, according to Dr. Ernest Groves, marriage authority, that it sometimes takes months, even years, for the marriage to recover from the expense.

"If we knew then what we know now," one recently-married couple says vehemently, "we certainly would have dispensed with a honeymoon. Suddenly, because the couple transport themselves a hundred miles away, all sex problems are supposed to vanish, everything is suddenly supposed to become smooth and easy. That's nonsense. No matter where you go on a honeymoon, you still take yourselves and your inhibitions with you."

The wife adds: "In a way, I blame my parents, even my older sisters. They'd already been through it. Why doesn't somebody tell young couples about these things, instead of letting them go off with fairy-tale notions of what a honeymoon is supposed to be like, and usually isn't?"

Just what does happen during most honeymoons to disappoint so many newlyweds? Not long ago, 50 women answered questions about their wedding trips for Stanley R. Brav of the National Council on Family Relations. The majority agreed: "A honeymoon is not indispensable to happy marriage." A fifth of them confessed their honeymoons were unhappy. In varying degrees, these are the things contributing to honeymoon failures:

1. *Sex adjustment.* This is the primary cause of unhappiness. The adjustments for new lovers are difficult for many reasons.

There is their plain lack of experience. In few other endeavors would beginners expect to be expert their first try. "Few married couples understand that intercourse is not something people do by instinct but is a *learned procedure* and that it may take as long as one year for a typical couple to work out a satisfying adjustment," according to Dr. Clifford R. Adams of the American Association of Marriage Counselors.

A great many newlyweds enter marriage lacking knowlege of even the most basic sex facts. Gynecologist Abner I. Weisman tells of a bride repeatedly left unsatisfied because "her husband would kiss her once or twice, then proceed directly to the sex act without any preliminary love play."

Some brides have led such sheltered lives they don't even know sex relations customarily begin the nuptial night. Sociologists Rex Skidmore and Anthon Cannon of the University of Utah tell of a girl who thought that intimate relations in marriage consisted only of affectionate embraces and kisses. When her husband made sexual advances on their wedding night, she became terrified and cried.

Even the very frequency with which some honeymooners are free to have intercourse may hamper their adjustment. "Nothing, even sex, is enhanced by over-indulgence," says Miss Borden. Many a bride, frightened by her new husband's ardor, gets a distorted idea of what their sex life will be like.

"You can appreciate how difficult it is for beginners to achieve sex adjustment during a tension-filled honeymoon," says a marriage counselor, "when you realize that many long-married couples do not achieve enjoyment even under ideal conditions, in which the partners already know the nuances of each other's behavior."

2. *Fatigue.* At a time when they should be at their physical peaks, so they can enter marriage with zest and vitality, newlyweds usually are exhausted.

Their fatigue begins with prewedding parties. Added to this is honeymoon fatigue—the constant draining of their energies by frequent lovemaking, by the rapidity of new emotional experiences, and still on top of that, some couples plan packed itineraries, as rigidly scheduled as military maneuvers. The two may prefer to lie abed but, no, they have tickets for this play or that sightseeing tour and, tired as they are, they arise and dress.

"One thing I'd do differently, if I had it to do over," one bride says. "I'd ask friends and relatives to give some parties for us *after* we were married, not all of them before; that way we wouldn't have been so tired out."

3. *Artificial conditions.* Allan and

Madge, a New York couple, have gone to Florida for their honeymoon. They hesitated about spending so much, but decided: "What the heck, we'll splurge!"

Allan tipped more for the elaborate meals than he would have spent on a whole dinner at home. Mornings, they would leave a messy room, bed unmade, towels strewn about, and return later to a neat and sparkling room. The room, in fact, was larger than their new apartment at home, which had a bed and built-in-the-wall kitchenette. They had only to want something and there was a waiter or bellhop to fetch it.

These conditions have no relationship to the conditions under which Allan and Madge will live when they return home. There, Madge discovers, as she rushes mornings to dress, make the bed, tidy up, prepare breakfast, sort laundry, all before leaving for work, that married life is not a matter of being served, but of serving. Allan discovers his free-and-easy spending days are over. He could use a new suit—but it'll have to wait.

According to Prof. F. Alexander Magown of the Marriage Study Association, "many sociologists condemn the idea of a honeymoon" because the couple's honeymoon circumstances—their constant dining out, their lack of responsibility for homemaking, their free spending, the absence of normal work and social activities, their isolation and absorption only with each other—are apt never again to be duplicated in marriage. Thus, the honeymoon "constitutes an unreal introduction to life together."

4. *Stresses and strains.* Because they

JUST
MARRIED

are so often sexually frustrated, many newlyweds are far more short-tempered than they would normally be. Each difference of opinion, each unfolding of personality and habits of the new mate, becomes magnified and precipitates clashes out of all proportion to the causes.

How can Joe see through such a dirty windshield, why doesn't he stop and clean it before he kills somebody, Pat says irritably. *He* knows if he can see through the windshield or not, Joe snaps back.

Rob starts to use a towel and draws back, disgusted, when he sees it has lipstick on it. If there is one thing he can't stand, it's smeared lipstick. His sisters did it and he hated it. If he's so tidy, Jean retorts, why did he leave the glass on the washstand instead of putting it back in its holder?

The same incidents and actions that irritate tense honeymooners are much more apt to be understood, dismissed, adjusted or laughed at when they happen later on. Years afterwards, many husbands and wives get a laugh over the things about each other that upset them during their wedding trips.

5. *Boredom.* Desire diminishes after a few days, even in the most passionate and successful of lovers, and they begin to feel confined by being solely in each other's company. Rudolph van Hoevenberg,

whose Pennsylvania resort offers the most ideal conditions possible for honeymooners, says that nevertheless, they all want "outside company, after a few days."

Our activities, experiences, accomplishments in life take on meaning because we share them and can glow over them with a variety of other personalities—our friends and relatives. When we are leading a confined existence, in which we depend entirely on only one other person's reactions, we feel bored, no matter how much we may love that one other person.

6. *Strange locale.* When they are already adjusting to so many new emotional and physical experiences, newlyweds usually burden themselves even more by honeymooning in some new and strange locale to which they must make additional adjustments, unnecessary to a happy marriage.

Connie and George, a farm couple, not only must adjust to each other but to the noise and pace of the city when they honeymoon in New York. Nancy and Fred, with modest incomes, go to a dude ranch where they worry constantly about whether they are wearing the right clothes, tipping enough, ordering properly from the fancy menu, conspicuously staying in their room too much.

Being occupied with familiar activities in familiar surroundings, where there are no surprises or uncertainties, can help give newlyweds the ease and peace of mind they need in order to cope with their new marital status.

Since honeymoons are often such failures, why do couples keep going on them? Frequently, the bride, thinking she will taste paradise, ignorantly *insists* on a honeymoon. All her friends have had honeymoons. Her husband-to-be, who wouldn't for the world appear to be depriving his beloved, doesn't stop to question the wisdom of a trip, or to express doubt as to whether he can afford one.

But the greatest blame probably lies with parents, friends and relatives, for whom the longer and costlier a honeymoon is, the more it seems to be a mark of social esteem.

Dr. Groves urges newlyweds not to allow "what is customary among the newly-married of their town or set" to force them into plans and expenditures they may later regret. Only after the honeymoon do they face the "financial showdown," when the bride, getting her first picture of her husband's finances, exclaims, "Why didn't you tell me all this before we spent so much on a trip?"

The cost of a trip is, next to its sexual and emotional problems, the biggest drawback, in the opinion of marriage counselors. A survey of a group of newlyweds shows they spent from $300 to $1,000 for trips lasting one to four weeks. Except for a few cases where rich relatives subsidized the trips, the couples either went into debt, borrowing from family, friends, getting advances on their salaries, or let themselves go broke using their premarital savings to pay for trips.

"It is too bad," says a minister, "that supposedly sensible people will take the same money that could bring so much permanent joy and pleasure to them, if they spent it in furnishing their home, paying towards a car, buying themselves little luxuries, spreading it over the early months of marriage by increasing weekly budgets, and spend it instead on some temporary trip which may not contribute anything to the sum total of their marital happiness."

He believes most of them learn better "when it's too late. Long before the honeymoon is over, I think the groom is anxious to get back to work, to start replenishing his bank account; and the bride, seeing the money pour out, decides perhaps she would rather have spent it on her home. But they are both afraid it would sound unromantic if they said, 'Let's just pick up and go home right now.' Or they're ashamed of losing face with all those to whom they foolishly gave a home-coming date."

Asked how she felt about this, one young matron said: "Tell the couple to spend the money on their house!" And another said: "Instead of getting into fights over where the money is coming from for those extras, like fancy cocktail glasses or a set of nested end-tables, Ben and I just tap our honeymoon till. Couples can always take a trip later, a less expensive one. We did that. We spent part of the money on household stuff and kept some for our vacations next summer."

It takes courage for a young couple to defy tradition by announcing: "We're not taking a honeymoon. We're going to our own home right after the wedding. We'll let you know when we're ready for company."

But rich rewards await the couple which does this. Going to one's own place, no matter how humble, can provide new lovers with the most pleasurable of "first-night" atmospheres.

Mrs. Leslie F. Kimmel of the American Institute of Family Relations, who did exactly that, says: "I think there can be no greater thrill for newlyweds than spending their first night under their own roof, surrounded by their own possessions. It creates a feeling of unity that nothing else can."

The couples which follow this sensible rule should have our support, encouragement and assistance —especially in helping to keep relatives and friends away from their doors. By popularizing the sensible idea of NO honeymoon, we will be contributing to happier and more sensible marital beginnings for all newlyweds.

As the Years Go by

A LITTLE GIRL becomes a young lady when she stops going through mud puddles and starts going around them.

—From *Crackers in Bed* by VIC FREDERICKS,
Published by Frederick Fell, Inc.

MIDDLE AGE is upon you when you begin to exchange your emotions for symptoms.

—IRVIN S. COBB

AS WE GROW older, we find that the best time for a cold shower is some other time.

—*General Features Corp.*

A Cornell laboratory is saving the lives of thousands of pet animals

DOG'S BEST FRIEND

by **JACK DENTON SCOTT**

SOME THREE YEARS AGO, the executive committee of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University gathered at their big table and made a decision that changed the lives of the dogs of America. They established, in connection with the New York State Veterinary College, a new unit known as the Veterinary Virus Research Institute.

As an integral part of this, they formed the only group of its kind in the world: the Cornell Research Laboratory for Diseases of Dogs. Placing top scientists and veterinary researchers in command of the lab, under direction of Dr. James Andrew Baker, a tall, soft-syllabled Southerner with B.S., M.S., V.M.D. and Ph.D. after his name, the trustees then sat back and waited—hoping their decision had been a wise one.

It was. Especially for the nation's dogs. At the end of the first year, the Research Laboratory came up with a dual-purpose vaccine with which one inoculation would protect a dog against both distemper, the great killer of pet animals, and infectious hepatitis, a disease afflicting half of the dogs in this country.

Realizing that here at last was a scientific center of learning dedicated to saving man's best friend from misery and disease, the veterinarians, dog-owners, dog-food manufacturers—almost everyone in America who had an interest in dogs—responded with checks, donated modern buildings and up-to-date kennels. For in the beginning, the trustees, chary lest they be criticized for approving such an unusual institution as a research lab for dogs, had stipulated that the money to cover all operating expenses must come entirely from contributions.

From the first, with energetic 42-year-old Dr. Baker in charge, they had nothing to worry about. "Drew" Baker had had the Laboratory at heart for seven years. He holds his B.S. and M.S. degrees from Louisiana State, his V.M.D. and Ph.D. in Bacteriology from Cornell, and was recognized as a talented scientist quite a few years ago. As such, he went to work as a virologist for the Rockefeller Institute.

There, in 1946, a dog fancier who was visiting the Institute remarked that it seemed a shame there wasn't a central research agency that operated solely for the benefit of dogs. At his request, Baker drew up plans for such an institution, showed them to the right people and had them adopted by Cornell University.

Baker knew that the Research Laboratory would need all the resources of a great university. For example, if he tried to operate as an independent unit, large sums must be forthcoming to supply equipment like the electron microscope, available at Cornell's Physics Department—and all the vast knowledge and expensive paraphernalia to be found in the departments of chemistry, zoology and entomology.

Around the campus, they still tell the story of the phone call that the late President Day of Cornell received from Walter C. Teagle, former president of Standard Oil (New Jersey) and a loyal Cornell alumnus.

"My friend Robert Woodruff, chairman of the executive committee of Coca Cola," said Teagle, "has a favorite hunting dog that is sick. Can this research man of yours at the University help?"

President Day said he didn't know, but that he would ask. Dr. Baker's answer was a plane to Atlanta, where he was driven to Wood-

ruff's plantation. He arrived at 11 A.M. and stayed with the dog, a very sick pointer, until 4 o'clock. He remembers the conversation to this day.

"Well," said Woodruff, "is my dog going to be ready to hunt quail tomorrow?"

"No," replied Baker. "He will never go after quail again. He's going to die of infectious hepatitis."

Woodruff, head of one of the world's greatest companies, snorted. "What is this research of yours? All talk?"

"No," said Baker. "This dog is very sick. If he had been caught in the early stages, he might have been saved. If research on dog diseases had been started before, we might——"

"That's the trouble with you scientists!" said Woodruff. "Always working for tomorrow, never today!"

Dr. Baker replied that it takes just as much research to solve the diseases of the dog as it does of man. Woodruff was mollified, and out of that meeting in Georgia came generous financial support for the Research Laboratory.

Among the 23,000,000 dog owners in this country, Colonel and Mrs. Lee Garnett Day of West Cornwall, Connecticut, take honors along with Mrs. Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge in helping to establish the Research Lab and remaining among the most loyal supporters. Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Humphrey are also high on the list of regular supporters. He is Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

John Olin, president of mammoth Olin Industries and another Cornell alumnus, has also helped the work of the laboratory. Baker had examined the organs of a black Labrador that Olin had imported from England and who died soon after arrival. Olin was afraid of infection to the rest of his prize dogs. But Baker put his mind at ease. Olin's prize dog, King Buck, was inoculated with the new dual vaccine, which soon will be generally available to veterinarians.

Still other contributors to the lab are leading drug and pharmaceutical houses, millers, veterinarians, and dog-food companies like Armour, Swift, Gaines, Beacon, Kasco, Old Trusty, Perk, Rival, Spratt's, Ken-L-Ration and Sturdy.

Baker's response to such help is simply: "The enthusiastic interest of all people in the project has stimulated the staff and myself to full and continued activity."

Built in square, geometric lines, the Research Laboratory gives that feeling of "quiet, men at work." Inside, even the offices have a clean, antiseptic air.

Each research unit is a suite, completely separate. This helps prevent transmission of diseases by airborne viruses or insects. After much experimentation, these tile-lined suites have proved the only effective places and means of accurate research.

On the apex of Snyder Hill, which is the particular heaven of Dr. Baker and his fellow scientists, is another, smaller building. This is the home of the only disease-free colony of dogs in the world. Here, seven litters of beagles bask in the sun of perfect health, plenty of food and the complete concern of the entire Research staff.

It was not a simple task to estab-

Tips for Taking Care of Kenneled Dogs

Don't let them run loose, says Dr. Baker. When you exercise them, take them on leash to some safe point before you release them.

Screen kennel runs with rustless copper screen. The common fly is one of the great disease carriers.

Make sure the runs are constructed of concrete, slanted so that when they are washed down, water can drain off properly and disease agents be hosed away.

Runs should be washed daily with hot water, which dilutes the disease agent and makes it unable to produce sickness.

Dr. Baker has a theory which he claims he has proved about kenneled dogs. "Dogs exercise as much," he says, "by jumping up and down as by running." This means that the old idea of long runs is obsolete.

And finally, Dr. Baker warns, feed no raw meat. All foods should be sterilized by cooking procedure. Commercial dog foods are cooked, steamed or baked, and thus are safe and cannot convey disease.

lish this colony. After many tries, Baker finally decided that the beagle puppies would be removed at birth from their mothers and fed milk substitutes. Under strict management practices, the research team found that they could control all disease factors.

Baker selected beagles for his colony because they are small, shorthaired, placid and independent of people. At four months of age the pups daily are fed ⅓ can evaporated milk, ⅓ can dog food, a teacup of dog meal and ⅔ can water. They are never fed any raw meat.

In this experiment, Baker has exploded theories about diet, kenneling and hygiene for dogs. He claims that the good commercial dog foods today have everything that is necessary for the health and long life of dogs. And his bouncing colony of beagles proves his point.

Baker's staff is an interesting and heterogeneous one: James H. Gillespie, 34, who received his V. M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania, is presently taking his sabbatical in Holland, studying tissue cultures of hoof-and-mouth disease of cattle and how the findings can be adapted to help dogs.

G. C. Poppensiek, V.M.D., M.S., once worked with Lederle Laboratories and was interested in infectious hepatitis. He played an important part in perfecting the dual-purpose vaccine, now called by many professionals "The Snyder Hill" vaccine, after the hill north of Ithaca, New York, where the Institute is located.

Baker believes that Dr. Kyu Mung Lee, a Korean who holds an M.D. from a Japanese university and a Ph.D. in virology from Cornell, is one of the most promising workers in virology. Lee is interested in eventually returning to his own country to establish a program of virus control.

Turkey, presently one of America's greatest admirers, sent Dr. A. Celiker to study the latest methods in combating virus in animals. Another envoy from Turkey is gray-haired Dr. Sureyya Tahsin Aygun from the faculty of Veterinary Medicine, University of Ankara. When asked how long he hopes to remain at the tissue culture work he is doing under the supervision of Baker, Dr. Aygun, who is Turkey's most famous bacteriologist, replies with a smile, "As long as I am getting something. And I am getting something every day!"

The diseases that Baker and his staff have set out to defeat—distemper and infectious hepatitis—are as common in dogs, he says, as measles and mumps in children. There is hardly a dog that doesn't have or hasn't had some taint of these killers. This makes his disease-free colony of beagles all the more a scientific miracle.

Baker points out that the Laboratory is a laboratory "for" dogs, not "on" dogs. It studies the animals, does not experiment with them. And in addition to its scientific studies, the Lab is answering the questions of veterinarians. This brings their knowledge as close to your home as your own dog doctor.

Baker has given assistance in varied fields. In one recent day, these letters and phone calls came:

The University of Vermont wanted to know if the complement fixatives or the agglationation-lysis test is the best diagnostic measure to study leptospirosis. . . .

The director of the Larro Research Farm of General Mills called to tell of a new feed that his company wanted to put on the market and asked Baker's advice on the ingredients they planned to use.

An official of the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare wrote, asking him to study an application for a grant-in-aid in infectious diseases and inquiring whether he could recommend the applicant for the grant.

A recent announcement by the American Veterinary Medical Association makes the work of Baker and his research team important to every American. "Animal diseases," said the Association, "which can be given to human beings are now becoming of greater importance as a public-health problem. A subcommittee of the World Health Organization has listed 86 animal diseases which can be transmitted to humans, several of them deadly . . . ."

Among the diseases are leptospirosis, rabies and anthrax. Thus, Dr. James Baker and his assistants are not only working for your dogs, they are working for you. Of their research at Ithaca may some day come medical triumphs of great benefit to man—once more proving that the dog is "man's best friend."

Prize Contest Winners

More than 20,000 readers participated in CORONET's February contest and submitted essays in reply to the article "Dogs Are Dumb!" We are happy to announce the winners:

First Prize, $500	Miss Edna M. DuBuis, Bar Harbor, Me.
Second Prize, $300	Norval W. Ayers, San Francisco, Calif.
Third Prize, $200	Mrs. Opal Diemer, St. Albans, W. Va.

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

What's the Meaning? II

CORONET started something by publishing "What's the Meaning?" last December. Readers soon began dreaming up new combinations of these crazy mixed-up words. Below are some of these, selected from our mail. Why not send us some new items yourself? We will pay $10 for each one accepted for publication. (In event of duplications, payment will go to the entry bearing the earliest postmark.) In case you missed the first quiz, here is a hint: GNIKOOL. What can it be? LOOKING BACKWARDS—what else? (Answers on page 108.)

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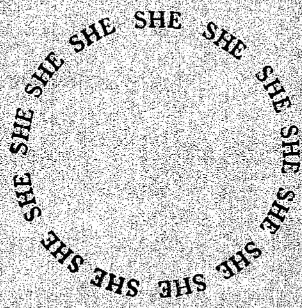
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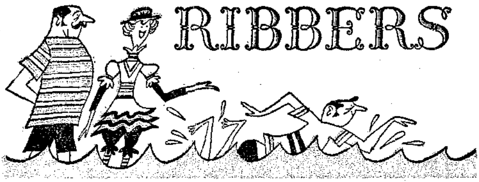


NORMAN ROSS, distance swimming star of the 1920 Olympics, did some of his training in Lake Michigan. One afternoon he was swimming far out in the lake, off the Chicago beaches. As he made his way in toward the shore, a crowd began collecting. He arrived in shallow water, stood up and yelled to the crowd:

"What city is this?"

"Chicago!" they called back.

"Oh, hell!" the swimmer was heard to exclaim. "I wanted Milwaukee!"

With that he turned, dived into the water and swam away.

GROUCHO MARX likes to confuse people who attend meetings of various kinds. One evening a friend took him to a Hollywood séance. The medium brought in a spirit from Out Yonder, a gabby character who had all the answers. People asked questions about their loved ones, and the spirit responded with messages from them.

This went on for quite a time, until almost everyone present had communicated with the departed. Then came a pause.

"Are there any more questions?" asked the spirit voice.

"I have one," spoke Mr. Marx, who had said not a word up to that point.

"Please ask it," said the spirit.

"What's the capital of South Dakota?" said Mr. Marx.

THE CLASSIC AIRLINE JOKE involves a new stewardess on her first assignment. She is going about her routine business when the pilot speaks to her over the intercom: "Please send the co-pilot forward." She looks around, but can find no co-pilot, and so informs the pilot. He bawls her out for having closed the door at the takeoff before the co-pilot came aboard, and, quite naturally, she is emotionally disturbed by her blunder.

The co-pilot is actually in the cockpit, having entered through the cargo hatch. When the plane lands at the next stop, he slips out of the hatch a couple of minutes before the stewardess opens the passengers' door. When she does open it, she hears a shout and, glancing to the rear, sees the missing co-pilot running along the field at top speed. Breathing heavily, he arrives at the doorway and exclaims to the girl, "What a race! I thought I'd *never* catch up with you!"

MAX SCHUSTER, the book publisher, is the champion memo-writer of modern times. Most of his memos are written to himself. He starts the day with a supply of paper slips in the left pocket of his jacket. All day long he jots down maxims, ideas, bits of conversation, book ideas, clever phrases, and so on, transferring the written memos to the right-hand pocket of his coat. At the end of the day he studies his supply of memos, and files them away carefully.

One afternoon Max Eastman,

the writer, was in Schuster's office. He managed to sneak a slip of paper from the publisher's left-hand pocket. On it he wrote a single word, "Dinkelspiel." Then he slipped it into Schuster's right-hand pocket.

That night Schuster stayed up late, puzzling over the one-word memo. He was unable to remember why he had written it. He couldn't go to sleep. He worried about it for days, repeating it over and over to himself, sometimes aloud, confusing people in his office by pacing up and down the floor and saying, "Dinkelspiel. Dinkelspiel. Dinkelspiel."

After about a week he gave it up, choosing to lose that bit of wisdom rather than drive himself mad.

WHILE A STUDENT AT CORNELL, Hugh Troy, an artist and one of America's most accomplished practical jokers, helped score the track and field meets for the newspapers.

It occurred to him one day that there always has to be one boy who is last in every event, and he thought about how hurt such a boy must feel and what a blow it would be to his pride. So to make all "trailers" feel better Hugh invented a character named Johnny Tsal, and Johnny Tsal's name went into the press reports of the meets; Johnny Tsal always ran last in every race.

WILLIAM STANLEY SIMS, one of the most successful of the professional ribbers and whose specialty has long been that of appearing in the role of technical expert at various conventions, once made a startling and unforgettable appearance at a meeting of the American College of Surgeons.

The chairman had just announced that "Dr. Eric von Austerlitz, the noted Viennese surgeon, would not be able to appear as scheduled because he had been called into an emergency consultation and was now in the process of a tedious and extremely delicate operation which would very likely change the course . . ."

At this point the door was flung open and in came Dr. von Austerlitz, wearing his operating-room costume, instruments in his hands, and followed by a nurse carrying a tray of other instruments. Quite obviously, and to the astonishment of everyone, the doctor had rushed straight from the operating room to the convention platform.

He began a lengthy technical description of the surgery just concluded, describing in detail each step and each incision. "In short," he wound it up, "I removed the patient's entire alimentary canal, turned it upside down and stitched it back in that position."

The assembled surgeons sat as though stupefied; then one man, gripping his chair, spoke up shakily.

"What," he asked, "was the patient's trouble?"

"Hiccups," said Dr. Eric von Austerlitz.

—H. ALLEN SMITH, *The Compleat Practical Joker* (Doubleday)

One harassed diner voices a plaint which is echoed by many millions

I'm Sick of WAITERS

by **Mort Weisinger**

Every day millions of hungry Americans pay fancy prices for the privilege of having their appetites lowered and their blood pressures raised. In restaurants, diners, drive-ins, roadside taverns, nightclubs and hotels they drink cold soup, eat with soiled cutlery, do without salt and pepper, have to wait for water and undergo a dozen other shocking inconveniences.

They suffer these abuses at the hands of an army of professional appetite-killers—waiters and waitresses—and the irony is that, in almost every case, the frustrated diner rewards his uniformed tormentor with a tip.

Indeed, so conditioned are we to this situation that, during the war, nobody blinked when a popular Chicago restaurant hung up a sign:

PLEASE DO NOT CROSS
OUR WAITERS.
CUSTOMERS
WE CAN GET ANYTIME.

In the case of the public vs. the harassing waiter, the public considers itself the underdog. This was illustrated recently when Jimmy Jemail, Inquiring Fotographer for New York's *Daily News*, polled Manhattanites as to their pet peeves concerning waiters. The six citizens he corralled for his column listed some 30 grievances among them. The *News* containing these squawks had hardly hit the street when readers began phoning in additional gripes. In the next few days, an avalanche of mail boosted the number of bitter complaints.

They accused the waiter of being everything from the No. 1 cause of gastric ulcers to a secret agent for self-service cafeterias. Typical of the laments were:

"Waiters hand you a mile-long menu and expect you to choose your meal ten seconds later."

"My waitress snarls if I ask for a second cup of coffee."

"If I don't order a cocktail, he makes me feel like a piker."

"Why do waiters wipe your plate with the dirty towel they carry under their armpits?"

"A waiter is deaf, dumb and blind when you want him, but when it's tip-time, he's Johnny on the spot, and you can't shake him."

On the other hand, it is only fair to report that recently, a wealthy Midwestern businessman willed $50,000 to a waiter in the restaurant adjacent to his office "for perfect service throughout the years." By and large, however, only a trifling percentage of the 665,000 waiters and waitresses in the U.S. can qualify as paragons of their profession.

The undeclared state of conflict between waiters and their customers is the oldest cold war in the country. The average waiter will ignore you, insult you and intimidate you—and there is nothing you can do about it. The whole thing is pretty well summed up in the gag about the nightclub waiter who, when asked by a patron, "What time is it?" snapped back, "I'm sorry, sir, but this isn't my station."

How does your waiter get so much out of you, despite his sad service? Here is a formula from one restaurant highwayman who works for $30 a week but, with tips, swells this to $120.

"The essential thing," he says, "is to establish a moral dominance over the customer. The trick lies in planting in the customer's mind that he is imposing on you and that he is altogether an inferior sort of fellow."

The average man may be a lion in his own kitchen, but he is invariably a Caspar Milquetoast when it comes to dealing with this bullying type of waiter. If he requests his steak well-done and it arrives rare, he will eat it without a murmur. Later, when the waiter inquires, "Did you enjoy your steak, sir?" the unhappy diner will lie in his teeth and smile approval as though he had just finished a banquet in Valhalla.

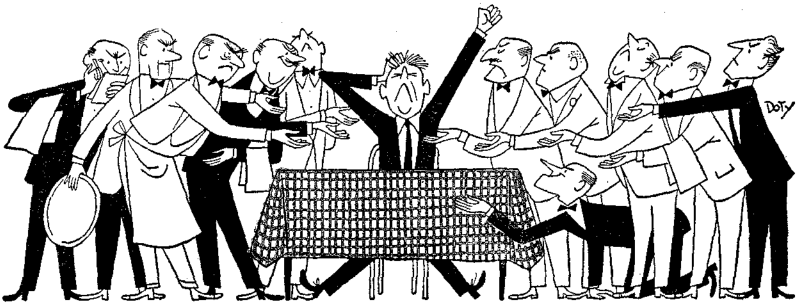
Dare linger over an after-dinner cigarette or a second cup of coffee and the bullying waiter has a bagful of tricks to discourage such loitering. He will empty your ashtray, brush away imaginary crumbs, pick up your check and pretend to audit it, cough, hover over you balefully.

If these tactics fail, he will whisper surreptitiously to the head waiter and point you out like some fugitive from the FBI. Finally you will get the hint that he wants you to give up your table so that he can seat some new victims.

Equally annoying is the waiter who neglects you throughout the meal. If you have told him you are in a hurry and would appreciate quick service, he is the original little man who wasn't there, particularly when you want an extra pat of butter or cream for your coffee.

Nor will you fare better when this Disappearing Dan finally does materialize again on the floor. The room may be as quiet as the inside of a church, but try summoning him as he table-hops among the other suckers.

You may hope to catch his attention with a low-decibel cough. You may call out sharply, "Waiter!" Or you may use the more flattering, "*Garçon!*" You may try finger-



snapping, whistling, tapping your water glass with a fork, but the chances are your plea will fall on deaf ears.

One lady put it neatly with this suggested epitaph for any metropolitan waiter: "God finally caught his eye."

Even more vexing is the waiter who continues to ignore you after you have been lucky enough to catch his attention. This one will acknowledge your frantic waving with a stern nod or a shriveling stare, then abandon you ruthlessly for another half-hour.

When he does return, instead of apologizing he will attack with: "You should have come in an hour earlier. We just ran out of the breaded veal cutlet you ordered. You'll have to choose something else—and quick!"

Every time you pay the check in a restaurant, you are a victim of the waiter's high-pressure routine. He may never have passed grade-school arithmetic, but he is a mathematical wizard when it comes to juggling your change so that you will have to tip him far above the usual 15 per cent.

If your tab for a meal is $1.90 and you pay him with a $5 bill, inevitably he will return with two singles, two half dollars and a dime—so that you are forced to leave him at least 50 cents.

Tip one of these meal saboteurs a minimum 10 per cent for the poor service he has given you and he will scowl, mutter and stormtroop away in rage. If you tip him between 10 and 15 per cent, he will exhibit his contempt by scooping up the money without a word or sign of acknowledgment, as though you have stabbed him and he is suffering in silence. A fat 15 per cent will merely rate you a slight nod of thanks. Only when you get up in the rarefied 20 per cent zone, or beyond, will he have the courtesy to thank you audibly.

You become particularly vulnerable to this sort of psychological warfare if you are the host when dining out. The designing waiter knows that he can, by a gesture, a growl or a glance make you look like a Scrooge if you don't grease his palm liberally. From experience you know there is only one way to avoid his blackmailing tactics. You slip him hush money in the form of an over-tip.

Why do waiters rub you the wrong way? Why do they make outside dining a tragedy instead of a treat? Are they simply lazy, or just plain ornery? Are they resentful of the public because they think they have to bow and scrape for gratuities?

Probably the main reason for the unsatisfactory waiter is his lack of training. In other of the service professions, previous experience in the trade is encouraged—and often demanded—by employers and unions. There are colleges for barbers and institutes for beauticians. There are schools for bartenders, cooks, chauffeurs and airline hostesses. But training courses for waiters are virtually unknown.

To make matters worse, many restaurants use the "Experience Unnecessary" bait to lure dining room help. Numerous summer resorts think nothing of spoiling their guests' holiday by hiring greenthumbed, soup-spilling college freshmen as waiters.

The head of a leading employment agency says, "The efficiency of waiters will always be sub-standard because it is the most underrated profession in the service field. Everyone thinks that to earn a waiter's wage, all you need is a towel, a tray and a table."

Unfortunately, the problem of the harassing waiter is one that can't be laughed off. From hash-house to steakhouse he is the diner's Nemesis.

Of course in the plush bistros and platinum nightclubs where the VIPs tip almost as much as they tipple, the service is excellent. In these exalted spots, which cater to the champagne set, folding money talks—and the owners see to it that each diner gets attention from his waiter.

But what about the vast majority of the public—the VUP, or Very Unimportant Person, who can't afford these high-class spots? During the past decade, he has become the victim of a super-squeeze play. Management has slugged him hard by more than doubling the price of a meal. And waiters and waitresses have hit him again by sniffing at the customary ten per cent tip. It all adds up to an insult to your purse and injury to your temper.

Occasionally a courageous diner registers his wrath by "stiffing," withholding a tip from his waiter for having given poor service. Such one-man crusades generally boomerang. For the next week or so the penalized waiter, instead of mending his ways, takes it out on subsequent customers by giving them surlier, shabbier service. He rationalizes his revenge by telling himself that the public doesn't appreciate good service anyway. It never occurs to him that he is the cause of this situation.

Obviously, the solution to the problem is up to management and the unions who control hiring, firing and incentive rewards. In the meanwhile, there appears to be but one way out for Joe Public. He can go to a restaurant prepared to put up with the waiter nuisance—or he can stay quietly at home.

On Entertaining the Young

WHO SAYS A FATHER can not entertain his young? Nonsense! He has only to shave. From the moment he first opens the medicine cabinet till he caps the bottle of lotion and puts it back, he is the cynosure of all eyes, the awe of every open-mouthed little one. As a matter of fact, even mother has to exercise her will power to refrain from joining the audience. The sudsing, the applying of beautiful foamy lather from which only the nose juts out and over which the eyes peer merrily. What a clean swath the sharp blade draws along the jaw line, what contortions Daddy makes creating a smooth path for the razor, how dangerous it looks to stretch the neck and elevate the jaw and shave unflinchingly. Sometimes a little boy is playfully dabbed with lather, or another gets a dash of bitey perfumed lotion. We've seen a little girl awarded a fresh-shaved kiss and she loved it. There's a general sigh when it's over—a great show!

—GLADYS RIFE, *"Rural Reflections"*
Press-Citizen, Iowa City, Iowa

How a group of young women finds new ideas for helping other people

63,000 Junior Leaguers

by **Curtis Mitchell** *and* **Mary Louise Mendiones**

A REMARKABLE CONVERSATION took place recently in a lunch wagon on Highway No. 1 near Baltimore. The waitress was killing time while a truck driver finished his coffee. Flipping open a paper to the society page, she saw a picture of three girls seated around a table. The caption said: "Junior League Leaders Meet to Discuss Follies."

"They've got it easy," she said. "I'd like to see one of them do a day's work."

The driver laid down his spoon. "You have some kids?" he asked.

"Two," she said.

"Healthy?"

"Yes, thank God."

"I've got one girl," he said. "She's four, and last year she got polio. After several months, she couldn't walk or sit up. I heard about a school for kids like her in my own home town—Charlotte, North Carolina. So I took her there, and now she's sitting up and even learning to walk."

"That's wonderful!" said the waitress.

"That school is run by the Junior League," the driver went on. "Girls like those in the picture started it, pay the teachers, and pick up the children and take them home. My wife was pulling our little Mary to school in a coaster wagon until they found out about it and arranged for a car to come to our door every day." He paid his check. "Don't worry about those girls and their amateur Follies. When their picture's in the paper, you can bet it's for a mighty good cause."

As the driver indicated, useful Junior League projects are underway today in 183 cities. Sixty-three thousand young women are constantly busy with their self-imposed tasks. They "retire" from active membership at 40, but continue to serve as volunteers.

If you are crippled in Kingston, New York, the local League will loan you a wheelchair, hospital bed or crutches from its famous Loan Closet. If your eye is destroyed in Boston, you can draw a new one from the League Eye Bank. In Fall River, your child's crossed eyes can be straightened at the League's Orthoptic Center.

In Des Moines you can learn English at the League's Language School, which aids foreigners who have settled there since World War II. If you are a shut-in child in Los Angeles, you can subscribe to the League's magazine, *Bed Post News,* which is edited specially for you.

In Wichita, Kansas, a retired schoolteacher was so stricken that she could neither sit up nor hold a book. The League brought her one of their modern ceiling projection readers. In Hamilton, Canada, 200 old people were rusting away in furnished rooms. The League rented an empty store, scrubbed and painted it, and built them a Golden Age clubhouse.

These are just some of the triumphs of current tough-minded League leadership. Once considered only a giddy band of footloose playgirls, Junior Leaguers are now obsessed by such dedication to duty that their benefactions make the philanthropy of the average heiress look like a miser's gesture. Charity is no longer tolerated as a mere hobby. As Mrs. DeLeslie Allen of Rochester, president of the Association of Junior Leagues, explains:

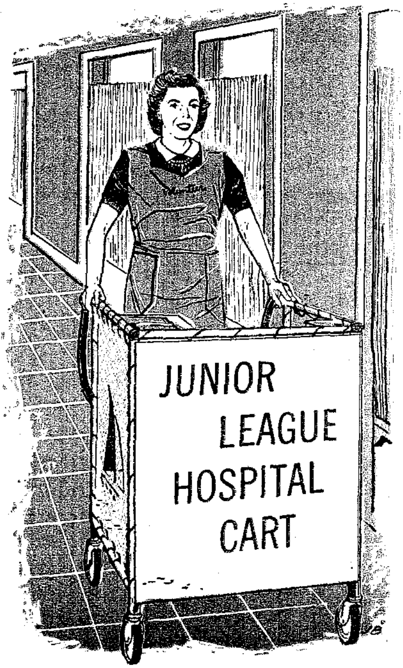
"We are simply trying to live up to our duties as Americans. We must do more than vote and pay our taxes. The giving of ourselves is a sort of rent that we pay for living in today's kind of world."

Last summer, Mrs. Allen prepared a remarkable annual report revealing for the first time the scope of the philanthropic projects on which the League works. She dedicated it to the first Leaguer ever to become a U. S. Cabinet member, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby.

These are excerpts. In 1952, League members served on 10,154 community boards in over 4,000 agencies. One hundred and one Leagues helped to relieve the suffering of the ill. Handicapped children and adults were aided by 79 chapters. Playgrounds were organized by 123. And 97 Leagues sent dramatic groups into theater stages to be seen by 641,000 children.

Leaguers are as impressive as individuals as in the mass. Mrs. Oswald P. Lord represents the U. S. at the United Nations. Mrs. Frances Bolton, Congresswoman from Ohio, is another nationally-recognized League member. So is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Nothing daunts the modern Junior Leaguers. Their Association Consultant on Welfare Services, Robbie Hunt Burton, says: "A local League is bound only by its broad purpose of providing community leadership. As such, it is one of the few organizations that can be flexible, experimental, free for trial-and-error endeavor, and



able to supply the 'venture capital' in community living."

If a job cries to be done, they do it. But they first ask a question: Is it really needed? These matters are worked out at project committee meetings. The scene is usually somebody's home. Members are assigned duties: Alice will check welfare agencies to see if anyone has started a similar project. Martha will canvass the city's health department. Ann will poll medical organizations. Janet will organize the "provisional" members for a door-to-door canvass to seek more facts.

The Chicago League still recalls the shock that swept through its membership when their survey discovered that epilepsy was still being given the "hush-hush" treatment. In 1945, the disease was a stepchild of medicine: most doctors were unprepared to cope with it.

Dr. Frederick Gibbs, first doctor in America to use brain waves for diagnostic purposes, told them: "Epilepsy has gone underground. Some parents who have epileptic children have been known to hide them in attics and basements. People think that an epileptic is an idiot. This is untrue. These sufferers can be saved for normal living if given adequate medical care."

One evening Mrs. Robert L. Foote, now vice president of the Association, called the Chicago League to order. As president, she and Mrs. William S. Friedman, welfare project chairman, had responsibility for determining the group's collective will. An influential member reported: "I've talked to several physicians who think amateurs should keep their hands off."

A doctor's wife argued: "If this job is to be done, we women will have to do it. The regular doctors are too busy."

When the vote was taken, the project was adopted. But immediately there was a crisis. Dr. Gibbs could find no trained assistants. So the young women of the League volunteered. Betty Ward Vilas became clinic manager, Elizabeth Stone trained herself to be an electro-encephalographic technician, Mrs. J. Ashton Graham took charge of records for evaluation of new type drugs, Mrs. Alexander W. Belikow and Mrs. Henry L. Schroeder helped with blood counts and chemical tests. Other members became aids, clerks and lab helpers.

Dr. Gibbs says: "Patients flocked to the clinic from all over the world. Lives were saved. Children were made normal and returned to school. Men and women who were unemployable were relieved of their seizures and returned to work. The Junior League stepped in where angels had feared to tread."

SUCH WORK is quite an enlargement of the project begun in 1901 by Mary Harriman, dynamic daughter of the multimillionaire railway magnate. After she "came out" with a big debutante party, she began to examine her social conscience. Other boys and girls were not so lucky. So she decided to do something about it.

Within a week, she attracted 85 other debs to her cause. They called themselves the League for the Promotion of Settlements Movement. In her first year, Mary Harriman sent 18 League girls to teach drawing and calisthenics at the New York Settlement House. Last year, 63,000 League girls gave 5,500,000 working hours.

Outsiders have observed this growth with some cynicism and much amazement. Many members of early Leagues were the darlings of families whose crests were encrusted with barnacles from the *Mayflower*. In the fashion of the times, they thought of themselves as rather special. In New York, they inhabited a clubhouse that cost $1,200,000 and contained bedrooms, swimming pool, squash courts, cocktail bar and ballroom.

"PUT YOUR WIFE ON THE FAMILY PAYROLL"

Every wife should [illegible]

Those days are gone forever. The gaudy mansion has been sold, and an association of Junior Leagues has been formed to advise on the standards of each local and to assist its members in substantial community endeavors. Formerly, the girl whose blood was blue enough was admitted automatically. Now she joins up as a "provisional" member for the year of probation which will prove her fitness.

Each "provisional" must be proposed and seconded by League members and approved by an inquisitorial committee. Every girl must volunteer to labor at such tasks as washing hospital dishes and carting away bedpans. Absence must be explained to a hard taskmistress.

She studies home-town government, housing, labor, industry, health and community planning. She pretends to be the head of a newly-arrived family with the need to find a low-rent home close to schools and churches. She learns where to get professional help for a mother who cannot handle her teenage son, or a girl who is so unhappy at home she may become a delinquent.

Finally, she takes an examination. If she passes, she becomes a full-fledged member and pays from $5 to $75 dues a year, according to where she lives.

Whenever any local project is adopted by majority vote, every Leaguer is bound to work in its behalf. It is this discipline which turns an inexpert band of young women into a task force unafraid of tackling any community problem.

In Charlotte, North Carolina, a tiny Children's Museum had been established in 1946 in an abandoned day nursery. Boys and girls came in droves to learn how to handle snakes, lizards and even a skunk. League mothers working as volunteer keepers saw their children's minds expand under the impact of natural history.

When it was rumored that the museum was in financial trouble, they called a war council. The president reported: "Eight thousand dollars is needed or the museum will close."

There was a stunned silence. Then one member suggested: "A Follies always makes money."

"We could have a fashion show."

"The town's excited about its barber-shop quartets. Why not sponsor a city-wide contest?"

They did all these things, one after another, and the museum grew out of its first quarters and is now in a $68,000 building built by the League. Already another wing is planned and every day three paid employees and 45 League volunteers work with living, squirming and grunting natural history.

In Baltimore there was no local agency to deal with the increase in blindness among premature babies. In 1952, the League started a school for the young blind. Follies money bought equipment and hired a professional director.

In Jackson, Michigan, the League decided that children's concerts were needed. Volunteers working with the school system and the symphony orchestra did a typical promotion job. Pre-concert study was provided to each class. The mayor proclaimed Youth Concert Week. Any child who sold four tickets won a movie pass or an ice cream treat book. The concert was oversold by hundreds of seats.

Sometimes a small push is enough to start a chain reaction, like the one in Scarsdale, New York. Its Carver Center Nursery School needed new equipment. The League voted to buy it. Then Deputy Police Chief Ed Dowdall decided that something should be done about falling plaster and peeling paint. He asked his police force for volunteers and got 20 men.

A woman resident paid for new lumber, a dealer sold it wholesale, a lodge gave paint, plumbing dealers contributed fixtures, and a contractor shipped in four electricians. When the paint had dried, there was no brighter nursery in America.

Sooner or later, every Leaguer asks herself—and is asked—why do you do it? What good does it do you? One of the best answers has been given by Isabell Merriam of Marietta, Ohio, a volunteer for almost 20 years.

"At 9:30 you arrive at the hospital," she explains. "The doors close behind you and you enter another world. Here, heartbreak and pain and trouble and gallantry are all mixed together.

"Through it the Leaguer walks, the well one, the strong one; above all, the unhurried one. It was a Leaguer who was chosen to tell a ten-year-old that he would never see again. I don't know how she did it. The Lord seems to give us the words we need.

"How do we do the job? With grandmother taking over when the baby sitter doesn't come. With a husband who understands why there is dust under the bed. We do it with time deliberately stolen from our daily rounds.

"As the gray hairs count up, we can only answer that you've got to do something with the best years of your life. And through League work, we do the very best we can."

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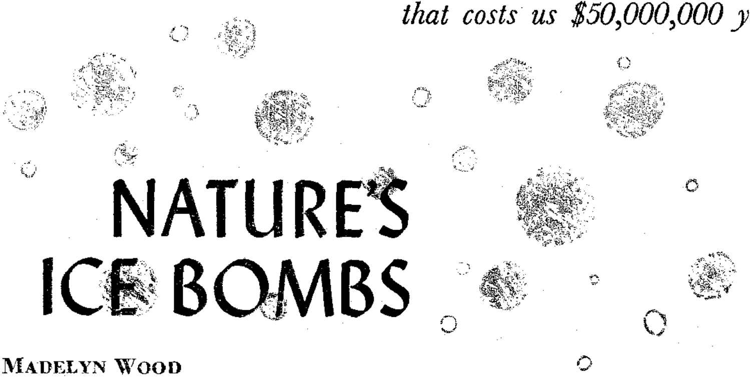
Hail is an oddity of the weather that costs us $50,000,000 yearly



NATURE'S ICE BOMBS

by **Madelyn Wood**

On a morning in early fall, the citizens of Joplin, Missouri, watched tensely as great black clouds churned up into the sky above the city. The air seemed to lie like a heavy blanket, and the ominous calm was punctuated by uneasy gusts of wind.

Then, suddenly, with a frightening roar, the skies burst open. In ten minutes the city was a scene of destruction, with 14,000 buildings damaged. The loss was set at over $2,000,000.

What happened in Joplin in those terrible minutes was a spectacular but typical sample of the savage fury in one of nature's most swift and destructive forces, the hailstorm. It batters cities, sieves roofs, cuts crops to ribbons and sometimes kills, costing us an annual $50,000,000.

Hailstones are created when slowly falling ice particles, formed high in the cold upper reaches of a great thunder cloud, are suddenly seized by a powerful updraft and whirled up again. With an added coating of ice, the pellets eventually start dropping a second time, only to be seized and spun upwards once more.

This process can be repeated twice, ten times, twenty times. Each time the pellet is swept skyward its ice coating is enlarged. Hailstones have been found with as many as 25 separate rings, indicating that they had been hurled upwards that many times.

The result can be hailstones of astounding dimensions. The Weather Bureau recently recorded one in Texas that was actually bigger than a baseball. The largest on record was picked up at Potter, Nebraska, in 1928. It had a circumference of 17 inches and weighed a pound and a half.

The most astonishing thing about the creation of these giant stones is the tremendous force of the updrafts necessary to make them, meteorologists declare with wonder. Tests in airplanes disclose that it takes a 70-mile-an-hour wind to hold up a two-inch particle. A three-incher requires a wind of 100 miles an hour, and giant stones of five inches are borne aloft by winds hurtling upwards at speeds of 200 miles an hour.

When they do fall, these icy missiles sometimes float down so slowly that they have been compared to birds soaring. But they are more likely to come whistling down at speeds that can punch holes through glass and metal.

They can be killers, too. In 1936, an icy bombardment struck in South Africa, killing 26 natives in one Transvaal village.

History's worst death toll from a hailstorm occurred in Moradabad, India, on May 1, 1888. There, 250 were killed in a few minutes. Most of the victims perished not from the force of the blows, but because they were knocked down and then buried in ice drifts, dying from cold and exposure.

Single hailstorms can do an incredible amount of property damage. Although every state in the U. S. has been slashed by them, the Plains States are our real hail belt.

Unhappily, hail is most likely to strike in the warm season when it can be disastrous to crops. A five-minute hailstorm can turn a waving field of wheat into a sea of mud, with golden wisps of what appears to be straw scattered through it.

Can science do anything to control this icy terror of the skies? Can the type of clouds that can produce hail be forced to drop their moisture before it has a chance to get whipped up and down and produce hailstones?

One scientist has a bold answer, and has already conducted a spectacular experiment. He is Irving Krick, long-famed weather forecaster who has now gone into the business of rainmaking.

For his experiment, Krick chose hail-scarred Logan and Washington counties in Colorado. Around certain areas, he placed a battery of 24 silver-iodide generators, ingenious stove-like devices that send up clouds of countless billions of tiny chemical particles, around which water droplets form and fall as rain.

Overhead, giant thunderheads piled up. Perfect hail weather, the Krick meteorologists on the scene reported. Sure enough, a tremendous storm came howling across the plains, spitting hailstones. Yet in the area protected by the generators, with their invisible clouds of particles, hailstones were mushy and did little or no damage.

Weather experts are now investigating similar experiments in other areas of the West.

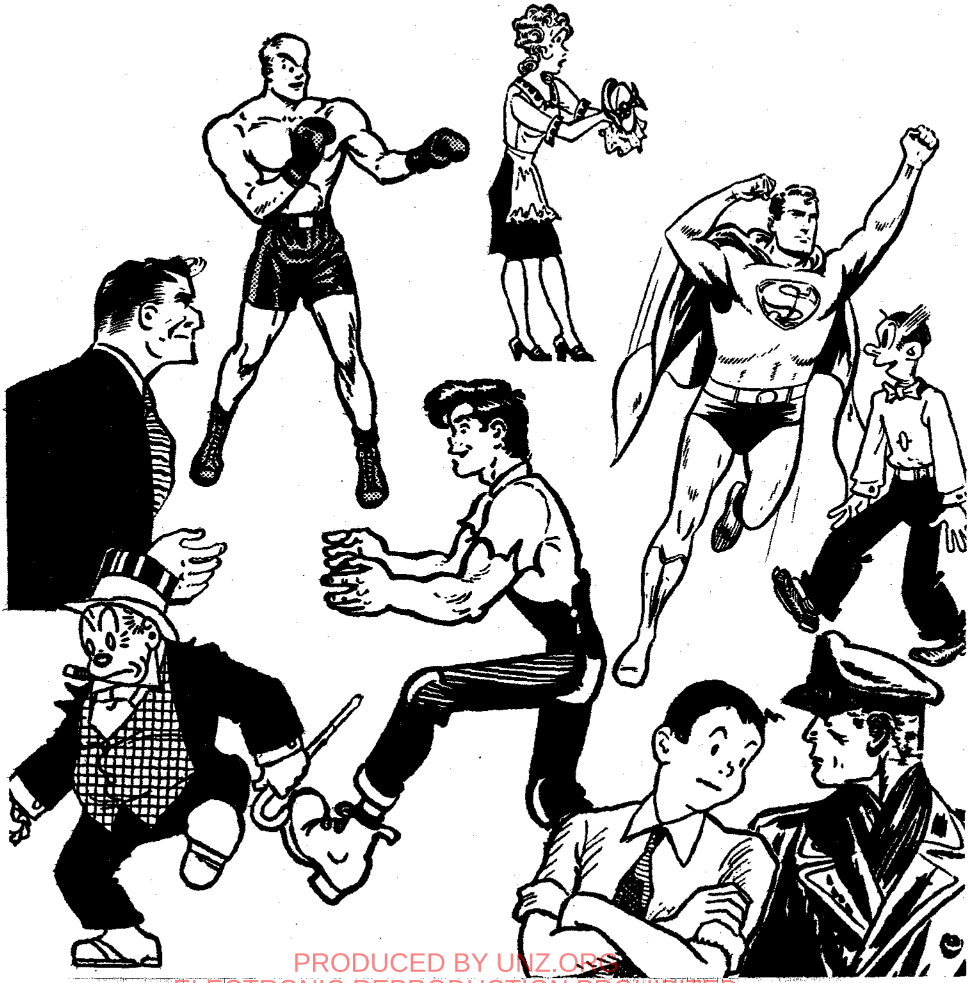
If they succeed, man, at long last, will have found a way to stop one of his most devastating weather enemies, the glittering scourge of hail—Nature's ice bombs.

The birth of a doubt is the beginning of an education.
—RONALD COLMAN (NBC)

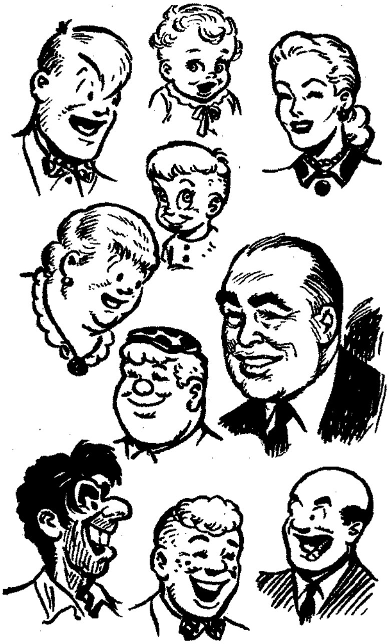
Life, Love and Laughter

BY AMERICA'S CARTOONISTS

BACK OF THE CHARACTERS in your daily comic strip is a group of talented artists who, being human themselves, inject humanity and humor into America's Land of Make Believe.



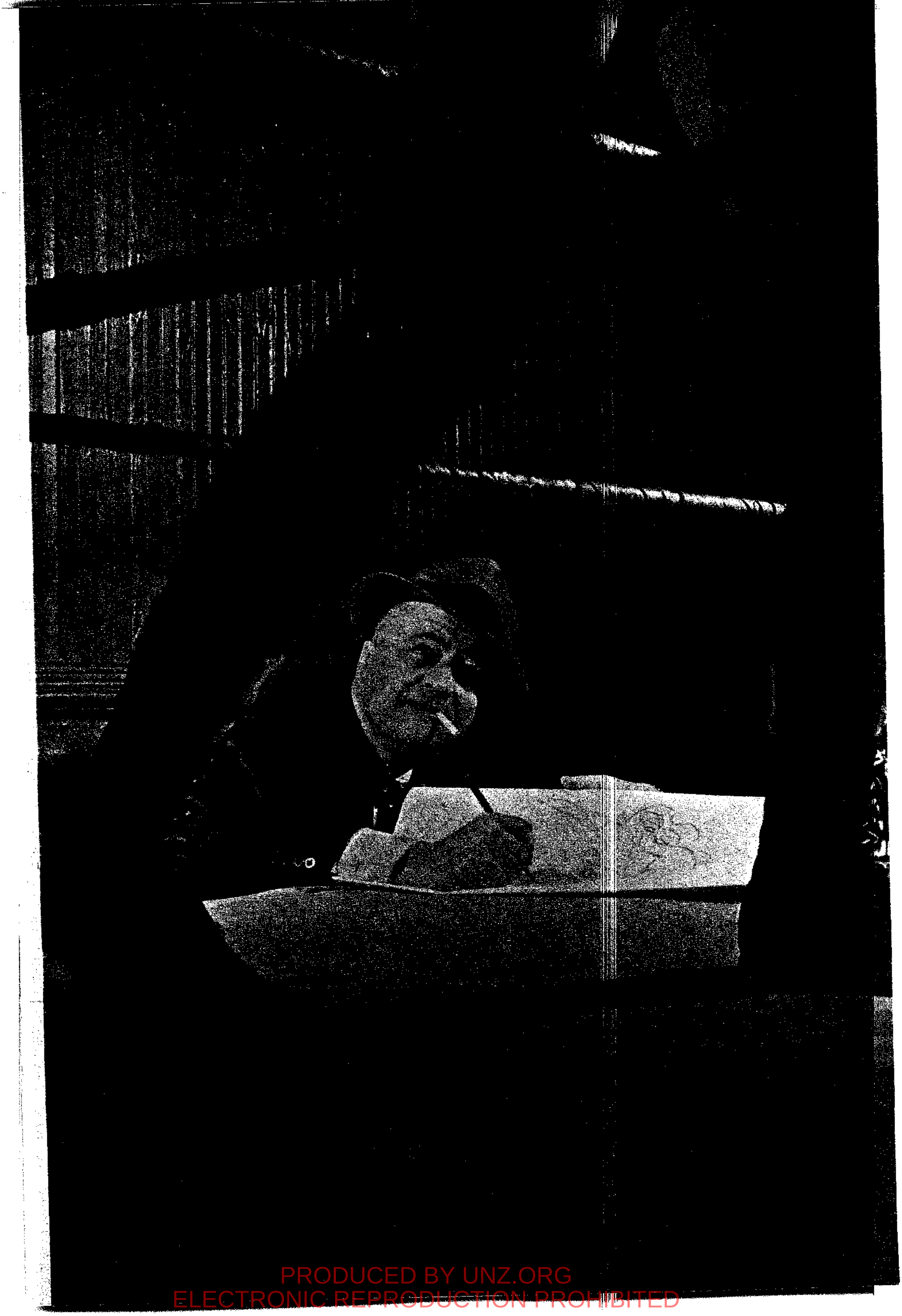
HAM FISHER

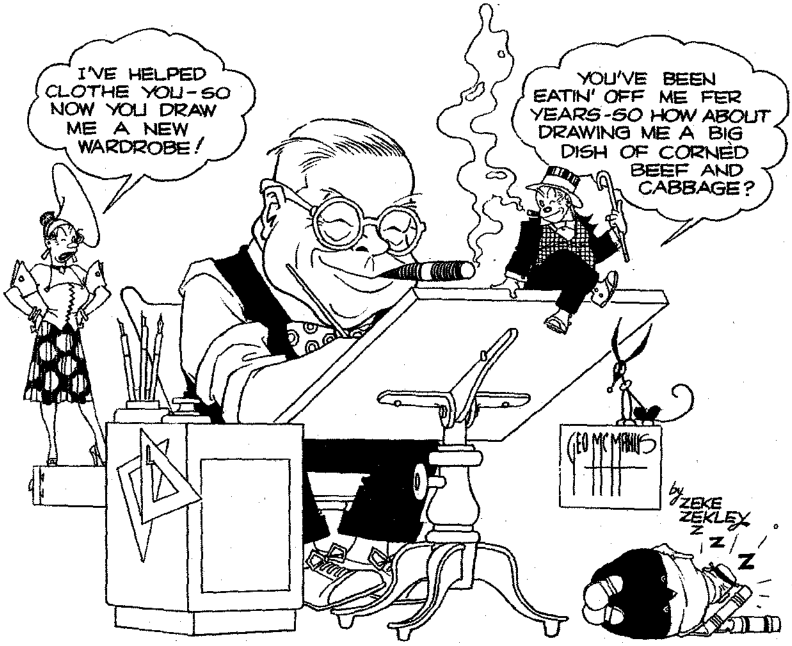


JOE PALOOKA was born in the agile imagination of one Hammond Fisher in 1923, but not for eight long, lean years was this sweet-tempered behemoth unveiled to the world. Long had the would-be cartoonist's unruly doodlings littered apartments from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, to New York. Now they would pay their way! Maneuvering his way into a selling job with a comic-strip syndicate, Ham marked time; then, in one trip, he "sold" Joe to 20 newspapers. Like Palooka on the funny page, Ham in real life has hobnobbed with presidents and prime ministers in a long-standing crusade against injustice.

© 1954, MCNAUGHT SYNDICATE, INC.

Ham proudly poses with movie Palooka (*Joe Kirkwood*) and inimitable Humphrey.




I'VE HELPED CLOTHE YOU—SO NOW YOU DRAW ME A NEW WARDROBE!
YOU'VE BEEN EATIN' OFF ME FER YEARS—SO HOW ABOUT DRAWING ME A BIG DISH OF CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE?
GEO MCMANUS
by ZEKE ZEKLEY
Z Z Z

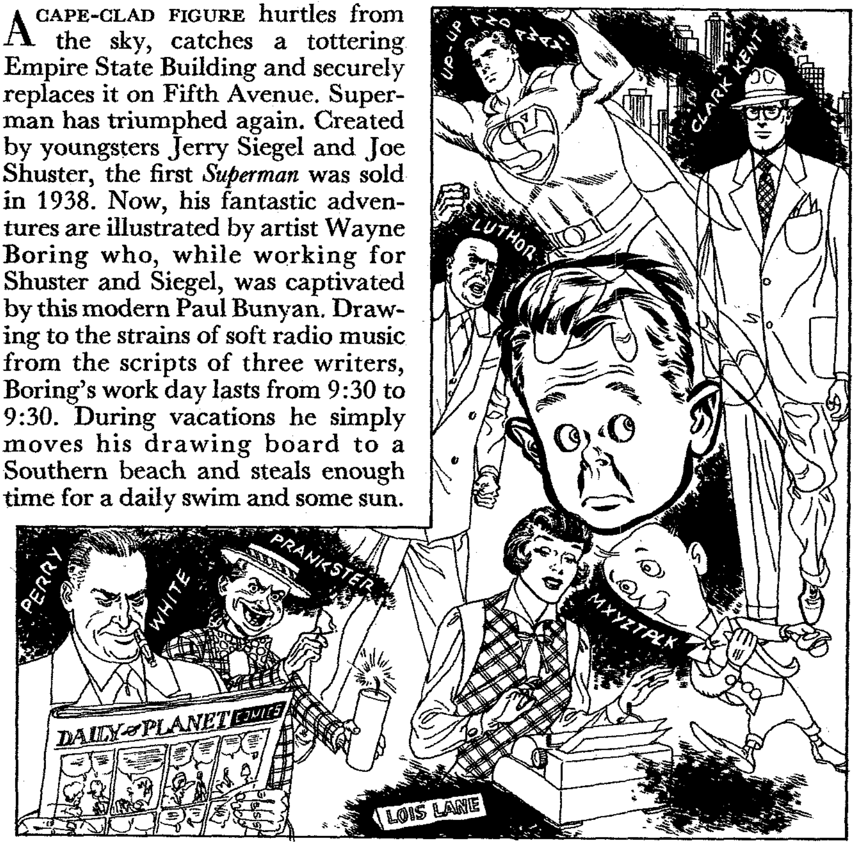
© 1954, KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

Jiggs now "speaks" in a dozen languages.

GEO MCMANUS

"IN 40 YEARS I've grossed about $12,000,000 and all I've had for capital is a retired hod-carrier." So speaks dean-of-cartoonists George McManus who, by some subtle alchemy, has grown to look more and more like his venerable and roly-poly "capital," Jiggs, of *Bringing Up Father*. Chronicling his hero's daily doings keeps McManus at his board eight hours a day, seven days a week. Yet, like Jiggs, he lives life to the hilt. A chronic collector, he has piled his Hollywood home high with canes, trains and whatall and, as a perennial banquet guest, has been feted on corned beef and cabbage from coast to coast.

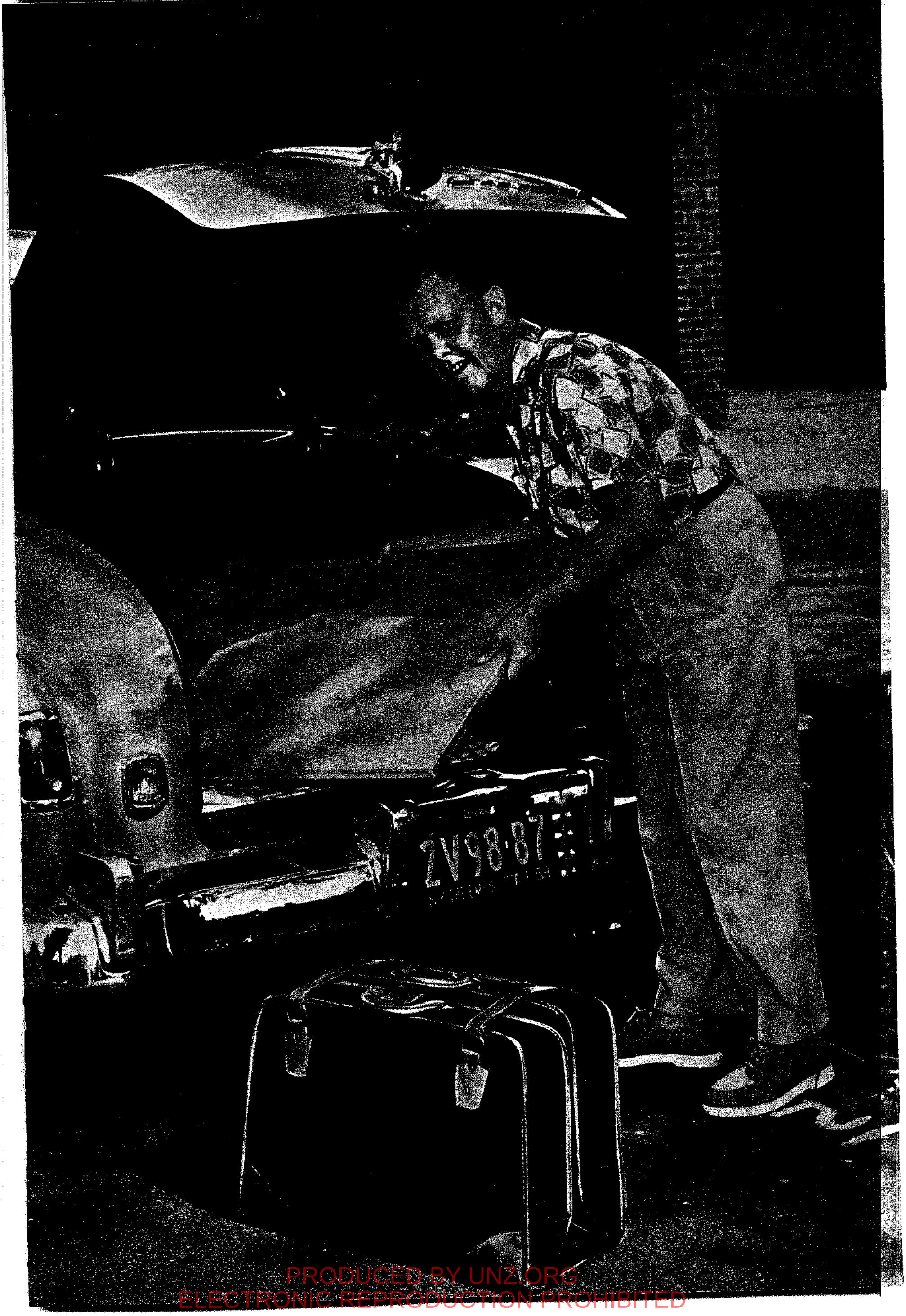
A CAPE-CLAD FIGURE hurtles from the sky, catches a tottering Empire State Building and securely replaces it on Fifth Avenue. Superman has triumphed again. Created by youngsters Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, the first *Superman* was sold in 1938. Now, his fantastic adventures are illustrated by artist Wayne Boring who, while working for Shuster and Siegel, was captivated by this modern Paul Bunyan. Drawing to the strains of soft radio music from the scripts of three writers, Boring's work day lasts from 9:30 to 9:30. During vacations he simply moves his drawing board to a Southern beach and steals enough time for a daily swim and some sun.


UP-UP AND AWAY!
CLARK KENT
LUTHOR
PERRY WHITE
PRANKSTER
MXYZTPLK
DAILY PLANET COMICS
LOIS LANE

© 1954, NATIONAL COMICS, INC.

Boring's drawings are from memory.

WAYNE BORING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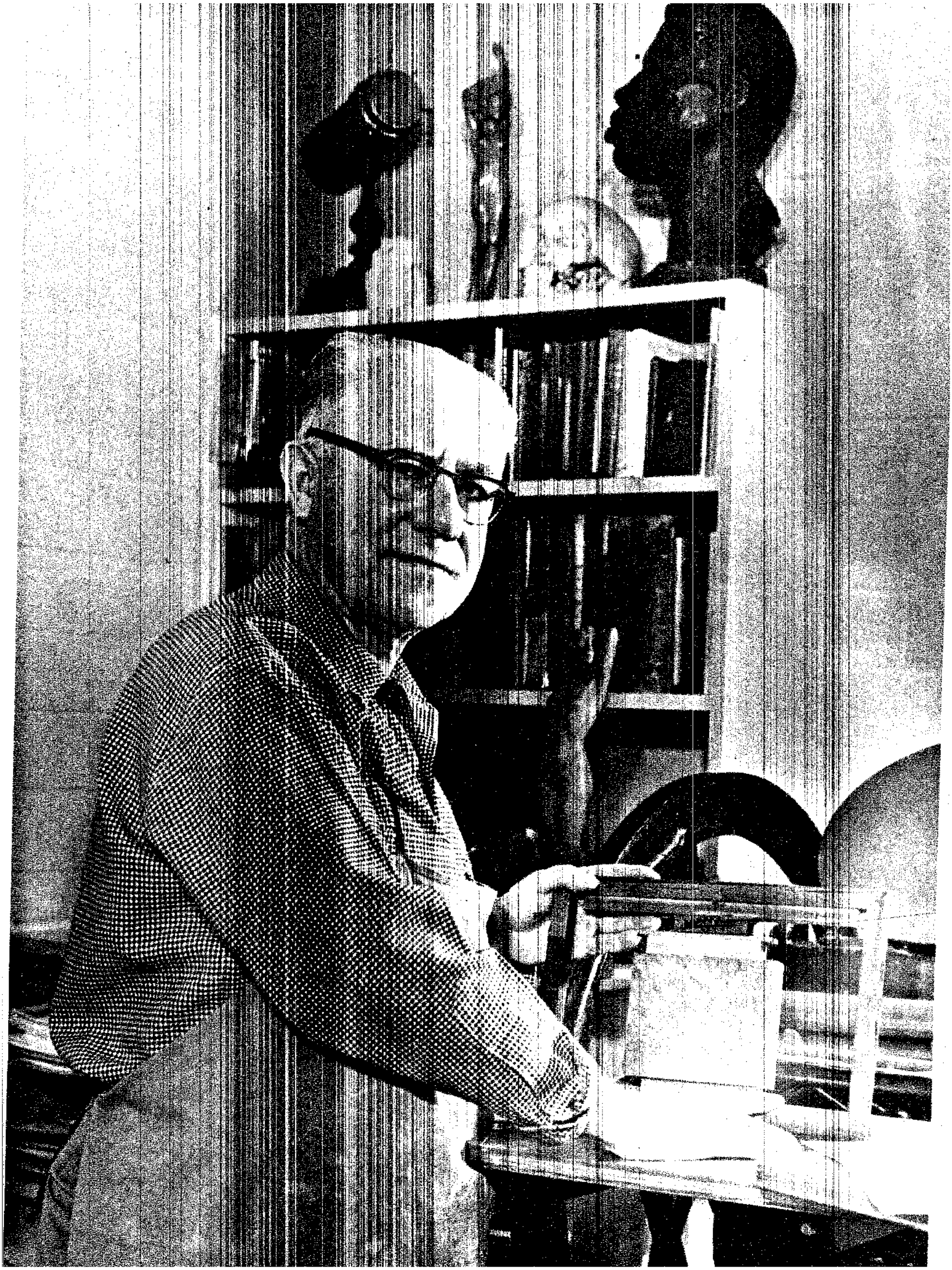
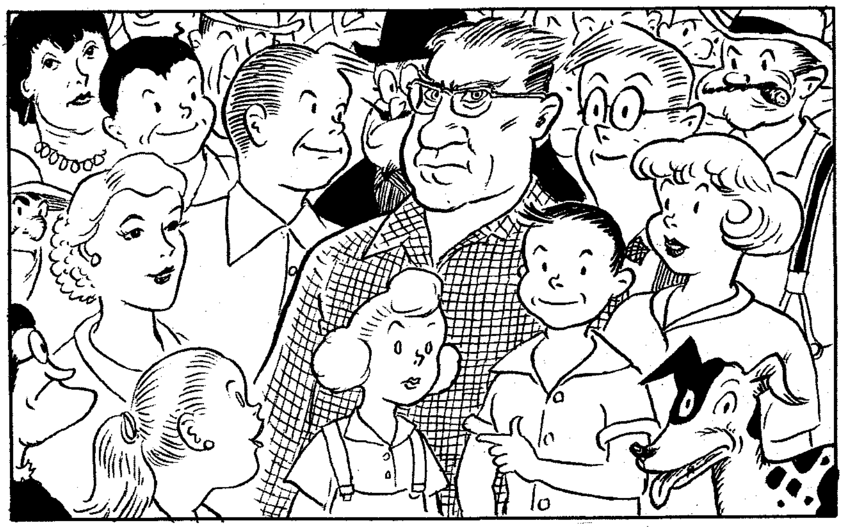


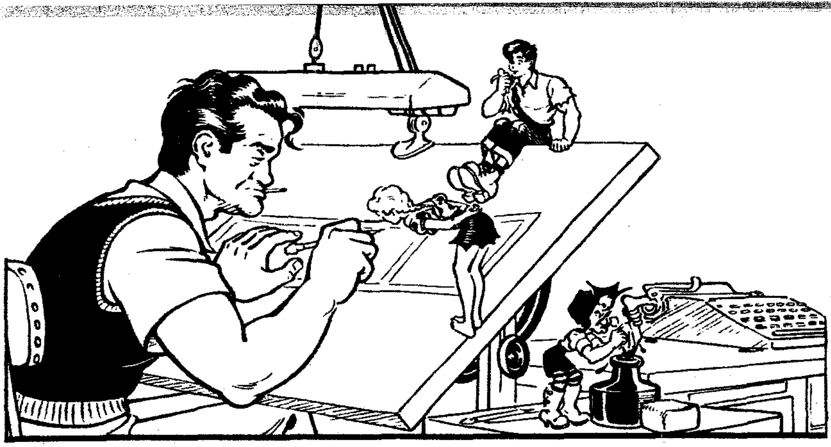
-King-

KING'S LAW, a cartooning precept holding that comic strip characters should age, even as you and I, was established 33 years ago when Walt Wallet of *Gasoline Alley* discovered a baby on his doorstep. Since then, little Skeezix has grown to sterling manhood and is admired around the world. Yet outside his circle of friends, few know the major-domo of *Gasoline Alley*, cartoonist Frank King, which is how he prefers it. A retiring man of 71, King works on his 250-acre farm in Florida, immersed in the lives of his cartoon creations. To him they are real and, minus murder and mayhem, he has made them just as real to some 30,000,000 others, too.

King's wife suggests the woman's touch.



© 1954, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE



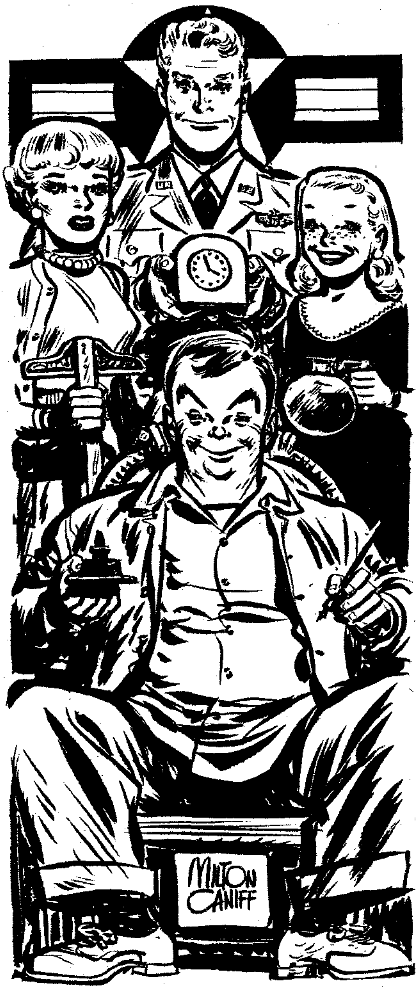
© 1954, UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

AL CAPP, who gave *Li'l Abner* to the world and, in the process, immortalized such unlikely places as Dogpatch and Lower Slobbovia, is a man with a roaring laugh and undisguised mischief in his eye. He is, in his Boston studio, a prodigious worker and, on his New Hampshire farm, violent in repose. A wildly logical and totally irreverent commentator, Capp delights himself by tilting his lance at such sacred cows as sex, senators and fictional detectives. He began cartooning as Ham Fisher's assistant and soon found himself compared to Mark Twain. Somewhere along the way, he became famous.

Al Capp

Capp interviews a line-up of lovely candidates. Object: a model for Daisy Mae.

MILTON CANIFF



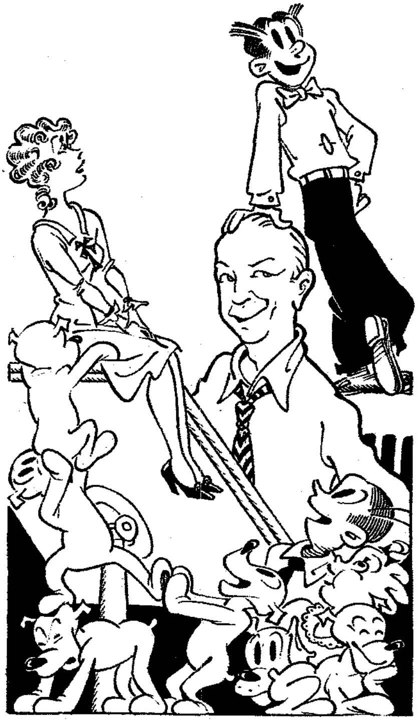
© 1954, FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC.

A YEAR before *Steve Canyon* ever showed up on Milton Caniff's drawing board, 125 newspapers had contracted to carry him, a singular tribute to "the most widely-aped artisan now cartooning." Caniff had created *Terry and the Pirates;* GIs fell in love with his wartime pinup, Miss Lace. Small wonder the papers wanted *Canyon.* Although anything is reason for him to delay beginning work, once started, Caniff frequently keeps going until dawn. His research is intensive, his dialogue "made the strips respectable." Only his credo is old-fashioned: "I have to get you so interested that you *must* buy the newspaper!"

Caniff's characters are drawn from life.

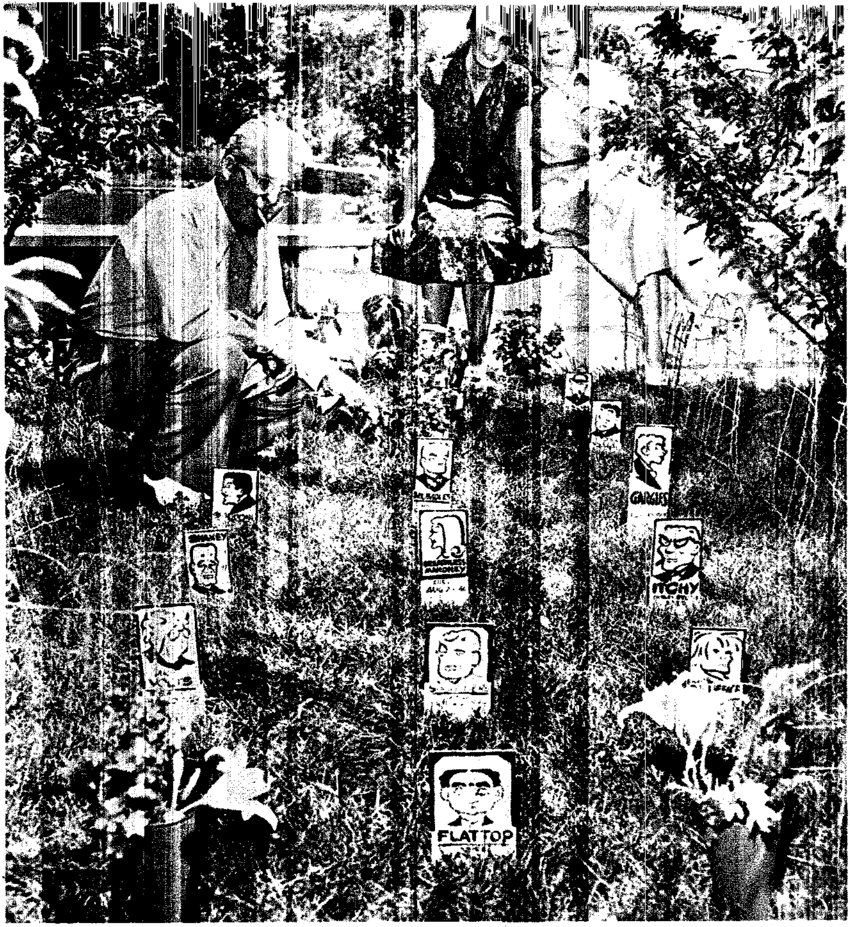
CHIC YOUNG

AS A CHICAGO high-school student, Murat Bernard Young picked up the nickname Chic—as well as the knack of caricature that was to blossom into *Blondie* and make him a top earner in the field. In those early days, Chic's blackboard lampoons of faculty members kept McKinley High in turmoil. Today's success—including a movie series—has not changed him one whit. He gets serious almost as frequently as he did back in the $22-a-week days when he turned down a drawing offer of $10,000 a year—before he learned it was no joke. To aspiring artists, Young offers this: "Don't sleep at your board. You might fall off the stool and get hurt!"



© 1954, KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

Chic Young and his assistant, Ray McGill (*left*), do their work side by side.



CHESTER GOULD

THE MOCK CEMETERY ABOVE is the last resting place of the villains who have locked horns with Chester Gould's *Dick Tracy*. It is located in a corner of the artist's Illinois farm, in another corner of which—a sunny, second-floor studio—Gould grinds out the episodes that have put Tracy in a league with Sherlock Holmes. It all began in the Capone-ridden Chicago of 1931 where, with crime on page one, day after day, Gould's dauntless hero quickly caught the public eye. Today, though Tracy shadows most of his hours, Gould finds time for farming and, when globe-trotting with his wife, to have a little fun. Once, a hotel clerk's jaw dropped as he read the register signed by the gentle, graying traveler. "Mr. and Mrs. Dick Tracy," it said.

The U. S. Information Agency is using unique weapons in a . . .

WAR OF WORDS

by TOM DAVIS

NOT LONG AGO, hundreds of thousands of copies of a leaflet bearing the title, "*Per una Pace Stabile*" (For a Lasting Peace) began appearing in Turin, Italy. The leaflet's front cover was red, and on the back cover appeared the conventional Communist peace dove.

The leaflet had all the characteristics of true Communist propaganda and actually had been designed especially for members of the Red-dominated unions in Turin. Communists standing on corners and in doorways distributed them to passersby. Fellow-travelers and party members snatched them eagerly and without fear of being seen with American literature.

On opening the leaflet, however, the readers ran into a sharp jolt. There was a long list of Soviet nonaggression and peace commitments and how they had been violated.

This is one illustration of the devices used by the U. S. Information Agency to convey the American message to people around the world. The leaflet was the work of Arthur Reef, publications officer in Rome, and Kenneth R. Boyle, Information Agency chief in Turin.

The exact mechanics of how the Reds were duped must remain a USIA secret, but Boyle admits that "some of our Italian friends also managed to get thousands more leaflets into the hands of other Communists." These Reds assumed it to be Red propaganda and cooperatively distributed the material to farm workers, thus rating credit for an "assist" in the meaning of the American double-play.

The U. S. is using many devices overseas to influence the millions of men and women we are attempting to win to our side. This is the "War of Words"—the so-called battle for people's minds—between the U. S. and the free world on the one hand and Russia and her satellites on the other. Each device has a specific purpose, be it political, economic or cultural.

The goal involves a five-point bill of rights in which all free people have a stake: 1) Belief in God;

2) Belief in the right to ownership of property and better living for each individual; 3) Belief that the family is sacred; 4) Belief in a better chance for children; and 5) Belief in a peaceful world.

Evidence that we are succeeding came recently from Formosa. Early one morning an elderly Formosan walked up the road that led to Taihoku, island capital. After he reached the outskirts of his village, he took up a station by the dusty road and began watching every truck as it moved past.

The hours stretched into late afternoon and still he remained by the road. Finally, he saw what he had been waiting for, and as the vehicle drew close he waved it to a stop. The small truck contained mobile motion-picture equipment. Quickly it was waved on to a building near the center of the village.

"BEHIND HOTEL DOORS"

The revealing story of a house detective and his brushes with con men, thieves and party girls. In July Coronet.

The truck belonged to our Information Agency. Some weeks before, the village elder had seen a documentary film of American life—one of the thousands that are circulating around the world—and liked it so much that he wanted his people to see it, too. He had learned that the truck eventually would be coming through his village, so every day he had left his house early and waited for the truck to appear.

The agency program since last August has become a new unified operation, directed by Theodore C. "Ted" Streibert, a 54-year-old native of Albany, more recently a MBS radio executive in Manhattan. Streibert operates from a building just two blocks up Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. The office is big enough to hold a dance, but every inch is taken up with what might be called Streibert's "tools of the trade."

One wall is covered by a huge colored map of the world, which looks down on a long table where he meets with his top planners twice a week. He greets visitors at his door, which incidentally is never closed. Then his comments crackle.

"We've been too broad in the past, too diffuse . . . we are trying to sell the decent side of the United States . . . it is up to us to show that we are not out to colonize or exploit other people and other countries . . . we are not out for economic domination . . . we just stand for opportunity, freedom and peace. . . ." His usual closing remark is: "America can be proud of the work of our people. We are not a propaganda agency!"

Regularly, he takes a long look at the big world map in his office, tries to determine, from information reaching him, a soft spot in the Reds' propaganda armor, then directs his field men to exploit it, using words as the chief weapon. These words are delivered through five mediums: broadcasting, press, films, books and libraries, and private-enterprise cooperation.

At President Eisenhower's direction, Streibert took over a program that since World War II had become complex and confusing. Today, the Agency comprises some

9,000 people. Its backbone is made up of hundreds of modest-salaried men and women working all over the world. A good example of a field man is Tom McNeil, 30, native of Norwalk, Conn. Together with Mrs. McNeil and their three children, he recently returned to Washington after two and a half years in the Philippines, working out of the town of Tuguegarao, 300 miles from Manila on the Island of Luzon.

The Philippines are predominantly Catholic, and the McNeils are members of the Church. Two of their children were born in the Islands. Before long, the McNeil family was accepted by the islanders as one of their own. Tom began to wonder how he could help these friendly people.

Trained in the way of words and communications, he began writing to friends in Connecticut and Vermont. Would they send any books or magazines they no longer wanted? Within a few weeks, McNeil had received books and periodicals of all kinds—more than 6,000 copies. These he distributed to the Filipinos—to their great delight. As he later said in Washington: "They had never had anything like this before."

FOR COVERAGE PURPOSES, the Agency has divided the world into four areas—Far East, Near East, American Republics and Europe—with an assistant director responsible for each area. By far the best-known program is the Voice of America, stronger now than ever before—so powerful in fact that it has taken over in Europe as the predominant longwave outlet for millions of listeners inside and outside the Iron Curtain.

The "Voice" also penetrates deeper into eastern Asia, particularly China, North Korea, Manchuria and eastern Siberia, as the result of two newly constructed high-powered transmitters. Both use programs produced and transcribed in New York City, then relayed to the Far East by shortwave transmitters in California.

But, while words are the chief Agency weapon, the cultural approach is never overlooked. Recently, Voice teams have been roaming the U. S., tape-recording religious ceremonies as they are observed by the foreign elements of our population. American-Hungarian churches have been visited, for example, and recordings made of their ceremonies. These rites go back hundreds of years and, unlike countries where the Russians have taken over, the ancient observances have remained unchanged. These recordings are broadcast on Voice programs overseas.

On the more "earthy" side, Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward mail-order catalogs, long familiar on the American scene, are also playing a role. Reports from West Germany, where the mail-order system is virtually unknown, reveal that the catalogs are "best sellers," especially among teen-age girls who copy the style designs in making their own clothes. Meantime, our information centers abroad are meeting places for concerts, lectures and discussion groups, as well as for the dissemination of news.

While the Agency's basic job remains one of "selling" people abroad on the idea that we have native interests akin to their own, we also have a job of overcoming distrust on the part of some whom we would make allies. One example of such distrust comes out of Korea.

Shortly before the armistice conferences got underway at Panmunjom, a South Korean officer approached an American at a cocktail party. During the small talk, the officer idly remarked that he would be glad to see the day when Americans left his country. The startled American asked why. The South Korean replied: "My country was better off under the Japanese during the war. My people knew the Japanese hated the Russians before the war, hated them during the war and would hate them after the war.

"With you Americans," he added, "it is different. You were for the Russians yesterday, are against them today, and may switch over again tomorrow. We never know what to expect next."

This is typical of many problems which the Agency is trying to solve all over the globe. If the new and streamlined USIA carries on with its effective war of words, then the free world will soon come to "know what to expect next." And once knowing, it will then look to the U. S. for firm leadership in the struggle for peace and security.

BRAIN TWISTER

Collectors' Items

THERE ARE FIVE MEN named Burns, Moore, Simpkins, Rogers and Evans. One is an artist, one is a mystery-story writer, one is a daily news analyst, one is a promoter and one is a farmer. Each man is also a collector. One collects guns, one collects hunting prints, one makes and collects ship models, one is a numismatist and one is a philatelist. By using the following clues, find what each man's vocation is and what each man's hobby is. (Answers are on page 111.)

1. Simpkins lives five miles from the nearest telephone and post office. He is a recluse who avoids seeing anyone except his sister, who keeps house for him.

2. Aside from his hobby, Evans is interested only in accumulating wealth. He is uneducated, untraveled and he is color blind, as well.

3. Young Moore has to work as a clerk in his father's store until he can support himself in his chosen vocation, to which he can devote evenings and week-ends only.

4. Much of the artist's time is spent in working on his hobby, at which he is adept.

5. The mystery-story writer's mother died when he was born.

6. Rogers is engaged to his neighbor Simpkins' younger sister. She has a feminine dread of his collection.

7. The farmer has a couple of hired men to help him with the work of the farm.

8. In whatever country he happens to be, the philatelist regularly buys all the new issues for his growing collection.

—MARGOT BANDINI

Whittler of Time

by **KATE SMITH**

MARY BANNEKER WAS ANGRY. She stood on the porch of the family farmhouse at Ellicott's Mill, just outside of Baltimore. Her brown eyes snapped, her teeth flashed against her dark skin as she waved an accusing finger at the young Negro sitting on the steps with a pile of shavings around his feet.

"You look here, Ben Banneker," she scolded. "You're spending a lot of valuable time whittling these days when you should be making furrows in that land out there."

The young man laughed. "Now, don't go getting excited, Maw. Don't forget, Grandaddy was an African king. It don't run in the family to work."

"People don't go for royalty in America," she snapped back. "And if you don't get to your farming, there's going to be an awful lot of hunger in your stomach come spring, kings or no kings!"

Still laughing, young Ben carefully put his latest carving in a small box that held a strange assortment of pins and wheels . . . all of them made of wood. Slipping the box under the porch, he set off for the fields. But that evening after supper, he picked out another piece of timber from the wood pile and went on with his tireless whittling.

And so went the spring and summer for Ben Banneker. He drudged in the fields by day and eagerly carved by night. Gradually his box filled with wooden gears and wheels. By now, neighbors had heard of his strange hobby and they began to gather on the Banneker porch to watch him whittle and then attempt to figure out what he was making. He wouldn't tell them, but they soon discovered that the husky young Negro had an unusual mind.

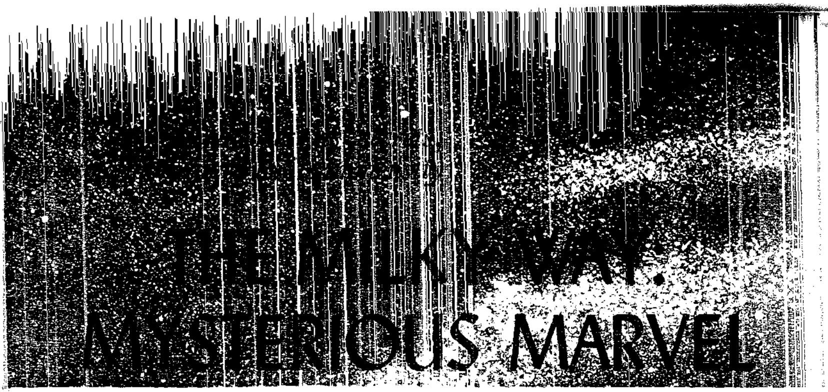
When it came to figures, Ben was a genius. Difficult mathematical problems were easy for him. The only thing he kept them guessing about was what he was making.

Finally the day came, more than 200 years ago, when the boy put the finishing touches on his strange assembly. Carefully he fitted his whittlings together. Then, tightening a knob on the back of his contraption, he held it up for the neighbors to see.

To their amazement, it started to tick. Then it struck a note. Ben smiled proudly at his mother. His was the first clock to be made entirely in America.

Remarkable, that a poorly educated youth could do all this? Yes, it was remarkable. Twenty years after he built it, that wooden clock was still running perfectly. But even more incredible, Ben Banneker had never seen a clock before!

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.



THE MILKY WAY: MYSTERIOUS MARVEL

by **Norman and Madelyn Carlisle**

ON THE NEXT STAR-STUDDED NIGHT look up at the luminous band of white that we call the Milky Way and ponder the fact that it is actually a diadem of blazing suns—*more than one hundred billion of them!*

Awed as you may be, your own feelings will be small compared with those of the astronomers whose telescopes, cameras and other probing instruments have been trained on this fantastic galaxy of which our own earth is but a tiny part.

The Milky Way, our own star-spangled island in the black emptiness of space, is a marvel of the heavens whose majesty keeps growing as new revelations about it pour in from observatories. For, as its baffling mysteries have been solved one by one, it has become a cosmic springboard that has launched sweeping discoveries about the universe in which we live.

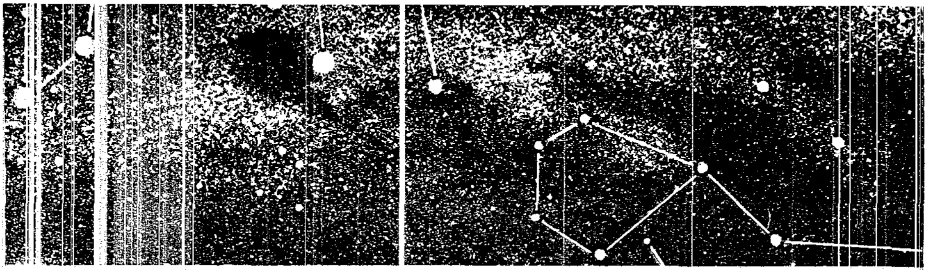
These new disclosures reached a stirring climax in 1952 when Dr. Walter Baade, of Mount Wilson and Palomar, stood before a gathering of world-famed astronomers in Rome. What he had to say was the unexpected denouement of a detective story that began in the Milky Way and ended in the farthest reaches of space, beyond the vision of even the giant telescope on Mount Palomar.

Our ideas of the already frightening distances of space would have to change, Dr. Baade announced. Our measurements of distances to the stars had been wrong—wildly wrong. Where science had reckoned the distance to faraway galaxies to be a million light-years, it was actually two million; where it was calculated to be a hundred million, it was really *two* hundred million. Our universe, incredibly vast as it had seemed, said Dr. Baade, is at least eight times as big in volume as man had dared dream.

This pronouncement was rivaled in its impact by the earlier discovery that the Milky Way is a stage upon which is being enacted a sequel to the drama of creation. For, in our galaxy, astronomers have found evidence that creation did not stop in some prodigious moment billions of years ago.

It is going on *now*. At this very moment, new stars, new suns, even planets destined to be inhabited by creatures like us, may be coming into being.

The astronomer sees the Milky Way as a gigantic flattened disk, so huge that to cross it from one side to the other at the speed of light—more than 186,000 miles a second—



would take 100,000 years. Inside this great wheel are those swarming hundred billion stars, some tiny ones a fraction the size of our sun, some giants one-half billion times larger.

There are old stars and new ones, red stars, blue stars, hot stars and cold stars, and invisible mystery stars no one has ever seen. Between them is space—so much space that Bart J. Bok, the Harvard astronomer who has devoted his life to studying the Milky Way, says that in it could readily be stored a million times as many stars without much chance of any of them colliding.

This whole system rotates endlessly around a central spot that is like the hub of a wheel. So huge is the galaxy that, though the speed of this rotation is more than 9,000 miles a minute at the distance our sun lies from the hub, it takes more than two hundred million years to complete a single revolution—a single cosmic year in the life of the Milky Way. And, as it turns, this whole stellar merry-go-round is also hurtling through space toward some nameless destination in the cosmos.

For many years our sun was believed to be very near the center of the Milky Way. Then astronomer Harlow Shapley, using the Mount Wilson telescope to probe the mysteries of the strange globular clusters of stars in the galaxy, made the astonishing discovery that one-third of all these clusters were packed into only four per cent of the sky.

What could it mean? The young astronomer and other scientists could reach only one conclusion: the spot where the clusters were massed together must be near the center of the galaxy.

Shapley had done for the Milky Way what Copernicus had done for the solar system. Copernicus had shattered all previous astronomical ideas by showing that the earth was not the center of the solar system. Now Shapley had changed the picture of the Milky Way by showing that our sun, far from being at its center, is actually located near the edge of the great rotating disk.

AROUND THE TURN of the century, astronomers had discovered stars like "lighthouses in the sky," stars whose real brightness could be determined. Previously they had been hampered by the fact that they never knew whether a star was bright because it was closer or because it was bigger. These cepheids, or pulsating stars, solved that problem because scientists knew that a cepheid that looked dimmer was really farther away.

This was the method young Shapley had put to work. Using cepheids, which he knew to be 2,700 times brighter than the sun, as reference points, he was able to measure distances in the vast reaches of space.

When Dr. Edwin Hubble started probing another area, the Great Nebula in Andromeda, he found 12 of these blinking stars there. Judging by their apparent brightness, he calculated the distance to this galaxy to be 900,000 light-years.

There was something strange about the Great Nebula, however—something that worried Hubble. The globular clusters did not seem to be as bright as he thought those in the Milky Way would look at that distance.

Two decades after Hubble's studies, the mystery was still unsolved. America was at war, and Los Angeles was dimmed out. Far above the great shadowy city Dr. Baade went to work at Mount Wilson observatory, knowing that for the first time the 100-inch telescope, then the world's largest, would not be affected by the glow of city lights which otherwise interfered with exacting photographs.

Sure enough, something different did show up on the plates—something that astronomers had not known existed. The photographs showed what appeared to be two stellar "populations." Since each contained cepheids, doubts arose as to whether the cepheids in the two populations really had the same candlepower. For the first time it became questionable whether those stars which had been depended upon for distance measurement could be trusted.

Baade's suspicions had to wait for confirmation until the 200-inch Hale telescope on Mount Palomar was ready to search the Great Nebula. As it scanned this galaxy, Baade could only report himself stunned by what he saw.

There were two populations of stars, all right. Population II, the kind Shapley had spotted in the Milky Way, was 2,700 times brighter than the sun and four times fainter than Hubble's. And Population I, 10,800 times brighter than the sun—the stars which Hubble had used to determine the distance of the Andromeda nebula.

Since these cepheid stars in Andromeda looked so faint, yet were actually so much brighter, it could mean only one thing: They were farther away. Not just a little farther, calculations quickly showed, but *twice* as far.

That was the news that Baade imparted to the astronomers in Rome. Since Andromeda and other constellations are twice as far away as supposed, then the universe is eight times as big in volume as we had thought.

THEORIES on the deepest mystery of the sky—whether new stars are still being born, and how—have changed with dramatic suddenness. Hints that once-accepted ideas were antiquated had been piling up for half a century.

Actually, the first hint, although no one recognized it then, had come in the late 18th Century when Sir William Herschel, in his early studies of the Milky Way, observed that there seemed to be great empty black spaces containing no stars at all. One of them was so intensely black and oddly shaped that it was termed the "Coal Sack."

Later, when astronomers started using the spectroscope, the device which breaks down light and reveals which element is giving it off, they got another hint. Strange lines showed up on the spectrographs, lines indicating the presence of elements that the astronomers knew should not be present on those stars. Could it be that the space they thought to be empty was really filled with tiny dust and gas particles?

Complicated calculations eventually seemed to prove this theory to be right—and astronomers reached the conclusion that the one hundred billion stars in the Milky Way made up only *half* the total bulk of the galaxy. The rest is composed of dust and gas particles.

In spots where the dust is concentrated, clouds of these particles blot out the stars and explain at last those strange blank spots like the Coal Sack. If it were not for the clouds of dust that hide them, we would see twice as many stars in the Milky Way as we do.

Yet other secrets of the Milky Way have yielded to a powerful new tool that "sees" invisible stars. It is the radio telescope, a device that collects the strange radio waves from space. As its operators checked their first results, they made an historic announcement: the Milky Way is full of radio-wave sources that are totally invisible.

As new radio telescopes have swept the sky, astronomers have discovered many of these invisible stars which give off radio waves. At first, however, they had no idea what these dark stars might look like.

But now a stunning answer has come from Jodrell Bank Experiment Station, home of the world's biggest radio telescope, in Manchester, England. Using a new method, astronomers there have succeeded in detecting several of these "radio stars." Their studies reveal that, if we could see them and the others which must be like them, the Milky Way would blaze forth with dazzling splendor.

For these stars, the astronomers report, are incredibly big—thousands of times bigger than visible stars—so big that they might appear to us as large as a full moon. It is probable that we will never see these dark monsters, but scientists hope that new instruments will help solve the riddle of what they are like and what they mean.

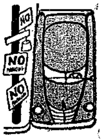
Thousands of years ago the Greeks called the Milky Way "the road to the palace of heaven." Today it has indeed become a roadway, leading scientists to new knowledge of our universe.

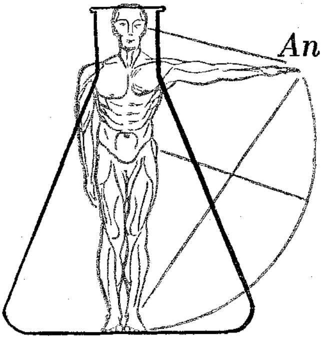
Stop Signs

PARKING IS BECOMING so tough that you can't even find room in the "No Parking" zones. —*General Features Corp.*

ALWAYS DRIVE so that your license expires before you do. —*English Digest*

IT IS BETTER to be patient for 60 seconds than to be a patient for six months. —CHARLIE PHILLIPS





An inspiring worldwide report on . . .

New Milestones in Medicine

by **ANNE FROMER**

FOR WEEKS, HELEN MAXWELL had been only technically alive. She lay in a catatonic coma, the last stage of one form of schizophrenia, the collective name for the mental illnesses which fill one-fourth of all hospital beds in the U. S. Her eyes were glassily open but unseeing. She showed no signs of hearing.

One day, Dr. Stephen L. Sherwood came into her room at Severalls Hospital in Colchester, England. He had received permission from Helen's despairing relatives to try something which had never been done before in a case like this. A small circle of scalp was cut away; with an instrument like a carpenter's crown saw, a tiny disk was cut from the skull; a hypodermic needle was inserted and a few drops of a chemical were injected directly into the girl's dormant brain.

Time went by in audible seconds as Dr. Sherwood leaned over the still figure, waiting.

The wide-staring pupils of the girl's eyes started to contract and became the eyes of a human being. Slowly she turned her head and looked wonderingly around her as one who awakens from sleep in a strange place. Then a nurse brought reality back to the tense atmosphere of the hospital room with a down-to-earth question: "Would you like a cup of tea, dear?"

Helen sat up in bed, smiled and answered: "Yes, please."

In the few minutes it took for the injection to convert Helen Maxwell from a breathing corpse into a living being, a medical revolution had been fortified. It had been thought, at one time, that mental illness was essentially mental: a tangle in the emotions and thought processes which required prolonged psychiatric probings. Dr. Sherwood's physical treatment of mental illness strengthens the promise of a simpler, more direct and infinitely faster attack on the scourge which strikes one of every 16 Americans.

Despite the spectacular results of his injections, Dr. Sherwood cautions that the technique is still too new to permit predictions of its future use. Scientists point out that injections directly into the brain represent an entirely new approach to the conquest of mental illness.

This is no isolated advance. It is part of a wide penetration of hitherto unknown territory in the fields of mental and physical disease. It represents the practical application of new concepts that are already returning victims of mental disorders to meaningful life. Dr. Sherwood's new approach to mental illness is being matched by procedures in the treatment of bodily ills so new that only yesterday they were in the realm of fantasy.

THESE NEW MEDICAL frontiers are international. For example, Dr. Sherwood is a neuro-surgeon on the staff of London's famed Middlesex Hospital. But research centers in other countries made vital contributions to his work.

In his practice, Dr. Sherwood often observed that patients with severe mental illness showed symptoms similar to those in people under great stress and fatigue. He recalled that Dr. Hans Selye of Montreal had reported revolutionary findings on the effects of stress, tension, anxiety and worry on the chemical balance of the body, resulting in familiar disorders like arthritis, diabetes, heart ailments and kidney diseases. In other words, emotions are capable of altering the chemistry of body organs and causing physical illness.

Dr. Sherwood reasoned that mental illness might be caused in the same way. He was aware of another medical fact which now assumed new significance: that nerve endings in the muscles of the body, when subjected to over-stimulation, become surrounded by an accumulation of a chemical known as acetylcholine; and that the body seeks to reduce this imbalance by employing an antidote, cholinesterase.

If this concentration of acetylcholine occurred around the nerve endings in muscles, might not the same thing be happening in the vast nerve network of the brain? And what would happen if the brain were unable to get sufficient supplies of nature's own antidote, cholinesterase?

The answer to this last question was suggested by another research project, that of Dr. Harry C. Solomon, at Harvard Medical School and Boston Psychopathic Hospital. At Boston, more than 50 volunteers, all normal persons, were given a solution containing a chemical which was expected to counteract the "benevolent" effect of cholinesterase. The results were startling.

Within 15 minutes, these normal people began to show symptoms of severe mental illness. They became suspicious and hostile, lost their self-confidence, became hesitant and indecisive and had difficulty in expressing themselves. In some cases speech was blocked. One volunteer even developed a stupor-like condition. In short, by giving the volunteer toxic doses of drugs which were anti-cholinesterase in action, Dr. Solomon produced in normal persons symptoms similar to schizophrenia.

Dr. Sherwood was determined to reverse this process, to discover the effect of providing an unbalanced brain directly with an increased supply of cholinesterase. First, he had to find some cholinesterase. Halfway around the world, in Chicago, where Dr. Sherwood had gone to do research at the University of Illinois, Dr. James Bain had succeeded in extracting minute quantities of the chemical from human red blood cells. Dr. Bain agreed to make his precious supply available to the English researcher.

This was just enough for a few injections—the first of which wrought the miracle in Helen Maxwell's hospital room. Just how much of a miracle it was is evidenced by what she was later able to do. Soon, the girl who had lain for weeks in a coma was bustling about and earning money by helping around the wards. When she heard that the annual outing of the hospital staff was about to take place, she insisted on going, taking great care in dressing and creating a new hairdo for the occasion.

About the same time Sherwood was launching a revolution in mental treatment, just 50 miles away in St. Thomas's Hospital, London, Dr. Harold Ridley was introducing an equally dramatic innovation in the physical field. Dr. Ridley is one of the small group of pioneer scientists who are creating and installing artificial parts which become working replacements of the body's basic organs, such as heart, kidney, bones and eyes.

Specifically, Dr. Ridley was putting a new lens in a human eye—a development which his colleagues were to describe as one of the greatest advances in sight restoration since the invention of eyeglasses.

First, before clinical experiments, he worked out the theoretical requirements for a man-made lens. Then he laid his specifications before Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., and the company's research scientists came up with "Transpex I," which belongs to the same family of plastics as the Plexiglas used in airplane turrets.

Before the first experiment could be tried, much preparatory work remained to be done. The first synthetic human lenses were constructed to approximate the four separate layers of the human lens—and do this in a thickness of only one-tenth of an inch and a diameter of one-third of an inch. This precision work was carried out by Rayners, the Bond Street jewelers.

Next, new surgical instruments had to be designed for this unprecedented operation. John Weiss & Son of Oxford Street made a special lens forceps and a hook for reshaping a new pupil, once the new lens was inserted.

With careful preparations, the operations were carried out without a hitch. "It was about as dangerous as a simple cataract extraction," commented Dr. Ridley, "and it was a new experience to hear a cataract-blinded patient remark in amazement after the operation: 'I can see the faces of all you gentlemen quite clearly.'"

Today, some 60 men and women are going about their business in London with new sight. Some of them, in fact, have "better than perfect" sight. They can see at 20 feet what normal persons see at 16.

An interesting point is that, since the new lenses cannot vary their depth of focus as the living lens does, by changing its thickness, Dr. Ridley had to decide whether his patients should incline towards farsightedness or nearsightedness. He decided to bestow the former. Like millions of others, they wear glasses for reading and other "close work."

From the "engineering" point of

view, what is really remarkable about substitute eye organs, and about other wonders of modern surgery, is the fact that "foreign substances" are being used extensively for the first time *inside* the body. It was, for example, the almost accidental discovery that a unique metal alloy could be used in surgical appliances which now makes the human skeleton, like the human eye, "replaceable" to an incredible extent.

"OZZIE, HARRIET AND FAMILY"

The inside story of the Nelsons and the reasons behind their fabulous success on radio and TV. In July Coronet.

Not long ago, a 24-year-old girl lying in the Hospital for Joint Diseases in New York was called upon to make a life-or-death decision. A series of accidents, diseases and operations had all but destroyed her left thigh bone. Hers was an obvious case for amputation. But the girl refused to give consent.

Dr. Joseph Buchman told her amputation would be fairly straightforward, but that an attempt to repair the leg would involve an unprecedented operation to install artificial bones and joints within her leg, and grave danger of death from shock. The girl cheerfully settled for the dangerous attempt to save her leg.

Dr. Buchman and associates asked Austenal Laboratories, Inc., manufacturer of surgical appliances, to construct an entirely new "bone" of a special metal alloy. By means of x-ray photographs and measurements, a replacement was made. Then, in an operation lasting two and a half hours, the useless bone, along with the knee joint, was removed and the metal replacement was inserted and secured in position.

Within a few weeks the girl was exercising her rebuilt leg in bed, and eventually walking on her new knee joint. Body tissue had formed around the metal "bone," to which muscles of the leg became attached.

The metal used in this replacement is Austenal's "Vitallium." It is a name which means new life for tens of thousands of diseased and injured people. "Vitallium," an alloy of cobalt, chromium and molybdenum, is far stronger than structural steel, but its key characteristic is that it apparently neither reacts on, nor is reacted upon by, the chemicals which constitute the cells of living flesh, blood and bone.

Recently, "Vitallium" received national attention when it became part of a man known to millions: Arthur Godfrey. In 1931, Godfrey's hips were fractured in an auto accident in Washington. Last May, he entered Massachusetts General Hospital where the late Dr. Smith-Peterson, famed orthopedic surgeon, covered the damaged parts of his hip bone with metal caps made of "Vitallium."

In Philadelphia, doctors decided that the only way to save the life of a man suffering from cancer of the jaw was to remove the jawbone. This, however, was the equivalent of ending the man's normal life through total disfigurement. But his doctors heard of pioneer experimental use of "Vitallium," and the man became their first patient with a normally functioning jawbone fashioned of metal. Today, this man's only remaining deviation from normal appearance is an almost invisible scar.

But by far the most dramatic surgical development in the use of artificial parts is in the repair of hearts. For years, any surgery involving the heart was regarded as daring, revolutionary. Yet, today, there are Americans living active lives who have an important part of their hearts man-made of plastic.

The doctor who broke through this barrier is a 37-year-old surgeon of Georgetown University Medical Center, Dr. Charles Hufnagel. Six years ago, he started investigating one of the major problems of heart trouble—damaged, leaking valves.

In his investigation, Dr. Hufnagel reached the dead-end which had stopped hundreds of researchers before him: the inevitable conclusion that beyond the limited scope of orthodox surgery, the only possible solution was a replacement for the defective valve. And that, of course, was unthinkable.

But Dr. Hufnagel did more. He designed a plastic valve. He inserted synthetic valves in the aorta of a number of laboratory animals, near the heart. The animals appeared to suffer no ill effects. But Dr. Hufnagel waited until they had survived for two years before first fitting a plastic valve to a human heart.

A teen-age girl had had an attack of rheumatic fever in childhood, which left her with a scarred, leaking aortic valve. Rigorous rest, special diet and administration of Adrenalin, a heart stimulant, had kept her alive for several years. But the rheumatic fever damage was becoming worse and worse. Before she was 20, her heart was giving out.

The girl was put under anaesthetic. Slow, careful surgery laid bare the aorta near the heart. Then Dr. Hufnagel worked fast. In five minutes the aorta was severed and the ends fitted over the ends of the plastic valve. For the first time in a dozen years, the girl's heart worked normally.

When her heart pumped blood into the aorta, a plastic ball was forced into a socket which permitted the blood to flow past freely. But at the end of the pulsation, the ball returned to its original position and prevented the blood from running backward to the heart.

Since then, other patients have been successfully fitted with plastic heart valves. But Dr. Hufnagel and his associates have gone on to other dramatic developments in heart surgery. They have made Georgetown University a center of new techniques which bring hope to sufferers from heart ailments which once were tantamount to a death warrant.

Drs. Hufnagel and John A. Gillespie have disclosed a successful method of mechanically repairing hearts with the congenital defect which is the most common in children and young adults. This is an opening in the wall between the two upper chambers of the heart.

Georgetown doctors have devised a button, made of nylon and Lucite, divided in two halves. The halves are inserted in the heart with a special instrument and then are permanently snapped together to close the aperture.

Recently in a Detroit hospital, a team of doctors used successfully an auxiliary "heart," an occasion which brought new hope of cure for victims of many major forms of heart disease. It did this by making it possible for the heart to be operated on with no more complications than any other organ, the action of which can be temporarily suspended.

While a 41-year-old man lay for 50 minutes under anaesthetic, the auxiliary "heart" took over the vital function of keeping him alive. The damaged part of his own heart, free of blood, lay exposed. Swiftly but deliberately, the doctor repaired the heart wall while the substitute "heart," together with the major blood vessels leading to and from the heart, took unto itself the pumping of blood. In just under an hour, the auxiliary "heart" was disconnected and the patient's own heart had resumed its duties.

A few weeks later, the auxiliary "heart" moved out of the category of a "one-time miracle" when it permitted Dr. Dodrill and his colleagues of Detroit's Harper Hospital, Drs. Edward Hill and Robert A. Gerisch, to perform a long and complicated operation deep inside the heart of 16-year-old Charles Moses. During a crucial period of this operation, the auxiliary "heart" circulated the youth's blood.

Close behind the heart in status as a vital organ is the kidney. If the kidney's function of filtering waste products from the blood stops or becomes seriously impaired, poisons accumulate so fast that death occurs within a matter of hours. Kidney diseases cause more deaths than any other disease, except heart ailments and cancer, and strike heavily at young people between the ages of 15 and 30.

The tragedy of kidney mortality is the fact that all too often a kidney impairment which proves fatal would merely have been a temporary crisis—if life could have been sustained for even a few hours.

IN TORONTO, CANADA, Dr. Gordon Murray pondered this fact and decided to do something about it—to design a replacement kidney. Before him many experimenters had tried and failed. But Dr. Murray had, in addition to a questing mind and a willingness to break new ground, one priceless advantage: he had been one of the earliest users of heparin, a compound that prevents the clotting of blood, which had been developed at the University of Toronto.

Earlier replacement kidneys had failed because there was no way of preventing the clotting of blood after it was withdrawn from the body, and the clots blocked the tubes of the mechanical kidney.

Two years later, Mrs. Dora Jordan, a 26-year-old housewife, lay dying in a Toronto hospital of kidney failure caused by uremia. Three groups of specialists certified that they could do nothing more for her. The specialists discontinued all treatment as hopeless and turned the dying woman over to Dr. Murray, who, except in a hopeless case, would not try out a machine which he had spent two years building. It consisted mainly of an electric pump and a large glass jar, into which was coiled some 30 feet of tubing. It was a replacement kidney.

The jar was placed at Mrs. Jordan's bedside and attached to a motor-driven pump. One end of the tube was attached to a vein. The blood was pumped through the machine and sent back into the body through another vein, bypassing the kidneys. The result was what Dr. Murray had hoped—the tubing was straining out harmful waste products from the blood.

A few hours after the operation, the girl's own kidneys recovered and began functioning again. Soon Dora Jordan was out of the hospital, and she has since successfully put her kidneys to the severest test that comes to any woman—the birth of a baby.

Important as is its role in permitting the kidneys to recover from disease, the replacement kidney had made possible an even more spectacular medical advance: the transplant of healthy kidneys into the body of a person with hopelessly diseased kidneys. Kidney transplant is, in fact, nothing less than the pioneer application of a whole new technique in medical science, which promises to make human organs virtually interchangeable.

Never before has an entire living internal organ been successfully transferred from one human to another. Now it has been accomplished with the kidney, thanks largely to the existence of the artificial kidney which takes over the blood-cleansing function for extended periods.

In addition to kidney transplants, other "foreign bodies"—large sections of major living blood vessels—are being successfully incorporated into human bodies. So well established has blood vessel and artery replacement recently become that the first "banks" for veins and arteries have already been established in a few large hospitals.

Recently, a man was admitted to the hospital with cancer located so near the aorta that a large section of that artery had to be removed in order to make sure that all the cancer was eradicated. Until recently, surgeons faced with this situation could have done nothing more than close the incision and write off the case as hopeless. But, using the new technique of grafting blood vessels, they were able to replace the length of aorta by a piece removed from a man who had recently died.

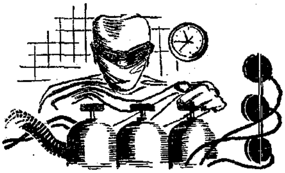
ALREADY, SURGEONS have gone a step beyond this borrowing of parts from one human body to supply another. They have discovered methods of fashioning new vital parts from less essential parts of the same body. For example, cancerous gullets which must have a section removed to save the life of patients have been rebuilt successfully with skin grafted from the patient's own body.

Active in the use of this technique are Dr. William L. Watson of New York's Memorial Center and Dr. John M. Converse of Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. In all, they have performed this operation on 26 patients.

The medical miracles dealt with so far in this article concern what might be described as "higher mechanics" of the body. But this progress inevitably brings medical science to new frontiers bordering the unknown. The inter-relation of the body's delicate, mysterious, incredibly complex life processes remains a challenging factor.

The functions of all the body's organs and glands are so interconnected that interference with one part of the body brings on a chain reaction which may upset the functional balance of all its other parts. This may bring about a condition to which doctors usually apply the term "shock."

The problem here is primarily one of slowing down the body's incessant, ardent tempo of life, in order to reduce its reaction when a radical surgical alteration is committed on it. It is a problem which is now in the process of being solved. In other words, medical science has already put its foot across an even farther frontier.



Interestingly enough, the secret was unlocked by a clue provided by one of nature's most familiar devices—hibernation. In animals which hibernate, all life processes slow almost, but not quite, to a stop. The body's temperature drops to a point considerably below normal. It was this last factor which provided the lead for Dr. Charles P. Bailey and his associates at Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, who are pioneering "hibernation surgery."

Their first patient was 11-year-old Judith Schmidt of Cleveland, who was suffering from a serious heart ailment. Put under anaesthetic, she was placed in a freezer, and doctors stood by ready to operate. Gradually the girl's temperature dropped until it leveled off at 88 degrees, more than ten degrees below normal. Instruments showed a greatly reduced pulse rate, lowered blood pressure and minimum metabolism.

Quickly the doctors operated, but they had the advantage, conferred by "hibernation," of two precious extra minutes in which to work. Normally, to stop the flow of oxygen-laden blood for more than three minutes might result in severe shock or even in fatal damage to the brain. But freezing so reduced the body's clamor for oxygen that five minutes of deprivation resulted in no injury.

Judith was gradually thawed out, and next morning her temperature was normal. Three weeks later, when she left for home, cautious Dr. Bailey could say: "She can lead a normal life now."

In a cluttered laboratory at St. Louis University, a Catholic priest who is also one of America's most imaginative research biologists has carried hibernation to its ultimate. Father Basile J. Luyet, priest of the Missionary Order of St. Francis de Sales and director of the University's Institute of Biophysics, began delving into the total suspension of life by freezing onion skins, then thawing them out. He found that these tissues showed signs of vital activity after having been frozen.

Now Father Luyet has carried forward his technique into the field of warm-blooded animals. Using one of the smallest complete entities of higher animal life—chicken embryos—he and one of his assistants, Frederico Gonzales, have succeeded in plunging this complex organism, containing several of the essential life processes of man, into a state of suspended animation at 320 degrees below freezing point, converting them into glass-hard bodies in which no known instrument could detect life.

The embryos were immersed in a blood-warm solution and placed under a microscope focused on the heart of the unborn chick. Slowly the first embryo thawed. Father Luyet, his eye glued to the lens, felt a pang of disappointment. The tiny heart remained as still as death.

But by gradually perfecting their technique after some hundred experiments, they finally saw the heart of one embryo, as if awakening from deep sleep, stir, quiver and break into a lively beat . . .

Of the 65 frozen embryos using their improved methods, 38 came back to life. The researchers are now engaged in developing an environment similar to that of the normal hen's egg, in which the embryos will continue their life cycle by hatching into chickens.

But the implications of this priest-scientist's pioneering discovery are already visualized by other researchers as reaching far into the unknown. They think in terms of probing the inmost secrets of the cell, basis of all life, and thus gaining the final key weapons for the conquest of disease and the prolongation of natural life.

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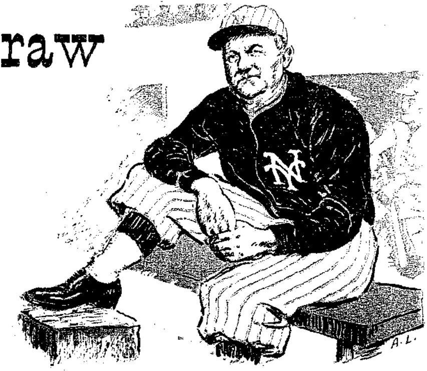
That Man McGraw



by **Don McNeill**

Sentiment had no place in the world of John McGraw, they said. The little manager of the New York Giants was a tough, heartless tyrant to whom The Game was the beginning and end of life. Everyone knew that. And yet . . .

In the late summer of 1922, a man walked out of the shadow of the Polo Grounds and approached the manager. "Mr. McGraw," he said hesitantly, "I'm Jack Scott."

McGraw's eyes narrowed as he noted the emaciated look of the once-brilliant pitcher. "What's on your mind, Scott?"

"Things haven't been going too good, Mr. McGraw. My arm went dead and Cincinnati released me when I couldn't pitch. Now I think it's better and I came here to ask you for another chance."

The manager didn't answer. He had seen sore-armed pitchers before: they never came back.

"Mr. McGraw," Scott went on with a rush, "I used all the money I had to bring my family to New York. With a little time and practice, I think I can win games again."

He stood waiting, twisting his hat in a bony hand.

"Draw a uniform and start working out. When you're ready, let me know," McGraw said. He pulled out a wad of bills. "Here."

When Scott was ready, McGraw let him pitch, watching closely, saying nothing.

The Giants won the pennant and the first game of the Series. The second was called a tie on account of darkness. McGraw was in trouble now, since he had used his two best pitchers.

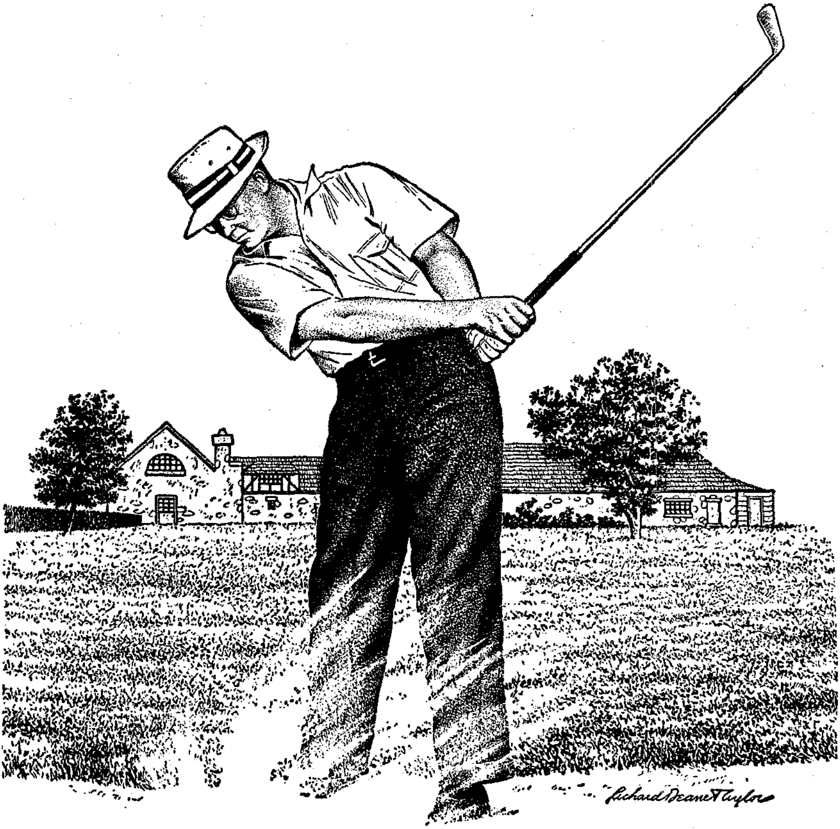
The manager sat in stony silence as Jack Scott took the mound to start the third game against the power-packed Yankees. At the first hit off him the Yankee bench burst into derisive sound. Was this the end of the line for Jack Scott? McGraw stalked to the water cooler, took a sip and sat down again.

Working coolly, craftily, Scott retired the side. Then, inning after inning he turned back the mighty Yankees until, with the Giants ahead by three runs, Babe Ruth and Bob Meusel were thrown out and it was over.

Giant players pounded his back. McGraw stuck out his hand and said, "Scott, we're all even. Thanks." And the Giants went on to sweep the Series.

No, they say, John McGraw had no place for sentiment—except for the time he gave a has-been another chance, and won himself a World Series.

Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club,* ABC Radio-TV, Monday through Friday.



Washington's Burning Tree Club is the only place . . .

WHERE IKE FINDS REFUGE

by ALFRED TOOMBS

THE PEOPLE OF THE United States pay their President a princely wage, furnish him with a stately home and the most luxurious transportation, and invest his office with an aura of great dignity. There is only one thing the people do not provide for the President—a place where he can get away from what Jefferson called this "splendid misery" and be a natural man among his fellows.

As far as President Eisenhower is concerned, this oversight in an otherwise well-planned regimen has been corrected by the members of the Burning Tree Golf Club in Washington, D.C. For, by dint of great effort over the years, they have created such a congenial, publicity-proof refuge that even a President can enjoy here the luxury of feeling like just another guy in the crowd.

"The first time I saw the President there," one member recalls, "he was sitting on a locker-room bench, quietly drying his toes. Nobody was paying any attention. That means a lot to him—just to be let alone."

In a talk which he made at the fall dinner at Burning Tree last year, the President—who has been a member since 1946—expressed with genuine feeling his sentiments about the club. Here was a place, he said, where he was never pressured, never asked to give someone's brother a job. Then he added his favorite driver to Burning Tree's collection, which includes clubs of Presidents Taft, Wilson, Harding and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

At no other golf club in the country could the President have found a group of men who would understand so completely his need for a little anonymity. In addition to Eisenhower, its active golfing members now include the Vice President, the Chief Justice and two Associate Supreme Court Justices, several Cabinet members, leaders in the House and Senate—of both parties—and the ranking military officers of the nation.

Most of these men come to Burning Tree seeking sanctuary from the relentless pressure of public life. They know that in Washington—not in salon nor in saloon—is there any place to hide from advocates and supplicants. A voter with an unemployed relative may lurk behind any tree, and a cosmic thinker loaded for a long discussion may be attached to the other end of any canapé tray.

So, through a sort of mutual aid and non-aggression treaty, they have created at Burning Tree a haven where neither politics nor personalities are ever discussed seriously. Friday's political enemies are partners in Saturday's golfing foursome. This is the strict law of Burning Tree and no member violates it.

A sort of Shower Curtain of secrecy was drawn around Burning Tree when it opened in 1924 and has hardly been pierced to this day. The membership demands privacy. The Southern Senator who would sometimes bet as much as $2,000 on a single putt did not want to read the news of his winning on the sports page of his home-state papers. The generals who sometimes tour the course clad only in shorts do not expect to meet photographers from *Stars and Stripes*. No pictures are made at the club and no working newsmen are admitted.

Some guests may come away from the club a little breathless at how different Justice Tom Clark looks in a towel than in his judicial robes. Perhaps they will have heard Postmaster General Summerfield kidding Senator Homer Ferguson across the locker room:

"You were really hitting them

today, Senator. I hear you only went nine strokes over par on three holes."

The ribbing, dished out by the nation's nimblest tongues, is rough, and the language, like the bourbon that members keep in their lockers, is usually 100 proof.

One member, an inveterate rummy player, is generally believed to have a vocabulary consisting of only two words—"Gin" and a four-letter expletive suitable for losers.

If Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer had grown up to be rich and important, Burning Tree is the sort of club they might have started—for there is a lot of the small boy in the club's spirit. No women or children are allowed—except at private, after-golfing-hours parties.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET
An up-to-date
report on recent
medical findings
[illegible]

Resident membership is limited to 250, so the course is never crowded. Initiation—sometimes waived—costs $1,000 and dues are $300 a year. Meals are generally quite simple and the club does not have a bar.

Golf is the only sport, and the course is one of the finest in the East. In the seclusion of its wooded acres, members wear the sort of costumes—loud, frayed or brief—which might cause their wives to faint dead away.

The clubhouse is of fieldstone, low and strongly gabled. The locker room and dining room cover the entire first floor. The locker room, about 60 by 100 feet, has a vaulted, heavy timbered roof. The 19th hole—a casual arrangement of tables and heavy, tan leather chairs—is in the center of the room; and old-fashioned metal lockers with wooden benches are banked around the walls. Caricatures of members hang on the walls and a colorful array of flags belonging to members who are Cabinet officers, Ambassadors and military chiefs hang importantly from the rafters.

Not long ago, Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas and Scott Lucas, former Democratic Senate leader, were engaged in a vocal gin rummy game. Lucas kept urging his opponent on with worse and worse advice, which Fulbright ignored, until finally Lucas exclaimed vehemently:

"Damn it, Bill, you never would do what I told you, even when we were up at the Capitol together."

"Maybe that's why I'm still in the Senate," Fulbright retorted.

President Eisenhower, during his first year in office, tried to find time to play at the club on Wednesday and Saturday. The number of guests brought out by members on these days increased and, whether by coincidence or not, the greens fee was doubled to $10.

The President usually arranges his foursome in advance. He likes to include one Democrat and one Republican from Congress. The fourth player may be a Government official, visiting industrialist or perhaps some member of the club.

If he arrives for lunch, the President will take any seat that is open at one of the two long refectory tables in the dining room. Having finished soup and a sandwich, he will go to the locker which he has had since joining. The next locker is held by Clark Clifford, formerly advisor to ex-President Truman.

Members dressing near the President will speak to him, but do not press a conversation unless he desires it. Where before election they called him Ike or General Ike, they all call him Mr. President now.

Before teeing off, the President and his partners go through the rite of haggling over handicaps and wagers. If one of his opponents sinks a long putt, the President may level a charge of piracy and make a mock demand for an increase in his handicap. If he makes a spectacular shot himself, he expects the same sort of ribbing. The President is a good-natured golfer and has a happy day when he breaks 90.

The Presidential retinue is the strangest that ever moved over a golf course. It includes several athletic young men, dressed in sports clothes and carrying big golf bags. These are Secret Service men who fan out into the woods on all sides of the President's party. In their golf bags are carbines, shotguns and a walkie-talkie radio beamed to a Secret Service limousine at the clubhouse.

When a storm threatened one day, the limousine rushed across the course to pick up the Presidential party. "We didn't want him standing under a tree in a lightning storm," explained one of the agents.

Occasionally, after a round, the President will stop to talk to friends and may even stay for a rubber or two of bridge.

When the President first began to visit the club, curiosity-seekers crashed the gates and a check point was established at the clubhouse to make sure only members got in. One irreverent oldtimer, stopped by a guard and asked his name, replied: "Molotov."

The guard studied the membership list carefully and said: "Sorry, but I can't find your name."

"I was just admitted last night."

"Okay, Mr. Molotov," the guard said, "go ahead in."

It is generally believed that the art of how to win at golf without actually cheating has been brought to a peak of perfection at Burning Tree. Doughty psychological warriors, blooded on the hustings in all parts of America, have brought with them every trick.

The master coup in this field is credited to John L. Sullivan, who showed up late one afternoon for a match with a group of corporation executives. Sullivan, who later became Secretary of the Navy and president of the club, was then an assistant Secretary of the Treasury in the Roosevelt Administration.

World War II was on and Sullivan explained to the other players that he had been called to the White House suddenly. To show how sorry he was for being tardy, he allowed his opponents to name their own handicaps—"take all your conscience will allow, gentlemen"—and the businessmen took advantage of Sullivan's good nature.

When all bets had been made, Sullivan casually mentioned that he had gone to the White House to watch the President sign an order putting a $25,000 limitation on executive salaries for the duration. The news threw the executives into such a rage that they hardly got around the course. Sullivan won every bet that afternoon.

Burning Tree was started by four golfers who grew tired of the delays encountered on other Washington courses. Wealthy men in a small group of golfing fanatics put up $10,000 each to build a new course. Among them was Joseph E. Davies—later to make the Ambassadorial mission to Moscow—member of a select little group known as the Senatorial Foursome which met each Sunday morning for golf. Most players were Senators—among them Warren G. Harding of Ohio. Another was a young Assistant Secretary of the Navy named Franklin Roosevelt.

When Burning Tree opened in 1924, the Senatorial Foursome moved its game there. Over the years, the political leaders of the nation joined. Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg was known to the club as Nervous Nellie; Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson added a touch by bringing his military aides along to caddy.

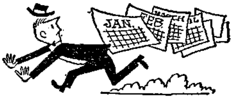
Forty or fifty golfers may show up almost any week to play in a carefully handicapped Sunday morning competition. The club keeps accurate records of all scores and a handicapper makes up foursomes so they will be equal in strokes. Competitors put $5 in a pool, which is divided between the low score golfer and the low foursome.

The best golfers in the club, men like Congressman Jack Westland of Washington, former national amateur champion, or Senator Prescott Bush of Connecticut, holder of several regional titles, may find themselves in the same foursome with redoubtable duffers such as Senator Capehart of Indiana, who holds a course record of sorts at 148, or Vice President Nixon, who has knocked 40 strokes off his score but is still happy to break 100.

But neither golfing ability nor position will move the membership committee to admit a man to Burning Tree. Since the Republican Administration has taken over, only a dozen or so new members have been admitted. What Burning Tree looks for is a man who "fits" with the group. If he doesn't, neither position nor money nor connections will get him in.

Historians say that in other centuries there stood on the club's acres a tree which appeared to glow like fire at certain times. Then the Indian tribes would gather for a feast and a game of ball. All would pay tribute to the great chief, smoke a pipe of peace and hold an amiable pow-wow. They called it the Place of the Burning Tree.

With certain modifications, members today like to think they are just carrying on an old American custom at the Place of the Burning Tree.



Economically Speaking

INSTALLMENT-PLAN BUYING is a credit device by which the months are made to seem shorter.

—*Burning Question*

JOSÉ FERRER: Stage-Master

by **GEORGE FRAZIER**

JOSÉ FERRER, once called "the most terrifying man of action in our theater," is probably the most versatile individual in the annals of show business. Even his critics concede that the talents of this 42-year-old actor, director, producer, singer and dancer are more variegated than those of such overwhelmingly handy people as George M. Cohan, Sir Laurence Olivier, and even Noel Coward.

In more respects than talent, indeed, none of these men ever achieved Ferrer's astounding resourcefulness. Even his appearance presents an altogether unique versatility.

While his chest is spacious, his shoulders are narrow; and although his face is almost gaunt, his nose is more than ample and his ears, as one observer put it, are "lots of ears." To compound the incongruousness even further, he has a long, tapering waist on legs that are not prodigiously longer than Toulouse-Lautrec's. It was not without good reason that a friend described him as "ugly in a distinguished sort of way—or distinguished in an ugly sort of way."

It is something more than merely

At Princeton, planning a student play.

an urge to be agreeable that deters Ferrer from taking issue with critics who appraise him as the most extraordinary personage in the contemporary American theater. "In my book I'm just a fair actor, but a wonderful director and producer," he says, although he has yet to give any hint that he actually believes this self-criticism.

There is no reason why he should, either, for José Vicente Ferrer y Cintron was obviously born out of his time. Few individuals of our day exemplify the Renaissance Man as truly as he does. In addition to his other talents, he is a pianist, a declaimer of poetry, a composer, a student of judo and yoga, a painter, a fencer and a linguist of such fluency that from time to time he gives interviews to French, Spanish and Italian reporters in their native tongues.

Friends were inclined to shake their heads sympathetically when he married Rosemary Clooney, the singer. "Imagine," one said bewilderedly, "this nice simple girl from Kentucky living under the same roof with a guy who knows how to do everything except apply mascara." Then, after a thoughtful pause: "What am I saying? Joe can do that, too. He played Charley's Aunt, didn't he?"

To Ferrer's own way of thinking, which is a rapid, logical and inventive way, there are very few things which he is incapable of accomplishing. His enthusiasm is so effervescent, in fact, that once a project fires his imagination, he is likely to take complete charge of it, even though the idea might have originated with somebody else.

Last fall, an executive of a major recording company, having lunch with Eddie Anderson, a former publicity agent for Ferrer, casually mentioned the idea of presenting F. Scott Fitzgerald on records by having somebody narrate passages from books like "The Great Gatsby" against an orchestral background of songs referred to by the author. Anderson immediately suggested that Ferrer, a Princeton man, would be the ideal narrator.

"Maybe so," the executive said noncommittally, "but this thing isn't even in the planning stage yet. I'm just thinking out loud."

Shortly after 9 o'clock that evening, the record executive was called to the telephone. Beverly Hills, California, was on the line. A deep voice announced, "Harry, this is Joe Ferrer."

The record man, who had never met the actor, was as startled at being called by him as he was by being addressed so familiarly.

"Harry, I'll tell you how we do this Fitzgerald thing," Ferrer began. "First of all, we'll have Bunny

Wilson handle it. He was at Princeton with Scott and is an authority on him. Now, what do we do—a 12-inch LP or what?"

At this point, his listener made an attempt to explain that the project was still nebulous. His attempt was swept aside.

"And I have some good passages in mind," Ferrer continued. "This'll be a fine job, Harry, and I'll be ready to do it as soon as I wind up the 'Caine Mutiny.' Anyway, I'll be in touch." With that, Ferrer hung up. A few minutes later the phone rang again. It was Ferrer.

"Harry," he said, "something just occurred to me. Soon as I finish this Fitzgerald job, I'll record the whole 'Oxford Book of English Verse' for you." At that point, Harry was too numb to reply.

The project has yet to materialize, but the record executive still speaks of it in a voice tinged with awe and incredulity. "You know," he says, "that'd be quite a thing—José Ferrer recording the 'Oxford Book of English Verse.' Probably cost at least $100 an album, but it would really be spectacular!"

Actually, Ferrer's rendering of the immortal poets might leave something to be desired. For his voice is perhaps his most glaring weakness. Everything considered, though, it is remarkable enough that Ferrer has any voice at all.

At birth, which took place in Santurce, Puerto Rico, on January 8, 1912, José Vicente Ferrer y Cintron, his father a prosperous attorney and his mother descended from wealthy plantation owners, had a cleft soft palate. He was seven months old when he underwent surgery in New York City, where his family was to settle six years later.

Although Ferrer had completed

On screen and stage: as the Dauphin of France and as Cyrano, the swordsman-poet.

high school and was ready for college by the time he was 14, his father decided that a year at a private school in Switzerland might prove rewarding. In the fall of 1927, José enrolled at Princeton as a major in architecture.

Of all American universities, Princeton would seem to be the one most endowed with heroic legends, ranging from the old wives' tale about Eugene O'Neill's throwing a beer bottle through a window in the home of the then-Princeton-president, Woodrow Wilson, to the charge that the members of the university football team once wore heavy signet rings with which they marred the countenances of their opponents from Harvard.

For a man of such subsequent flamboyance, Ferrer, curiously enough, contributed nothing to either the canonical or apocryphal in Princeton annals. In the light of what was afterwards to happen in the American theater, however, it is clear that he matriculated during an epic era. James Stewart was a classmate, Joshua Logan and Myron McCormick, a year ahead of him, and Bretaigne Windust three years his senior.

While in college, Ferrer spent somewhat more time than was advisable visiting New York speakeasies. More remuneratively, he led, played piano and sang with a six-piece dance band called, with a notable lack of originality, the Pied Pipers. One of the members was Jimmy Stewart, who displayed what has been described as "questionable virtuosity" on the accordion.

It was not until his senior year that Ferrer, appearing in the leading role in the annual show put on by the Triangle Club, had an opportunity to prove that he was made for sterner stuff than band-leading. It was his initial try at this line of endeavor, but he acquitted himself so laudably that he began to entertain serious thoughts of a career on the stage.

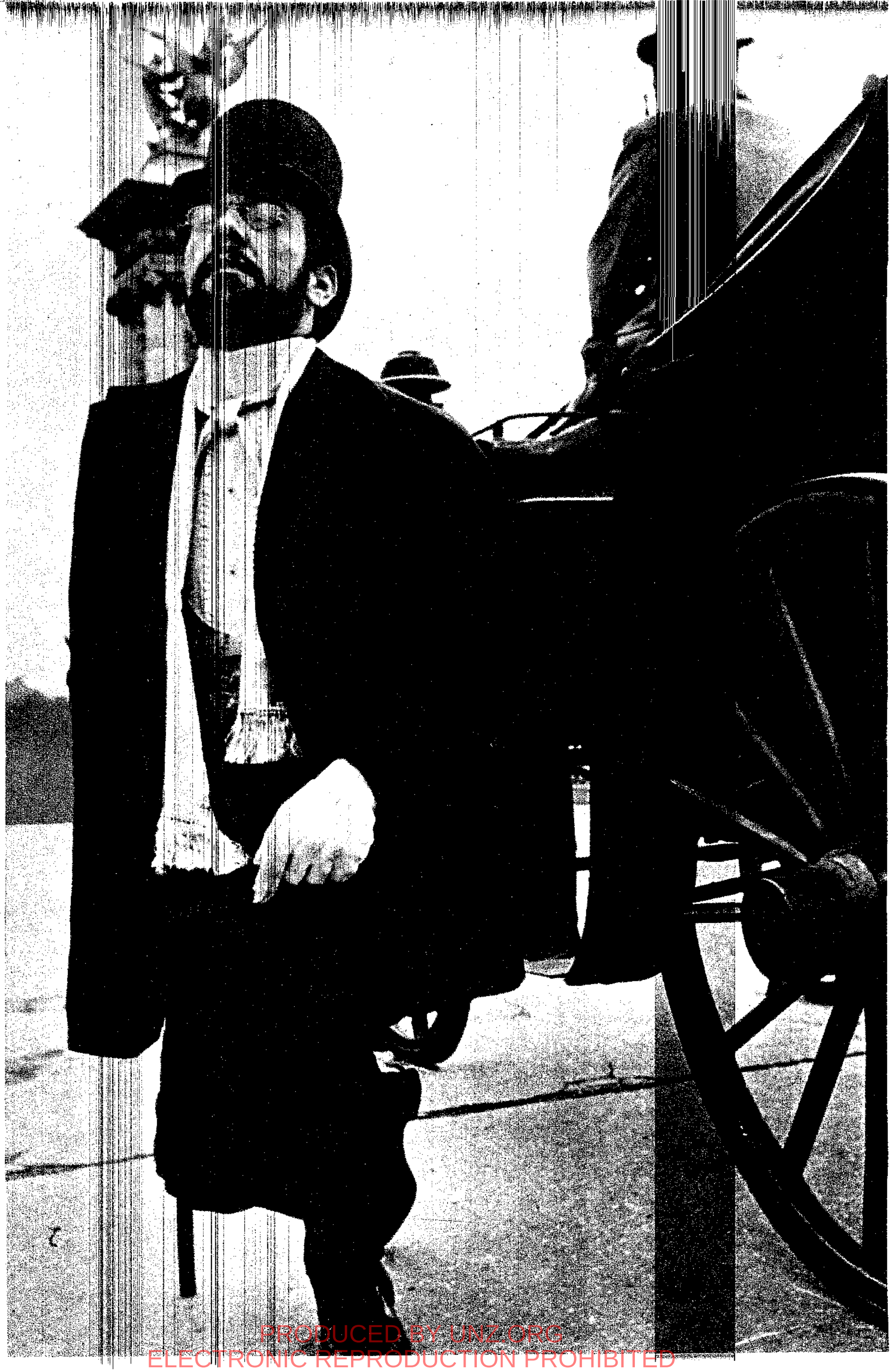
Before taking any action, however, he spent a post-graduate year at Princeton studying French literature; and another at Columbia, where he mused upon "The Role of the Peasant in the Belgian Novel, 1870-90," as a means of obtaining a Master's Degree. Sitting with Jimmy Stewart in a New York restaurant one night, Ferrer suddenly announced that he was going into the theater.

FERRER BEGAN his stage career by driving the station wagon owned by a summer theater at Suffern, New York. Eventually he advanced to more prepossessing assignments and ultimately to Broadway.

But it was not until 1940, when he appeared in a revival of "Charley's Aunt" and managed to invest his role of a man in female garb with infectious exuberance, that he made his first conspicuous hit. Later, he was to experience minor reversals when he sang in "No, No, Nanette" in St. Louis and struggled heroically for three weeks as a replacement for Danny Kaye in "Let's Face It."

Ferrer, though, was maturing as an actor. From his ineptitude in "Let's Face It," he took on the taxing part of Iago in a production of "Othello" at the Cambridge Summer Theater. When the play

Toulouse-Lautrec on the way to Maxim's.



A singer, too, Ferrer cuts a record with his songstress-wife, Rosemary Clooney.

reached Broadway the following year, his stature in the American theater was secure. It was chiefly his superb interpretation of the crafty Iago, which most critics consider his masterpiece, that inspired such business that "Othello" ran for 600 performances, or longer than any other Shakespearean presentation in history.

Ferrer mortgaged his home in order to help defray the $135,000 it cost him to produce "Cyrano de Bergerac." Although an aesthetic delight, the production lost money. Yet for all his personal triumph, it was the fact that it reduced him to impecuniousness that caused him to stifle his frequently-expressed disdain for Hollywood and accept the big money offered him to play the Dauphin opposite Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Arc."

Later he appeared in such movies as "Whirlpool," "Crisis" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" (for which he won the 1950 Academy Award for the top male performance.)

Nobody has ever accused Ferrer of indolence. In 1952, for example, he had his hand in five divertissements—four plays and a movie—in operation around Times Square at the same time: "The Fourposter," which he directed; "Stalag 17" and "The Chase," which he both directed and produced; "The Shrike," which he not only directed and produced, but appeared in as well; and he was being viewed on the screen in "Anything Can Happen."

His energy, however, was even

more boundless than these statistics would imply, for while playing in "The Shrike," he commuted almost nightly to Philadelphia in order to make sure that the author of "The Chase," which was trying out there, was getting on with his revisions.

When "The Chase" was housed in a theater across the street, Ferrer, whose mind constantly flashes with sudden inspirations, once startled an interviewer by bolting from his dressing room clad only in pajamas and slippers—his "Shrike" costume—and threading his way through the milling theater crowds to pass on a bit of counsel to the cast of "The Chase."

With the closing of "The Shrike," which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize as the best American play of 1952, he flew to Paris to play the exacting role of Toulouse-Lautrec in the movie "Moulin Rouge." It was a part that required him to reduce his lank five-foot-ten-inch frame to the stunted four-feet-eight-inch proportions of the French painter.

Ferrer and his young daughter, Leticia.

In order to alleviate the agony attendant upon strapping short artificial legs to his knees and walking with his own lower limbs dragging behind him, Ferrer had spent several weeks in New York absorbing yoga instruction. The precaution proved profitable, for he gave one of the most remarkable performances of the year.

Ferrer thrives on industriousness. Last summer, during a period of less than a month, he not only sang and danced in "Kiss Me, Kate" in Dallas, but also translated from the French a play called "The Dazzling Hour," rehearsed its cast and composed the music for a song to be used in it, and married Rosemary Clooney. On August 8, he was back in Hollywood, portraying Lieut. Barney Greenwald in "The Caine Mutiny."

On the face of things at least, José Ferrer is a contented man who drinks sparingly; eats prodigiously; confines his nightclubbing to such jazz asylums as Eddie Condon's in Greenwich Village; plays an excellent game of squash at the Princeton Club; cooks imaginatively; and, in the matter of baking, regards himself as a match for even producer Leland Hayward, who has been known to interrupt a telephone conversation with, "Wait a second. I've got to take a look at the oven. I forgot my bread."

A man who has been close to him over the years has observed, "Joe lives quietly in a frantic way."

Late last year, Ferrer produced

The Ferrers relaxing in Hollywood home.

and starred in four plays for the New York City Center—"Cyrano de Bergerac," "The Shrike," "Charley's Aunt," and "Richard III," also directing the first three. This eight-week repertory season brought the City Center the largest profit in its ten-year history of presenting good entertainment at low prices.

Ferrer persuaded top actors to work at minimum Equity pay, and returned his own $85-a-week salary to the Center. In recognition of his contribution to the arts, Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr. presented Ferrer with a certificate of merit from the City of New York.

His next projects are two movies: "Deep in My Heart," a musical, and "The Shrike."

This full, frantic schedule pays off. Ferrer's Broadway and Hollywood assignments bring him around $250,000 annually (which is supplemented by some $9,000 from a trust fund). His movie role in "Miss Sadie Thompson," for example, paid him $125,000. He has had three marriages—the first to Uta Hagen, by whom he had a daughter, Leticia, who is 13; the second to actress Phyllis Hill; and the third, and present one, to Rosemary Clooney, a pretty, wholesome girl whose simplicity is in sharp contrast to his incredible complexity.

Although he owns a sizeable wardrobe of expensive custom-tailored suits, he often appears, instead, in a sailor's knitted cap, a dark turtle-neck sweater, unpressed slacks and an old sports jacket. Once he went for weeks wearing a friend's shiny blue serge suit.

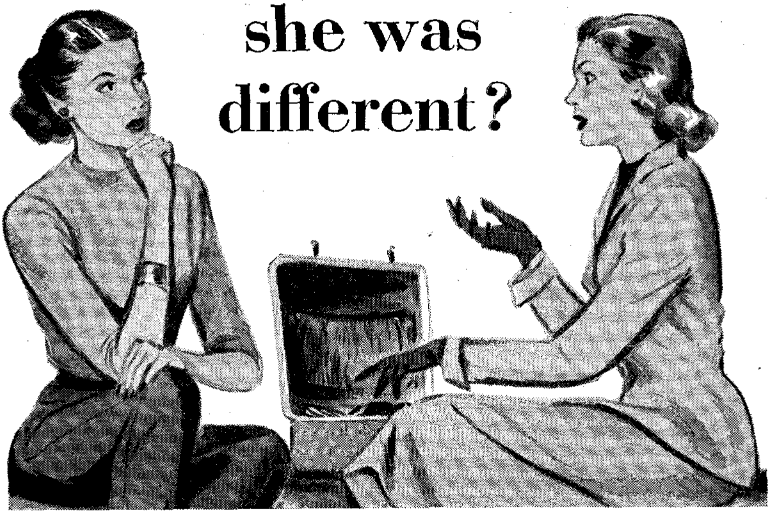
Those who have known Ferrer over the years and drop in on him at any one of his three residences—an imposing mansion in Beverly Hills; a country place in Ossining, New York; and an apartment in Manhattan, where he often paints—sometimes complain, adopting his own assertively un-Princetonian idiom, that they don't "dig" him.

Aware of his almost insatiable thirst for publicity, they wonder if the time might come when he will resent his wife's popularity. There is a basis for such curiosity, which, on the whole, is more functional than idle.

Not long ago, in a music shop just off Broadway a teen-aged girl was listening to a recording by Ferrer when a companion, who had been drifting around the store, poked her head in the booth and inquired, "Who's that?"

"Oh, you know," was the reply. "That's the guy who's married to Rosie Clooney."

What made her think she was different?



Guest talks frankly to hostess

BETTY: *Oh Sue, isn't that a package of Tampax? Do you use it?*
SUE: I certainly do. And what a relief it was to get rid of bulky external pads with all their problems. Haven't you tried Tampax yet?
BETTY: *Oh no, I couldn't possibly wear anything internally.*
SUE: Listen, my dear, I used to think Tampax wasn't for me either. Ann was my good angel in that department; she told me that it was invented by a doctor, and used by millions of women . . . and I've been using it ever since. Honestly, it's wonderful!

* * *

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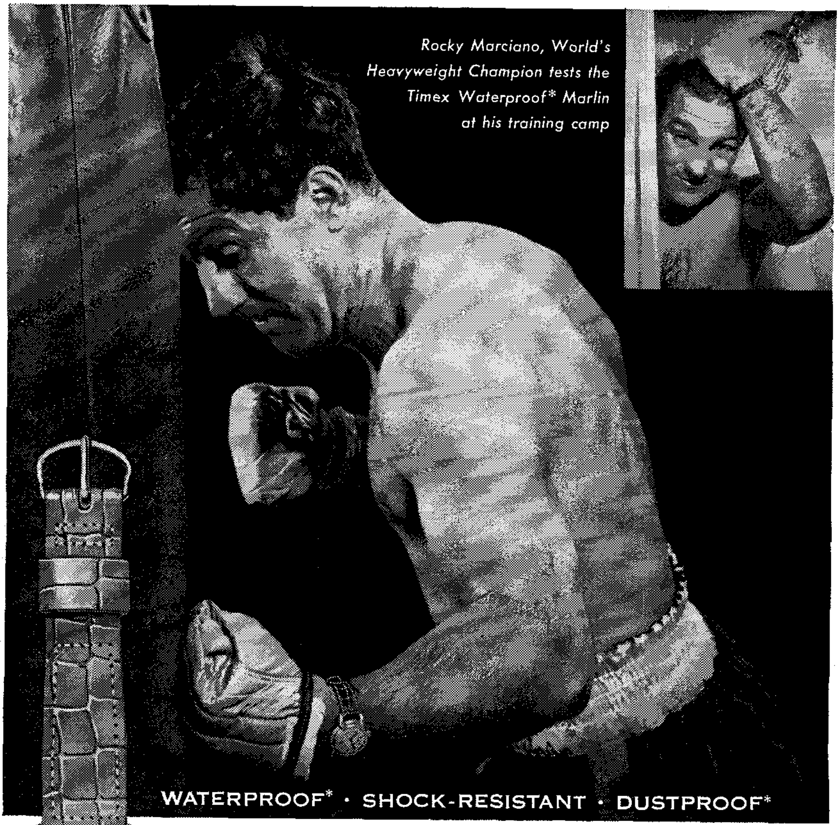

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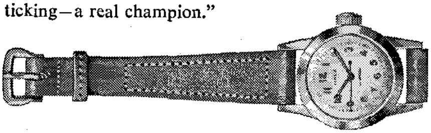

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The Si Monks

Amidst roaring crowds and the practiced heckling of ball teams, the umpire must stand aloof

by **BILL SLOCUM**

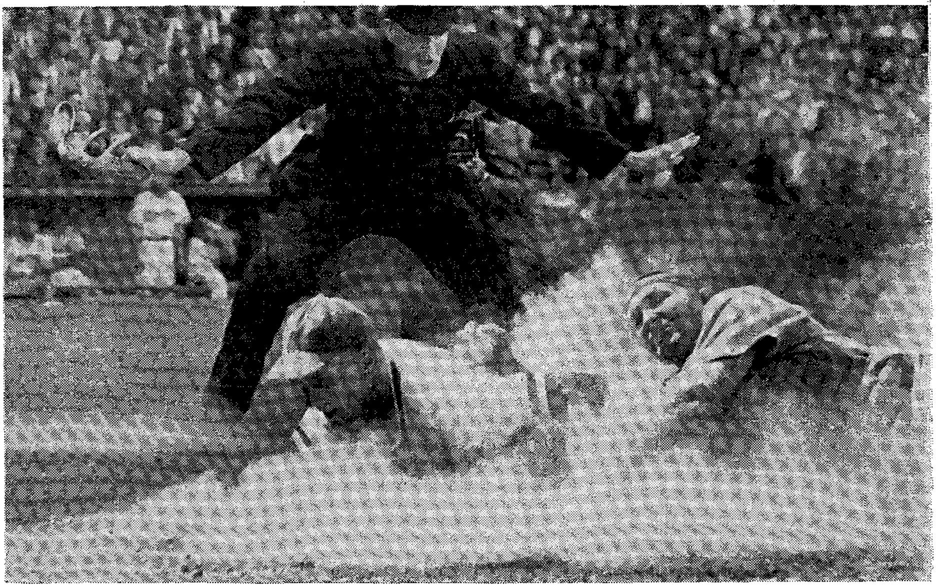
THERE IS IN OUR LAND a strange breed of men who give up hearth and home for more than half of each year to lead lonesome lives wandering from city to city. All are incurable egomaniacs. They move among men who are praised and adored by millions of Americans, yet the highest praise they can hope for themselves is to be ignored.

They hunger for applause but never hear it themselves, although it is always all around them. They accept as their fate the accusation that they are "blind," although they all have better than 20-20 vision. They have, to a man, immaculate records of personal and professional honesty, yet they are often called "robbers" by men who steal whenever they get the chance.

Everything about them is a contradiction. They must be physically fearless, yet practice complete restraint in the face of endless baiting. They must be at once policeman and judge, without enjoying either the public prestige or support of these callings. When they are doing their job well they are always offending somebody.

These lonesome wandering men are the high priests of a beloved American rite, the baseball game. They are the umpires.

Let's look at a typical major league umpire, any one of the 32 men divided equally between the American and National leagues. Say he is in Chicago and his day's work



In a tight game, no matter how the ump calls a close one, it may mean a rhubarb.

is done. His next job is scheduled for New York. For a change, everything at the ball park this day had been quiet. A good day's work, well done. But he is an umpire, so he has problems beyond the ken of a normal workingman away from home.

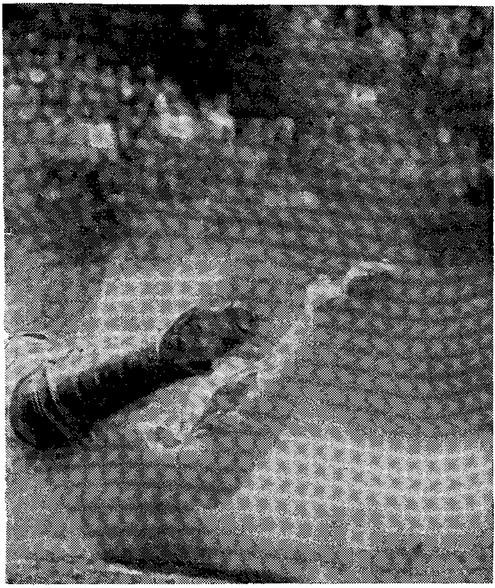
First, he is lonely. He has three colleagues who work with him each day, but umpires are fantastically individualistic. Rarely can four agree on a hotel in any town. So they meet only at the park.

There are some good trains heading out of Chicago within the next hour, but our man knows that he will have to take a later one. People by whom he does not want to be seen will be traveling on the earlier, and probably faster and better-equipped, trains.

Being lonely and having time to kill, he thinks of his wife's sister. She is always good fun, and he could call her up and ask her to dinner. But no—she is too pretty and would attract attention.

It is a warm evening and a glass or two of cold beer would help pass some time. But he doesn't want to stay in his hotel room, and he can't enjoy his beer in a public restaurant. Somebody might recognize him—and then anything could happen.

An umpire cannot ride good trains because the baseball teams use them, and he must not fraternize with the people he knows best, the players and newspapermen. He cannot take a lady to dinner, even his sister-in-law, because he is a male Caesar's wife. He cannot risk a glass of beer in a public place because there is always



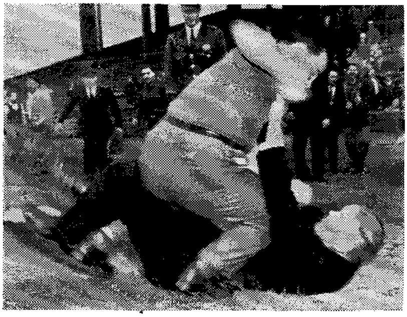
some daffy baseball fan who wants to fight about yesterday's decision. Or an even daffier one who will build one glass of beer into a solo bacchanalian revel.

Big league or bush league, the umpire must always be above suspicion. Owners have been expelled for gambling and coaches for bribery, managers have been suspended for consorting with questionable characters, and at least eight of the finest players in major league history have been barred from baseball for accepting or proffering money to "throw" games. But no hint of scandal, proved or alleged, ever touches an umpire.

It is well that these men are above mere money because, with the exception of career batboys, no man whose fulltime occupation is baseball is more poorly paid than the umpires. Pay in the big leagues starts at $5,000 a year. But you could count on your fingers all who are making $10,000; and for every one in that exalted bracket there are 25 drawing as little as $100 a month for six months. In the International League, the American Association and the Pacific Coast League, the three loops ranked just below the majors, $690 a month is around the top, with the average closer to $400.

Tim Hurst, a fine umpire, once remarked about his calling, "The pay is good and you can't beat the hours." Based on the two hours' work performed daily, Tim was right. But he overlooked one thing—the price he paid in raw nerves and sleepless nights brought on by

"If ya need glasses, why don't ya . . . ?"



Fans, too, sometimes protest decisions.

the brutal vocal abuse he was subjected to daily by baseball players.

Daily, Tim had to swallow insults about his honesty, his ability, his morals. His only recourse to the fighting word was to order the player from the field. And before the player departed, he was privileged to add further insults of a nature he would never dare utter outside the ball parks.

Tim was a sensitive man, gifted with unusual skills at his profession and further gifted with much wit and charm. But one day all his professional skill, his urbanity, his civilized contempt for vulgarity exploded under the endless nagging of a baseball player.

Tim stood before thousands of people, put his hands on his hips and spat squarely into the ballplayer's eye. The momentary revolt of a ravaged nervous system cost him his job.

It is apropos that the player who so provoked Tim was a college graduate, and went on to fill a glorious career in baseball as a player, manager and executive. His name was Eddie Collins, now enshrined in baseball's Hall of Fame. Collins is rightfully adjudged one of the true gentlemen of baseball. He was simply doing what comes naturally to a ballplayer.

Very little umpire baiting by ballplayers is a spontaneous outburst of indignation. Rather, it is a carefully constructed attack upon the umpire's stock in trade, his coordination and self-confidence. If these can be destroyed by scenes and fights, uncertainty is built up in the umpire's mind until it takes command. Then, the players reason, when a close decision must be made, the uncertain umpire will rule in favor of the most ruthless of his hecklers and thus stave off further embarrassment.

Abuse is basically a probing attack upon the moral courage of an umpire. And an umpire who takes too much abuse is fired; if he takes too little he is fired; if he returns vulgarity with vulgarity he is fired; and if he lays a hand on a player, even in self-defense, he is fired. These are inhumanly strict requirements, but they are fair because an umpire guilty of any of these sins of omission or commission is a bad umpire.

So, as the pennant races grow hot in the fall, consider the plight of an umpire sweating out a doubleheader that might decide the championship of his league. He is performing a nerve-wracking job before thousands—even millions in this day of TV—and he must be in complete command of 60 ballplayers who will do anything to achieve victory. And, he must remain in command of himself, even as the insults and pop bottles fly.

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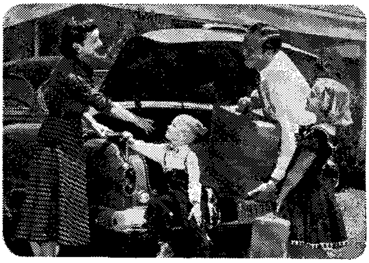

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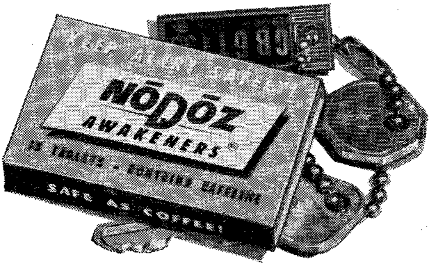

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the simplest part of the job. The real job is keeping his head in the midst of five dozen men dedicated to making him lose it if they can.

It is so much of a day's work, and the rewards are so slim, one wonders what keeps these men at it, year in and year out. There are several reasons. For one thing, these men love baseball. How can anyone love a game? There happens to be only one answer: millions do love a game and none more than an ump.

There is yet a second reason, less impressive but more easily understood: Right or wrong, an umpire is always right, and each one believes he is the greatest umpire that ever lived.

Bill Klem, actually the greatest umpire of them all, had still another reason for umpiring. Shortly before he died in 1951, Bill said, "Umpiring, to me, is a religion."

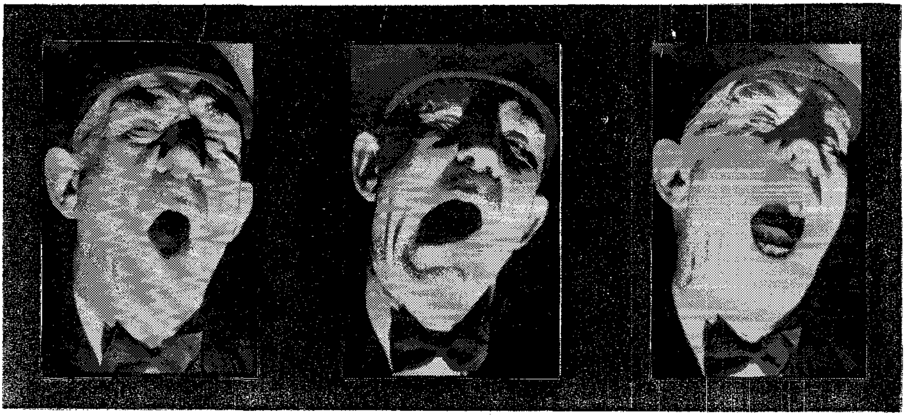
Bill did not use the word "religion" lightly. What he meant, he once explained, was that baseball was a fine and decent part of American life and the job of keeping it decent—the umpire's job—was to Bill's exacting standards something beyond making a mere living. It was a calling. And Bill proved he meant what he said by giving up a better paying job to make a career of umpiring, a choice he never regretted.

Bill Klem, sweaty autocrat presiding over a child's pastime played for money by men, was an intelligent, sophisticated human being. He was a dedicated man, too. As are his colleagues today.

They are a strange breed, these two-fisted extroverts who build self-confidence out of criticism; who are called robbers because they are completely honest; and who dedicate their lives to an industry which returns them practically nothing except the satisfaction that comes from a tough job well done.

They are not the only men in the world who would be acceptable to Diogenes. But they are members of the only profession in the world, that, en masse, fits the old Greek philosopher's specifications.

The pitcher goes into his wind-up; he delivers—and it's "Baaaawwwwwllll One!"



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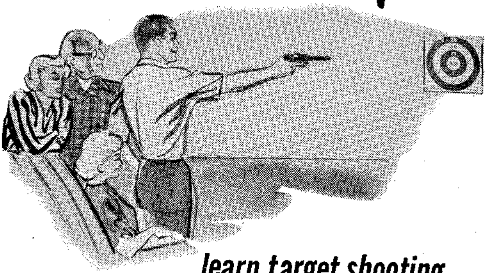

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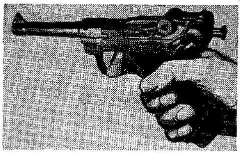

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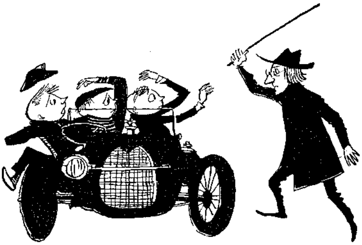

THE HOT ROD screeched to a stop at the traffic light with its front bumper just at the white line marking the edge of the pedestrian lane. A white-haired, dignified old gentleman, who had started across the street with a pre-occupied air, jumped back instinctively to avoid being hit.

This greatly amused the youthful driver and his two companions. They laughed loudly, the driver yelling at his near-victim, "Whatsamatter, granpop, we didn't hit ya!"

The old gentleman walked slowly to the driver's side of the stripped-down vehicle, raised his cane and brought it down with all his force. As the youth at the wheel dodged and let out a yelp, the cane was stopped an inch from his head. The old gentleman looked at him a moment.

"What's the matter, young man? I didn't hit you either!" —*Pen*

THE LATE GERTRUDE LAWRENCE and playwright Noel Coward loved to play practical jokes on each other. The night Miss Lawrence opened in "The King and I," Coward put his mischievous brain to work, then called the local telegraph office, dictated a message praising the star's performance in more than glowing terms, and instructed the clerk to sign it "General MacArthur."

There was a gulp at the other end of the line and the clerk stammered, "But—but, sir—you can't do that. General MacArthur is a public figure . . . it's quite out of the question."

"Then sign it Noel Coward," snapped the playwright.

"But you can't do that either," protested the clerk. "Noel Coward is a public figure, too."

"I *am* Noel Coward!" barked the joker.

"In that case," said the clerk, "you may sign it General MacArthur." —PAUL STEINER

* * *

MY BROTHER CARL is a clerk in a hardware store in a small Midwest town serving a rural community. One day, while he was busy with a customer, a farmer's wife rushed in and asked if she might use the telephone. Carl showed her its location, at the back of the store on a desk, and continued with his customer.

Glancing back, he saw her standing beside the phone looking completely bewildered, and he realized that she was not familiar with a desk-type phone. Then suddenly her puzzled look vanished, she vigorously turned the handle of the pencil sharpener, lifted the receiver and gave the number to the operator. —ANNA PINNER

"Please God..."

Report from Korea . . . by Ha Sang Nak, Plan field worker. "Kim Un Suk has three years. Never know father or mother . . . informed killed by enemy. Find her on road sitting snow in bitter cold wind near mountain. Unseeing refugees pass. Abandoned. We find. Dirty, sick, weak, little feet freezed. Need help. I send picture show Kim pray. Please God find good friend for child with such sweetness. So no more sad Kim."

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged.

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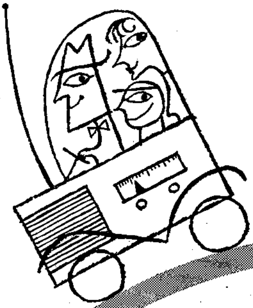

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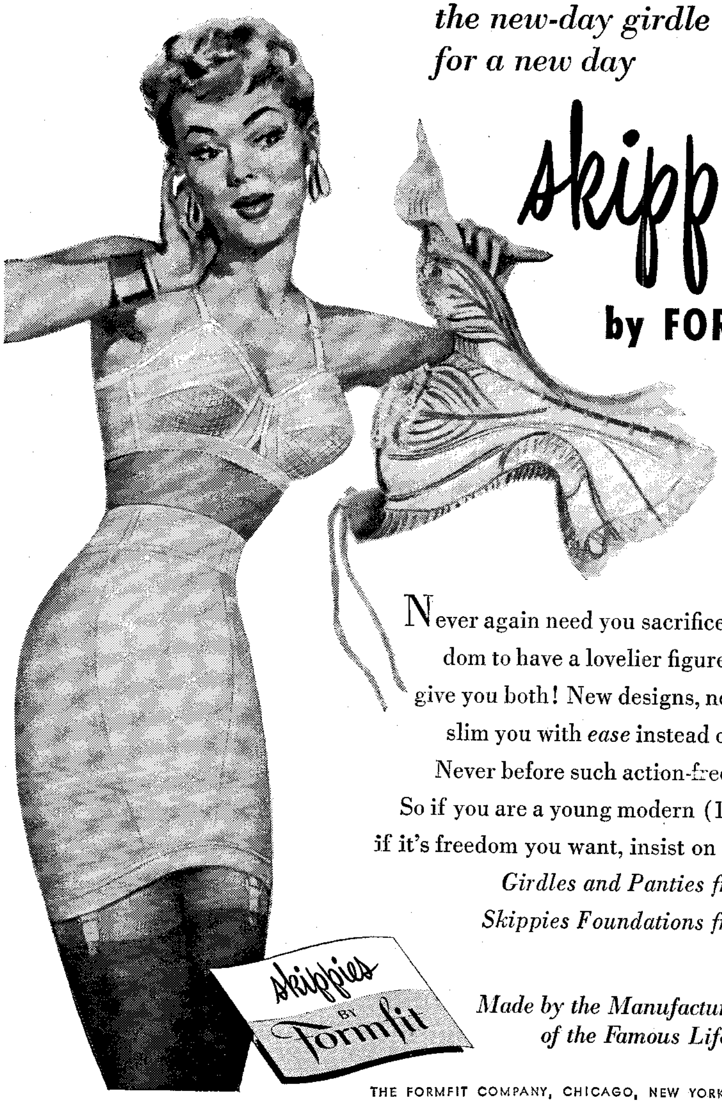

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Whose "Aunt" Are You?

Many children—and their parents, too—learn about bogus relatives

by **John McGiffert**

NOT LONG AGO MY WIFE and I spent a week-end with some pleasant people we haven't known very long—a couple named Ernie and Alice Parton. It was the first time we had met their children: Ernie, Jr., twelve, and Susan, eight.

Until we sat down for supper the first evening, I considered them unusually fortunate youngsters. They seemed to have plenty of material pleasures, and a warm relationship with their parents. During the soup course, however, Mrs. Parton said to her daughter, "Susan, pass your Aunt Eda the crackers." One course later, the mother spoke to her son: "Ernie, dear, perhaps your Uncle Johnny would like some salt."

These children had known my wife and me only a few hours, but already we were Aunt Eda and Uncle Johnny. Ernie, Jr., and his sister were clearly the victims of that odd childhood affliction known as courtesy kinship.

Not counting several border-line cases, I have had 15 courtesy, or bogus, aunts: Aunt Clara, Aunt Georgette, Aunt Curly, Aunt Gloria, Aunt Julie, Aunt Rhoda, Aunt Rena, Aunt Edna, Aunt Leslie, Aunt Sidney, Aunt Edith, Aunt Claire, two Aunt Olives, and a woman who—for reasons I can't conceive of—was known both as Aunt Jessie and Aunt Dottie. There are never so many bogus uncles as there are aunts, partly because some women don't marry, partly because some husbands are too busy to set up even the flimsy association necessary for courtesy kinship. As a result, I have had only four genuine bogus uncles: Uncle Harry, Uncle Steve, Uncle Mortie and Uncle Milt.

I cannot pretend to understand what my mother was up to in creating this gallery of mock relatives, since we had an ample allotment of the authentic variety. In any case, I became conditioned to saying a respectful "Hello, Aunt Georgette —" or whatever name my mother told me the situation called for—no matter how unfamiliar the person might be.

I have always felt that Aunt Claire Guthrie (she was married to my mock Uncle Milt) had the most legitimate claim to her status. She was in and out of my parents' house for years—still is, for that matter. She actually sent my wife some handsome spoons for a wedding present. Besides, I have heard that long, long ago, she kept company with my father.

At one time, Aunt Sidney would have been accounted in pretty fair standing, for she had gone to high school with my mother. In recent years, though, Aunt Sidney has shown little interest in our family, and my mother may regret having bestowed the accolade of kinship.

School tie-ups were also the pretexts for Aunt Leslie, who is reputed to have a nice way with bird paintings, and for one of my Aunt Olives. For a year or so my mother conducted a mild campaign to get Aunt Olive's husband installed as my Uncle Turner, but it never came to very much.

There was one branch of the artificial family tree I never could accept with equanimity: the summer vacation branch. Aunt Gloria and Uncle Harry were the offshoots of a brief holiday I spent with my parents at a lake in the Adirondacks. The other summer relative was Aunt Curly. The only connection my mother had with her was that she and her husband (Dr. Alfred Jones) owned the bungalow that my family rented one summer at a place called Manunka Chunk, a peaceful spot on the Delaware River.

Another bogus aunt on my list is particularly fresh in mind. I quote from a letter I received from my mother just a month ago: " . . . and dear, your Aunt Clara Rattigan died last Thursday—peacefully, in her sleep, the grand old soul." This was the first time in my life I had known of the existence of my Aunt Clara Rattigan.

Finally, one episode in my youthful history of phony kinship calls for special mention. On this occasion, a large number of people had collected in our living room. There were a good many aunts and uncles about, both genuine and mock. After greeting most of them dutifully, I was at last confronted with an impressive-looking woman whom I couldn't be sure of. After some moments of indecision, I said, in a sudden burst of certainty, "I know who you are. You're my Aunt Mamie."

She looked at me coolly. "I am *not* your Aunt Mamie, boy. I am *Mrs.* Charles McQuoid."

I do trust that no one like Mrs. Charles McQuoid ever comes into the lives of the Parton children. For I am strongly drawn toward those youngsters—so strongly that I almost hope they'll keep on calling me Uncle Johnny.

* * *

What's the Meaning? II

(Answers to quiz on page 29)

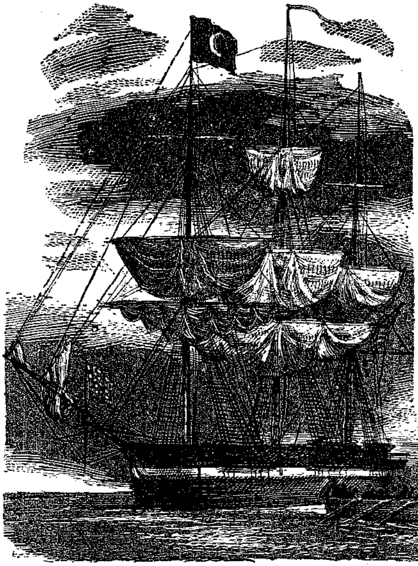
1. Hanging gardens; 2. Wagescale; 3. Coming up to scratch; 4. Raising a rumpus; 5. Half-breed; 6. Conover model; 7. Long time no see; 8. T(w)o have and t(w)o hold; 9. Forbidden fruit; 10. Bringing up Father; 11. In a pinch; 12. A backward child; 13. A mixed-up kid; 14. 'Round and 'round and 'round she goes; where she stops, nobody knows.

DARING DIPLOMACY

by **Andor Klay**

YOU WILL NOT FIND the name Martin Koszta, American, in any modern history book. Today, probably no more than a score have ever heard of him. But 100 years ago, Martin Koszta and his inalienable rights as a free man almost plunged the U.S. into war with one of the most powerful empires of Europe.

It all began minutes after the U.S.S. *St. Louis*—20 guns, Capt. Duncan Ingraham—anchored in the harbor of Smyrna, Turkey, on June 23, 1853. Almost immediately a rowboat full of excited gentlemen came alongside.



"We are political exiles who have found temporary asylum in Smyrna," their spokesman informed Captain Ingraham. "We come to you in behalf of Martin Koszta, formerly an exile like ourselves but now an American citizen, who has been seized in a café and carried aboard that warship for return to Austria and probable execution."

He pointed to the Austrian brig *Hussar*, 19 guns, riding at anchor beside her sister ship, the 12-gun *Artemisia*. Koszta, it seemed, had served as an officer during the Hungarian War for Liberty against the House of Hapsburg. After the defeat of the Hungarian army by the Austrians and their Russian ally in 1849, he had fled to Turkey and eventually emigrated to the U.S. He had returned to Turkey on business shortly before his seizure.

If a former exile, now an American, could be kidnaped and shipped back to the land of the tyrant against whom he had fought, what was to be the fate of thousands of his confrères—stateless men like themselves, still without protection, without citizenship, without permanent home? Would the Imperial Austrian fleet go unchallenged in its disregard for international law?

"What," concluded the spokesman, "does the American captain propose to do to save Koszta?"

Ingraham consulted with the American consul at Smyrna, Mr.

Offley, who had already sent a communication to the chargé at Constantinople and was awaiting his instructions. Koszta, Offley explained, possessed a so-called "first paper," but the international legal value of such a paper—a mere declaration of intention to become an American citizen—had never been fully tested. It was possible that Koszta had still to be considered an Austrian subject.

Furthermore, the current international situation required great caution on the part of American officials in matters involving the Austrian Empire, due to the strong moral support given by the U.S. to the Hungarians during their War for Liberty.

Ingraham, fearing the Austrians would forestall diplomatic intervention by moving quickly, suggested to Offley that they visit the prisoner aboard the *Hussar*.

Martin Koszta, wearing heavy chains on hand and foot, was dragged before them. Ingraham demanded at once that the chains be removed. Capt. von Schwarz of the *Hussar* issued orders, and Ingraham shook hands with the prisoner, who was heartened by this evidence of American interest.

Ingraham strongly urged the Austrians not to take further steps concerning Koszta before an official determination of his status as an American national could be made. The reply to this appeal was non-committal.

Five tense days later, still in the absence of instructions from Constantinople, Ingraham wrote Capt. von Schwartz that he had received information "that Mr. Koszta was to be sent on board a steamer tomorrow at daylight to be sent to Trieste. . . . I earnestly protest against his leaving this port before something has been heard from Constantinople."

Von Schwarz replied tersely: "In case of any violence against His Majesty's brig *Hussar* or schooner *Artemisia*, I should consider it as a hostile step for which I would hold you responsible altogether."

Koszta remained aboard the brig, and on July 1, Ingraham paid him a formal visit. "Mr. Koszta, how long had you been in the United States?"

"One year and 11 months, sir."

"When and where did you file the declaration of your desire to become an American citizen?"

"On July 31, 1852, in the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York."

"Do you want the protection of the American flag?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then you shall have it," declared Ingraham.

Next morning at 8 o'clock, while shaving, von Schwarz was interrupted by a note from Ingraham: "*Sir: I have been directed by the American Chargé at Constantinople to demand the person of Martin Koszta, a citizen of the United States, taken by force on Turkish soil and now confined on board the brig 'Hussar' and, if a refusal is given, to take him by force. An answer to this demand must be returned by 4 o'clock* P.M."

Here was an American ultimatum to the Austrian Empire, with a time limit of only eight hours. As the hours passed, the tension mounted.

Midshipman Richard Meade wrote in his diary:

"The *Artemisia*, fitted with

sweeps, came down and placed herself across the bows of our ship, ready to pour in a raking broadside. On board the *St. Louis*, everything was put in fighting order. The guns were cut loose, the magazine and shell rooms got ready, the decks sanded, the sails arranged so that the ship could be gotten under way without sending the men aloft, and the surgeons brought out their formidable array of knives and saws."

Shortly before 4 o'clock, a lifeboat was seen being lowered alongside the *Hussar*. Several figures stepped into it, all in uniform except one. Koszta was being returned to American soil. The danger of bloodshed and its incalculable consequences was over.

"Shirtsleeve diplomacy," boldly ignoring protocol and acting in the spirit of America's traditional concern for the underdog, had won an inspiring victory. A member of Congress named Gilbert Dean summed it up in words worthy to be remembered by Americans of another century:

"This case has given us a respect abroad which could not be secured by the most successful naval engagement. The spot on which a person, entitled to the protection of our Government, stands is as inviolable as the sanctuary of the gods."

Collectors' Items

(Answers to brain twister on page 62)

The men's vocations:

Simpkins lives five miles from a telephone or post office (1). He could not be the daily news analyst or the promoter. Simpkins avoids seeing anyone, whereas the farmer works with his hired hands. The writer's mother died when he was born (5) but Simpkins has a younger sister (6). Simpkins is the artist.

Moore can only work in the evening and on week-ends at his vocation (3). He could not be the daily news analyst, the promoter or the farmer. He writes mysteries.

Rogers is a neighbor of Simpkins; therefore he also lives some distance from a phone or post office. He could not be the daily newsman or the promoter. He is the farmer.

Evans is uneducated and untraveled (2). He is not the newsman. Evans, then, is the promoter, which leaves Burns as the news analyst.

Their Hobbies:

Rogers fiancée has a feminine dread of his collection (6). This could not apply to stamps, coins, ship models or prints. Rogers collects guns.

The philatelist buys new stamps for his collection wherever he travels (8). Evans is untraveled, Moore has no time to travel and Simpkins is a recluse. The philatelist is Burns.

The artist is "adept" at his hobby. This term would hardly apply to the collector of prints or coins. The artist, Simpkins, makes and collects ship models.

Evans is color blind. He would not be a collector of hunting prints. He collects coins.

Moore collects prints.

The strange story of an obscure Ohio dentist who became the king of the best sellers

ZANE GREY:
Writer of the Purple Sage

by **SAM BOAL**

LATE LAST SUMMER, the director of the Library of Congress, in whose hands rest for safekeeping such history-shaking documents as the papers of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, smiled contentedly as he prepared to store away a new gift.

What pleased the library's director so much were the hand-written manuscripts of 17 novels with such titles as "West of the Pecos" and "Wild Horse Mesa." As the library's staff began preserving these works for history, they may well have pondered one of the most astounding phenomena in American literature: a man who, though he was christened Pearl Grey, came to be known to millions under the name he took in understandable self-defense: Zane Grey.

It may be that many who read Zane Grey today do not even know he is dead. He died suddenly, of a heart attack, 15 years ago. Yet so vast was his literary output during his lifetime that his publishers, Harper's, have been able to print one new Zane Grey novel every year since he died and have on hand enough material to go on issuing one a year for at least five more years. After that, Harper's can still dig for more fresh material in his literary inventory.

Zane Grey's fiction, both in bulk and popularity, has not even the remotest parallel in American publishing history. He has been read,

in the 71 books so far published (he wrote a few non-fiction books, principally about fishing), by upwards of 56,000,000 persons. His books have sold about 30,000,000 copies, making Grey the third best-seller of all time. (The first is the Holy Bible, the second the McGuffey Readers.)

Grey was—and is—absolutely unique from a publisher's standpoint. An editor has to reject, or suggest changes, in manuscripts from even the most successful writers. But aside from the usual copy-editing, Harper's never had to suggest revisions to Grey. After his first acceptance in 1910, they took everything he wrote.

Grey appears in every modern European language except Russian. His books are banned in the Soviet Union, presumably because the Kremlin fears that his picture of life in America might prove too seductive to Russian readers.

Not only was Grey's production prodigious in its very mass, but it was equally prodigious in the way he placed it on paper. He wrote, in pencil, just as fast as he could, at the rate of about 100,000 words a month, which is something more than the length of an average novel.

He never corrected, never revised, never hesitated; but this is probably not because Grey felt that his work might not be improved by correction or shortening or lengthening. It was his nature to think if he wrote it that way in the first place, that was the right way and

that was about all there was to it.

More than 60 films have been based on his books, four of which were made into as many as three different movies; and though many of these stories sold to Hollywood long before the $100,000-per-novel era, his profit from picture sales alone must have been huge. It is certainly safe to say, however, that he made more than any other novelist in the world.

What was the secret of Grey's universal appeal? No one has ever accused him of being an adroit writer. His sentences are often clumsy, and occasionally his paragraphs wander rather than inform.

Grey heroes are almost a series of twins: resolute, hard-bitten men with steely blue eyes and granite chins. They are certain as to what is right and wrong, and their vengeance is terrible in its justice, although for narrative purposes it may be delayed until the novel's last chapter.

There is almost no sex, as such, in a Zane Grey book. His women, for the most part, are off-stage phantoms.

His villains, or heavies, are much the same from book to book. They are pretty bad fellows, by the standards of the day: contemptuous of law and order, private property, human dignity and moral decency, concepts on which Grey—and presumably his readers—placed high value.

What evidently makes Grey so personal to so many people is his feeling for the great sweeping magic of the American West. It came alive under Grey's stubby pencil, with its lonely horseman, or with its pastel sunrise around the Painted Desert, or with its herds of white-faced cattle wandering into its silent, velvet evening.

As for his worldwide appeal, the reason is simple, because interest in the great American West is not confined to Americans. All over the world, the one costume that children like is the cowboy suit. Indeed, the word "cowboy" is a recognized word in French, German and Spanish.

At the height of his popularity as an out-of-doors writer, Grey looked like neither an out-of-doors man nor a writer. He was of medium height, and though he was not by any means stout, he was certainly no thin, muscular reed. His hair was gray and had receded.

He was a quiet man, and except for two things (his books and his world-record fish), seemingly without vanity. He was not a humorous or playful person, nor given to the excesses of which campfire legends are made. He kept mostly to himself—like the men in his books.

Although he was certainly the world's most widely read writer, he never gave advice on writing, either to fledgling authors or oldtimers. Nor did he seek advice. He paid no attention to book reviews and ignored his fan mail. His tastes—like his precepts—were those of the people he wrote about, the values of the pioneers.

ZANE GREY WAS BORN AGAINST a background of those very values in Zanesville, Ohio, in 1875. That year a new shade of gray called "pearl" was popular, and apparently his mother succumbed to an irresistible temptation.

The name Pearl hung around his

neck as a boy, but it wasn't until after his first book was published that he rebelled. He chose "Zane," an old family name. In fact, his great-great grandfather—an Indian-fighting pioneer of the early days—had founded Zanesville and given it his name.

From his earliest days, the young Zane was an out-of-doors boy. An early photograph shows him with bare feet, fishing rod over his shoulder. He always identified himself with the wilderness and, in later years, declared he had Indian blood.

Zane's father, Lewis M. Grey, was both a preacher and a doctor, a formidable antagonist for a boy who wanted principally to fish and hunt. When he was 14, Grey discovered baseball and temporarily abandoned his streams and hills. He was out on the baseball diamond daily. He played ball so well that an alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania persuaded the boy to go to college, where the baseball was better.

Zane's father agreed and, partly to keep his son more or less in line, insisted he study dentistry there. Zane was graduated—a dentist—and the outdoor boy turned indoor boy started practicing in New York City.

History has seldom witnessed a squarer peg in a rounder hole. To add to his troubles, the 25-year-old Grey now decided he wanted to become a writer, a writer of the Great Outdoors. By day he hammered away at reluctant teeth and by night at reluctant prose.

To begin his literary career, he chose to record the history of his great-great-great aunt Betty Zane, sister of the man who founded Zanesville. Between bicuspid extractions, he got the novel finished and sent it on a round of publishing houses.

"Betty Zane" came back to Zane Grey, dentist. He was baffled by the lack of taste displayed by publishers. But at this time, he met a young girl named Lina Roth, who read his books and promptly declared him a writer. That was enough for Grey. He flung his drill aside, married Lina, and went to live on the Delaware River at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania.

He wrote another book and again it went off to a publishing house. Again it came back, rejected. He doggedly began a third and fourth.

For the hated dentistry he substituted his beloved fishing. Neither pursuit provided any money, but somehow he finished the fifth book. This time he took it to Harper's himself and in one way or another forced his way into the office of Harper's president, the scholarly Ripley Hitchcock.

"Mr. Hitchcock," he cried, waving his manuscript, "I am convinced that I am the victim of a heartless plot here at Harper's! It is inconceivable that having read my books, you wouldn't publish them. I can therefore assume only one thing: you haven't read them."

Hitchcock smiled. "I can assure you, young man, that your books were read, but since you were brave enough to break your way into my office, I will be brave enough to read your book myself. Come back in a week."

Grey returned to Lackawaxen on a cloud, and went back a week later to Harper's on the same cloud.

"Mr. Grey," Hitchcock began, "not only have I read your book but so has my wife and so has our chief editor." He looked at the young man. "What is your profession?"

"I am—that is, I was—a dentist," Grey replied.

"In that case," said Hitchcock firmly, "I suggest you return to dentistry. What do you say to that?"

"I say you are wrong," said Grey.

He went back to the Delaware River and gave Lina the news, pointing out that there was very little money left in the Grey piggy bank.

But early in 1909, he met an outlandish figure of the day, Col. C. J. "Buffalo" Jones, the "last of the plainsmen," and induced the old frontiersman to read his latest work. The colonel was so impressed that he offered to take Grey back to Arizona with him. Grey conferred with Lina; she insisted he go.

In Arizona, the vision became real. Grey learned the lore of the cowpokes and their creed. He saw the rustlin' varmints who were to become his villains, and he rode with the laconic sheriffs who were to represent law and order in the Zane Grey world he was about to create.

After several months in the West, he returned to the Delaware River, finished a book called "Heritage of the Desert" and took it to Harper's despite their previous rejections—rejections which would have crushed a less dedicated man.

Harper's accepted "Heritage"—Grey was 35 by then—and it was a moderate success. But in his next book, "Riders of the Purple Sage," Grey had a publishing sensation. The ex-dentist was now an ex-dentist for good. He was a successful writer.

"Riders of the Purple Sage" has sold more than 2,000,000 copies in 40 years. Almost as popular were "The Thundering Herd," "Men of the Mesa" and "Red River Gulch."

From then on, novels tumbled from his fingers. In the meantime, Lina bore him two sons, Romer and Loren, and a daughter, Betty.

The Grey estate, now managed by the two sons, still retains control of some of the properties Grey bought: extensive holdings along the Rogue River in Oregon, a camp in the Tonto Basin in Arizona, a clear space in the jungle under the blue skies of Tahiti, and a farm in the Coachella Valley in California.

Mrs. Grey lives an active life in California, coming to New York several times a year, principally to pay a ceremonial visit to Harper's, though most of the men now in charge of publishing Zane Grey never knew him and know Mrs. Grey only through her occasional visits.

Some men work ferociously for years to acquire money. It is the bitter tragedy of some that when they have it, they have forgotten what it was they wanted it for in the first place.

Grey was different. He knew what he wanted to do with his money: he wanted to fish. Almost as soon as he had enough to fish the way he wanted, he set out. And just as Grey, over almost insurmountable obstacles, made himself into America's most successful writer, he now made himself into a spectacular fisherman.

At one time he held five world's records for game fish. All have since been surpassed, but it took sportsmen with more modern equipment, with faster boats and with the stronger nylon line to outfish him.

In the same way that Grey brought a new spirit into the Western novel, he brought a new spirit into big-game fishing. He fished for, and caught, fish which most fishermen had never heard of before.

It is true that few sportsmen could afford to fit out a yacht and crew and sail off to, say, New Zealand just to fish. It is also true that by catching the first of a "new" species, Grey would automatically set a record. But Grey was not content to fish where others fished. He wanted to fish not in a virgin pool but in a virgin sea. In the South Seas he did just that, often fighting with fish that were bigger than he was.

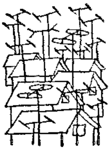
Few of Grey's old friends are alive today, but a handful of acquaintances recall him. "He was a hard man to understand," one reflected recently. "I think he may have been basically a religious man, like his father. Yet he was a fighter—he fought like a maniac to establish himself as a writer. He was a kind man, and a forthright man, a man who, despite his enormous wealth, never got mixed up in even the slightest scandal. He wasn't a great writer, in the sense that the great writers are. But he did the best he could, which is what kept him going."

There is one remark on record which may have had a compelling influence on Grey, even though it was made when he was already world-famous. Once, Grey met John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, at a fishing camp in Florida. The old millionaire, a fervent Grey fan, reached over and shook the younger man's hand.

"Never lay your pen down, Mr. Grey," he said. "I have given away thousands of your books and I have sold hundreds of thousands. You are distinctly and genuinely America, and the good you are doing is incalculable. Please, sir, never lay down your pen."

Fifteen years after his death, Zane Grey's pen is not yet laid down.

Tele-Tattle



THE ONLY familiar thing in the cast of these TV movies are the names of the sponsors. —Hy Gardner

HOLLYWOOD has so many TV antennas that the smog is coming in shredded. —Bob Hope

MOVIES on television are just like furniture . . . either early American or old English. —Jack Herbert

VAUDEVILLE: Television without television. —Paul Steiner

How Cuticura products became . . .

Charity's Co-Partner

by HAL CLANCY

A STRAPPING BANTU tribesman recently tramped several hundred miles, barefoot, from the shadows of Mount Kilimanjaro to the steaming East African seaport of Dar es Salaam, just to buy a small black and orange can of skin ointment.

The native's long and dangerous journey to cure his skin blemishes was the talk of the bazaars—yet the really extraordinary part about it was overlooked: when he purchased the ointment with coppers earned from hours spent beating green hides, the tribesman was helping to buy a Van Gogh for American art lovers, and contributing, however modestly, to the support of a great American hospital, to the education of young men and women studying medicine and pharmacy, and to scientific research.

The chances are that few of the hundreds of thousands who, like the Bantu, purchase Cuticura soap, ointment or talcum powder know they are public benefactors. Whether they trek through jungles, summon the royal apothecary or drop in at the corner drugstore, usually they are prompted to do so by nothing more lofty than a pimple.

They would probably be amazed to learn that the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, which makes and directs the worldwide sale of these products from headquarters in Malden, Massachusetts, has given many millions to humanitarian works in the past 32 years.

Recently, a well-intentioned but perhaps overly-zealous solicitor for a charity fund drive visited several Greater Boston firms. "I have been appalled," he told a Potter executive, "to find how few companies give one per cent of their profits to charity. Do you give one per cent?"

"No," was the mild answer.

"Just as I feared," the solicitor said sternly. "Now, before we go further would you tell me frankly, and in strict confidence, what percentage you do give —if any?"

The answer ended the conversation abruptly. It was: "Sixty-six per cent!"

The Potter concern is the only soap company in the world owned jointly by a hospital and an art museum. When its former president, George

Robert White, died in 1922, his will assured that, henceforth, two of every three dollars' profit would go to humanitarian works, and directed that one-third of the company stock go to the Massachusetts General Hospital and one-third to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

In addition to that, he established the George Robert White Fund which now has grown to some $8,000,000, all earmarked for making life healthier and happier for Boston residents. His gifts also included seven health centers and hundreds of thousands of dollars more for a multitude of services ranging from free prenatal care for women to playgrounds for children.

This share-with-charity principle, which has been standard operating procedure for the company since its founding 76 years ago, certainly has not hurt business. To the contrary, the company has grown to a position of world importance.

Once, when a member of Norwegian royalty was visiting the British royal family, there was good proof of this. The visitor, it seems, developed an unsightly skin eruption on the eve of an important state function. What to do?

An urgent summons was sent to the Potter Corporation's London office, and Dr. Samuel M. Best, then establishing a factory in England, hastened to Buckingham Palace with a can of their ointment and the royal crisis was quickly soothed.

Today, the soap, ointment and talcum powder are known in every civilized country. Plants and distributing agencies in Britain, New Zealand, Brazil, Australia, Canada, Eire and South Africa supply customers from Scotland to Tibet, from Hong Kong to Cape Horn. So great has the multi-million-dollar international sale become, in fact, that the U. S. is now one of the company's smallest markets. Over the years, distant India, for instance, had led the world in purchase of the company's talcum powder.

Certainly much of the phenomenal success must be credited to the spirit of loyalty and near-dedication among the company's employees and executives. For example, when one executive came unexpectedly upon a Cuticura display in India, he wrote back:

"The sight of our products in the bazaars and native shops of foreign lands inspires the American traveler with patriotic emotions, second only to those produced by the contemplation of his country's flag."

FAN MAIL pours in daily to the Malden plant, a modest red brick building with bronze-grated doors and dazzlingly clean marble corridors—a place which has been described as looking like a bank and smelling like a bathtub.

None of this surprises the Potter people, who expect their soap to rescue complexions where others fail, for the very simple reason that it is the only scientifically medicated soap on the world market recommended by doctors and nurses and used routinely in certain leading hospitals. It contains a host of chemicals in a superfatted base that are blended with a secret technique for correcting superficial skin disorders.

It was a woman's enthusiasm for the anti-blemish formula that brought the Potter products into existence. That was 107 years ago in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and it all began because a fisherman was trying to get a date with a 19-year-old society girl named Sarah Kempton.

Warren Potter—he was the fisherman—got exactly no place, until his beloved Sarah broke out in a rash. Apparently gambling that the swiftest way to a lady's heart was through her complexion, Potter, who had worked as a chemist before his whaling days, blended sulphur with a petroleum base, added some other soothing ingredients and offered it as a cure.

It worked—in more ways than one. They became engaged and were married in 1852. Soon, Sarah persuaded Potter to hang up his harpoon and concentrate on the drug business. They had little money and few resources, but they were long on optimism.

SPEEDY FAILURE was predicted for the first firm that Potter formed with a man named Andrew G. Weeks in Boston, not merely because it was a new and poor company, but because Sarah insisted from the start that part of the profits must go to charitable works.

But the prophets of doom were overlooking that young woman's indomitable will. The tall, willowy, dark-haired Sarah was a direct descendant of the Pilgrims and daughter of a Boston banker, yet she gave up her comfortable place in society, over the objections of her family, to attend college.

And when her father, informed of her engagement to Potter, told her to give him up or face the consequences of being cut out of her rich and powerful family, she merely advanced her wedding date. In the end, she got her college diploma —and Potter.

Business prospered despite Sarah's increasingly generous gifts to the poor and to charitable causes, and the present corporation was founded on a more substantial capitalization in 1878.

The more Sarah gave away through the years, the itchier people seemed to get, for they bought more and more Potter products. First she gave hundreds of dollars, then thousands and finally hundreds of thousands for the support of widows and orphans and for financing medical and pharmaceutical research. All the time, she and her husband lived with Spartan simplicity.

Businessmen stopped predicting failure and agreed with a prominent merchant who said, "Why try to understand it? Sarah has a touch. No matter what she does, it turns out better than right."

Like the time she hired a boy simply because she felt sorry for his widowed mother. The boy was George Robert White who later suggested the name Cuticura—from the Latin *cutis* for skin and *cura* for care—and succeeded Warren Potter as president. Or like the time she decided to take an active part in the company's laboratory work—and came up with the present formula.

In the beginning, Warren Potter was inclined to leave the firm's partnership with charity in his wife's hands. But by the time of his death, in 1889, he was firmly converted to the belief that "God helps those who help others."

He left the bulk of his estate to the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy to provide scholarships and to the Boston Medical Library to provide for maintenance.

It would seem that no matter how you look at it, the word for Cuticura is—unusual: a company founded with little capital or experience in the face of strong competition; a firm wedded from the outset to charity, in fact, primarily in the business to give money away; an organization that got its best men by hiring people to help them out. And, despite all this, an uninterrupted, ever-growing prosperity.

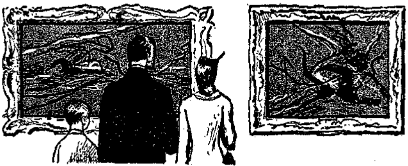
From the very beginning, the Potter Corporation has never had a salesman. When the former fisherman placed his first advertisements, the public tried to buy his products at drugstores. The druggists, who had never heard of them, began to badger the wholesalers. The wholesalers found the company and bought directly.

That is the way it has been done ever since. Needless to add, it is the only soap company in the world that functions that way. Recently, when present President Samuel Best shattered precedent by attending a convention of soap salesmen, he was regarded with awe.

"So there really are people in your company,'' one salesman said. "You know there is a general belief in the trade that Potter products are concocted in a secret grotto by a mechanical man."

Actually, the world is Dr. Best's grotto. Though he is approaching his 70th birthday, he travels thousands of miles each year, leaving for a market inspection trip to Europe or Asia with the offhand manner of one boarding the 8:15.

He is a man of medium height, well-built, with thinning white hair.



Bushy white eyebrows slanting sharply upward give his open, ruddy face an air of mild surprise.

When traveling, he maintains a schedule that would stop many a younger man. At home, he religiously follows a "clean desk" policy in the spacious, paneled office in Malden.

He has the keen imagination necessary for modern competition—and enough respect for the company's traditions to have devised "a conservative way to carry out innovations."

But the company's present conservatism did not extend to its early advertising. That was the heyday of the pitchman and the medicine show, and White wrote wild and woolly copy aimed, apparently, at scaring the daylights out of potential customers and then assuring them his products were the last hope for survival.

However, when advertising became severely restricted, the company quickly conformed and grew in popularity. It was one of the few patent medicines to survive the strict drug laws of 1906. Nevertheless, when White tried to persuade Massachusetts General Hospital to sample his wares, he met with curt refusal. Finally he broke the company's no-salesman rule and tried to get permission to place his products on sale in the hospital drugstore. Again the answer was "No!"

"All right," White said bitterly,

"if they won't try it or allow it to be sold, I'll go down there and sell it as a peddler and let's see what they can do about that."

In later years, this was the hospital that became a partner in the firm when White willed it one-third of the stock.

There are numerous testimonials to the company's high standing in the medical world. The most prized is from Dr. Frederick J. Bailey, Deputy Health Commissioner of the Boston Health Department, and a former staff member of Harvard School of Public Health and Johns Hopkins University, reporting: "Our investigation revealed that about 62 per cent of all soaps caused some sort of skin allergy on 37 per cent of the cases studied by us. . . . But these agents called Cuticura did not produce a single allergy."

The United States Chamber of Commerce has hailed the company for its unique employer-employee relationship. Personnel records show that when a man or woman goes to work for Potter he usually stays for the rest of his life, and she does, too, unless she decides to leave when she gets married.

More astounding than the Potter company's unique history and tremendous growth has been its ability to keep the extent of its charitable contributions a secret.

Besides the fact that it has never worn its charity on its sleeve, as a matter of good taste, there is also the very practical reason that the Potter people fear they would have so many cranks and crackpots on their hands seeking donations that there would not be any time to make soap.

"Even as it is," one executive explains, "with a minimum of publicity, we receive five to ten thousand requests for help each year. All of them have to be answered with the explanation that every cent is firmly committed, the hospital and museum receiving their shares as a matter of legal ownership."

The multi-million-dollar White Fund was, of course, generally known. But the company's practice of spending two of every three dollars' profit for humanitarian works was not even suspected.

In fact, when word of it got out two years ago, a reporter called to find when it would start. He was told it was already in operation. The reporter was surprised. "How long have you been doing it?" he asked.

"Thirty years," he was told.

It is unusual to be able to keep a prodigious secret for 30 years, but then, the Potter Corporation has been doing the unusual in all phases of its operations for so long a time, that now it has almost become a routine affair.

Scentsible Question

ISN'T THERE ANY perfume on the market with a name that would appeal to a *nice* girl?

—*Quote*

Confidential Agent

by TED MALONE

YELLOWING PAPERS in our National Archives tell the bitter, ironic story of a man who narrowly missed being the founder of the Army Air Force—in 1840!

That year, the nation was engaged in a little-known but costly war to subdue the savage Seminoles. For five years the Indians, secure in the uncharted Florida Everglades, had successfully resisted every effort by the Army to invade their territory. The situation was critical, for the war prevented the colonization of Florida.

At that point Joel Roberts Poinsett, President Martin Van Buren's brilliant and imaginative Secretary of War, commissioned Col. John H. Sherburne "to travel to the scene of the war as a special confidential agent and make an estimate of what means might best be employed to effect its termination."

The veteran Indian fighter left immediately for Florida. Once there, it took him only a few weeks to reach a daring and utterly unprecedented conclusion.

On his return to Washington, the lean, sunburned officer, still clad in worn buckskins, outlined the first known plan for the defeat of an enemy from the air. Predicting it would end the Seminole War in a few months, he proposed the purchase of two balloons.

Holding in readiness a force of 1,600 men and 100 horses, Col. Sherburne declared a commander could send the balloons up after dark to an altitude of 300 to 500 feet. Observers could scan the forest for signs of Indian campfires, and direct the troops by dropping notes to the ground.

"The observer may be enabled even to destroy some of the hostiles from the air with a musket," Col. Sherburne suggested, adding: "I have located all the necessary equipment. A New York inventor by the name of C. F. Durant will furnish two balloons completely outfitted with baskets, ropes and cylinders for $1,600. These can be transported readily by a few horses or mules."

Secretary Poinsett was impressed. But the Army refused to listen to Sherburne's "dream"; headquarters staff members limited their comments to loud guffaws, and the bold scheme, which might have revolutionized warfare, never received so much as a test.

The Seminole War dragged on, finally coming to an uneasy end in 1842. As for Col. Sherburne, perhaps the bitterest irony lay in the Government's refusal to pay the $156 voucher he submitted for his expenses as Secretary Poinsett's "special confidential agent."

Ted Malone appears on the ABC radio network,
Mondays through Fridays at 1:15 P.M. EST

They Call It "God's Acres"

by **MARIETTA WEAVER**

A group of Kansans have found the secret of building a new community church

IT WAS WHEAT HARVEST TIME in Kiowa County, Kansas, and the hot sun shone on thousands of acres of waving yellow grain. Fleets of combines in every direction were cutting in rhythmical formation, golden streams of plump kernels pouring from their spouts into waiting trucks.

In Mullinville, lines of trucks extended for blocks, awaiting their turn to pull over the scales for weighing, then on into the Equity Exchange grain elevator to be dumped. Written large in chalk on the side of every truck was the name of the grower whose wheat was being sold—Hammer, D. Rader, Olson, Fralick & Son, R. Walters & Friends University, Sherer Bros.

Then, as the weighmaster again set the balances, a load came onto the platform labelled "God's Acres." Without showing surprise, the Equity Exchange manager, W. H. Ruth, filled out the scale ticket accordingly.

Presently a truck drove up with the scrawling inscription "God's Wheat" on the side.

"Is this some of the God's Acre wheat?" Ruth asked.

"I guess so," replied the driver. "That's what the boss said, but I couldn't remember how to spell 'acre' so I just wrote 'God's Wheat' and figured you would know what it meant. This is the first wheat I ever hauled for God! You know, it gave me a kind of funny feeling. I wonder what the folks back home will say?"

A wonderful new spirit of community friendship pervaded Mullinville and the farming and ranch land surrounding it, and no doubt the "folks back home" in a dozen states were soon hearing about the cutting of God's wheat.

For several years the Evangelical United Brethren Church in this small town of about 400 people, needed a new house of worship badly. Just after the wheat sowing in September, 1951, a drive was begun to solicit funds and pledges toward the construction of a new church, but the usual answer was: "I'd be glad to help if I were sure we'd have a crop. No, I guess I'd better wait until I see how my crop comes out next year."

The financing program was at a standstill until the Homebuilders Sunday School class of young adults surveyed the situation and decided to adopt the "God's Acre Plan," whereby anyone could dedicate a part of his future income to be used toward the building fund for the new church.

Spearheaded by their chairman, Perry Miller, and the minister, Rev. C. L. Heatherington, they sent out letters explaining the privilege of sharing the fruits of labor with the church and suggesting ways in which old and young, farmers and townsmen, and entire families might participate.

A kick-off breakfast in the church basement the morning of the God's Acre drive sped the ambitious young people on their way with pledge blanks for enlisting aid in building the new church. Each individual filled out his own blank and during the week of the breakfast, 108 families representing some 225 people had made commitments and entered wholeheartedly into one of the most rewarding projects of their church history.

Forty farmers dedicated from two to 120 acres of wheat, a total of 537 acres. Others gave calves or their equivalent in cash—25 head in all—for which a dozen ranchmen donated free pasturage. Boys and girls enthusiastically pledged themselves to raise pigs, chickens, sheep and gardens. One girl donated her wages for every third baby-sitting job.

Many salaried people contributed certain days' pay or their overtime, and one gave what he earned by his sideline of radio servicing. A grocer promised his advertising allowance from a national firm, and a part-time floral agency volunteered to turn over the commission received on orders for flowers.

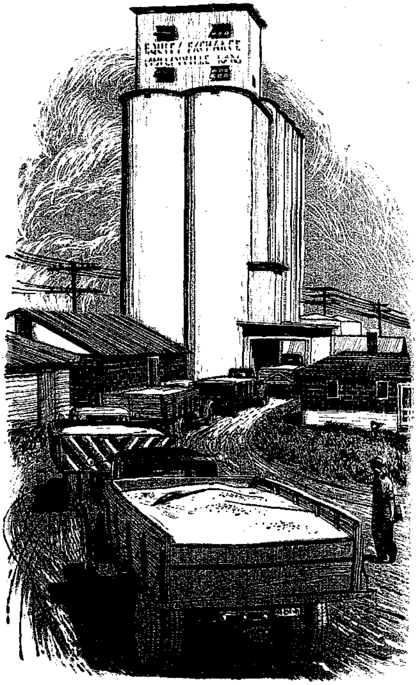
THE CHARACTER-BUILDING EFFECTS of the God's Acre plan were soon in evidence. To one little fellow eager to help, his aunt suggested that he sell some of the nice potatoes she had grown. "Oh, that would be cheating," he exclaimed. "Because God would know that I didn't raise them."

When young Michael Durkee's sow farrowed during a winter storm, they were only able to save three of the baby pigs. But to Michael's surprise and delight, the dedicated pig outgrew the other two, bringing $58 when it weighed 260 pounds.

"I wonder what I can do?" thought an 87-year-old great-grandmother. "I'd like to give more than just cash. I once learned a poem which I have used for my morning prayer for over 50 years. I wish everyone would learn it."

So she offered to give a dollar to the church fund and a dollar to each individual who would memorize the poem and agree to repeat it frequently. The building fund grew by $50 through her pledge, and her prayer inspired many.

One Saturday each month during the winter, the aroma of hot



coffee issued from the Co-op Appliance store where the women of the community conducted a homemade food and craft-work sale. The treasury was increased several hundred dollars by women with little cash income of their own, yet who wanted the satisfaction of sharing in the enterprise.

Many who stopped to buy something or to drink became interested. On the next sale day they brought something to donate, and new friendships were made and new people started attending church.

Perhaps one of the finest results of the plan was the way the men came to regard their project. One farmer would meet another with the remark, "It rained over our way last night, but God's Acres got a lot more than ours here at the house."

At the close of harvest, the 537 dedicated acres were found to have yielded 13,733 bushels of grain, which was sold for $2.11 a bushel. Later, the sale of cattle, hogs, maize and other products brought the total receipts from the plan to about $30,000.

A great "Praisegiving" dinner held on the church lawn was climaxed by the Rudd and Alford families making a gift of deeds to the ground for the new building.

Mullinville's experience in practicing brotherhood has been richly rewarding. It opened a door permitting all to have the satisfaction of sharing in sacrificial work for a common purpose and a worthy objective.

Over the entrance to an old French cathedral is this motto, "He who bringeth no gift to the altar beareth no blessing away." The people around Mullinville feel that they have been doubly blessed, both by giving and by receiving.

Medical Matters

IN HIS LAST YEARS of illness, Lloyd C. Douglas came many times to the brink of death. Once, when he was sinking fast and no one knew what to do, Dr. Leland Chapman leaned over his bed and gravely asked, "Dr. Douglas, have you ever had any allergies?"

The sunken eyelids quivered and slowly opened. "Yes."

"What were the allergies?"

Doctor Chapman leaned nearer. The weak voice sighed the answer: "Singing commercials."

—VIRGINIA DOUGLAS DAWSON & BETTY DOUGLAS WILSON, *The Shape of Sunday*, Houghton, Mifflin

A WOMAN COPYWRITER whose overactive mind interfered with her sleep once asked her doctor, as a last resort, to prescribe some sleeping pills. He pulled his prescription pad towards him, wrote something on it and handed her the slip.

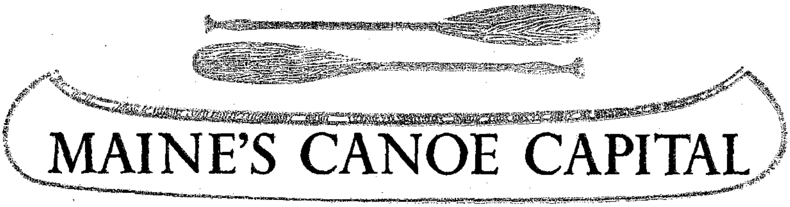
"Get one large, frisky dog," the prescription read, "and take him out on a leash an hour before retiring. Repeat nightly."

—*How To Enjoy Yourself*, ALBERT A. OSTROW (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

MAJOR OPERATION: The kind where the patient has to borrow money to pay for it. —HERB SHRINER

I WENT TO a specialist who stared at me in silence for a while, then said: "I'm trying to think of a disease you can afford." —CINDY HELLER

Unwittingly, an Indian brave gave to Old Town its reason for being



MAINE'S CANOE CAPITAL

by **Earle Doucette**

One summer day in 1880, a Penobscot Indian sat on the shore of the Indian Island Reservation near Old Town, Maine, looking glumly at a jagged hole in his birchbark canoe.

Since the tribe's supply of bark, gathered in the spring, was exhausted, repairs seemed impossible. At that time an Indian without a canoe was like a cowboy without a horse and, to add to his discomfiture, his fellow braves had given him the Indian version of the Bronx cheer for his ineptness in striking the rock that had done the damage.

But the redskin was to have the last laugh. For, before the moon rose over his wigwam, he had hit upon a discovery that was to make the canoe popular throughout the world.

Why bother with birchbark anyway, he thought, as he looked at his damaged craft. Why not take a piece of the white man's canvas, daub it with paint to make it waterproof, and make it fast over the hole?

The canvas repair job was not only a big success, but it created a major sensation in the roadless back-country where you traveled by canoe or not at all. If canvas worked so well as repair material why couldn't it be used as the entire covering of the canoe? Such a craft would not only retain the virtues of the Indian canoe but would be far stronger, more durable, and it would do away with the bother of searching the deep woods for the proper quality of birchbark.

Sensing the commercial possibilities of a canvas-covered canoe, several companies to make them were quickly formed in the United States; and overnight the new craft won phenomenal public acceptance.

Canoe clubs sprang up throughout the country, many of them boasting costly clubhouses. You were in the height of fashion if you had a canoe in which to take your best girl for a Sunday's paddle.

Although none of the manufacturers had any trouble selling canoes, these made at Old Town were vastly preferred since the craft had been developed in that area and it was thought that those made there were superior. "Old Town" and "canoe" soon became synonymous, and today the city of Old Town is the world's canoe-making center.

Only one Old Town firm had the

foresight or the good fortune to call itself the Old Town Canoe Company, and fortified by the magic name, it went quickly to the fore and has stayed there. Although there are possibly 30 makers of canvas-covered canoes, this company reputedly makes more than all the others combined. Indeed, only one other manufacturer has survived in Old Town, the White Canoe Company, makers of an excellent craft that has a faithful following.

THE OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY is a corporation controlled by the Gray family of Old Town. George A. Gray, one of the founders, was among the first to make a canvas-covered canoe. His son, S. B. Gray, is now president of the company, with his sons S. B., Jr., and Deane as treasurer and sales manager, respectively.

As businessmen, the Grays are totally incomprehensible except to other Down East Yankees. In this age, when it is believed that success depends upon the vociferousness with which you proclaim the virtues of your product, the Grays retain the belief that self-praise is not only indecent, but probably immoral as well.

Under extreme pressure they will break down and admit that their canoe is "pretty good," but it would be unthinkable to make an out-and-out claim that it is better than a rival product. That would be "blowing your own horn."

The company's small advertisements, carried mostly in sporting magazines, are models of self-restraint. Much is said about the joys of canoeing, but the name of the product is inserted as though it were an inconsequential afterthought.

There is a feeling of mutual pride between the townspeople and the company. Deane Gray explains it this way:

"When people ask the reason for the success of the company, I tell them to give credit to the men in the factory who make our canoes, and to the townspeople for their loyalty to us. They are really the Old Town Canoe Company. Actually, all we Grays do is watch the wheels go 'round."

The last is a magnificent understatement, of course, but it's the way they feel.

This passion for saying nothing praiseworthy about themselves, or bad about anyone else, was sorely tried a few years ago, but the Grays put temptation behind them.

At that time, a newly-developed aluminum canoe caught the public fancy and cut into their business. Instead of springing to the defense of their own product, the Grays said absolutely nothing. Now that they have found that even aluminum crafts don't affect their sales, they continue to say nothing, not even, "We could have told you so."

The Grays are the soul of old-fashioned courtesy and their innate friendliness is evident to even the most casual visitor to their factory. However, they are too sensitive, and too honest, to be back-slapping hail-fellows-well-met.

Visit the firm's rambling five-story factory and you will find that, on the theory that it's best to leave well enough alone, the Grays operate about the same as they did in the beginning. Aside from many modern conveniences, the impersonal atmosphere of a modern factory is conspicuously missing.

Poke your head in the door of the old-fashioned office, tell one of the six ladies at work there that you want to see one or another of the Grays, and if he isn't on hand she will tell you smilingly that he is probably out in the factory, and go right out and look him up.

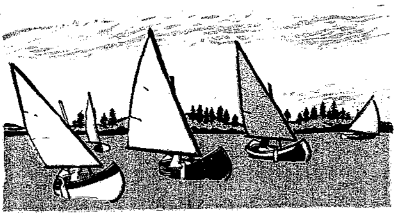
This deceptively casual way of doing business is reflected in the attitude of the 200 or so workers, of whom about a fifth are from the nearby Indian Island Reservation. No one hurries, no one looks harried. All hands go about their work with the quiet absorption of the craftsmen they are. An agent who wanted to sell group insurance for the employees was amazed to find the average age so great.

Recently, George Ranco, an elderly Indian, decided reluctantly to lay aside his tools after 37 years, because he wanted to live with a daughter who had moved from town.

"I am afraid we all got a little bit sentimental at the parting, for George was a fine gentleman and the place doesn't seem quite the same since he left," Deane Gray says.

To date, the company has made over 150,000 canoes. Prices have increased with the years, of course, but not as much as one would think. Their 16-foot Yankee model, standard of comparison in the trade, sells for $189, F.O.B.

In recent years, the Grays have gone into the manufacture of almost all types of boats from dinghys to expensive outboard motor boats, but the canvas-covered canoe remains their pride and joy.



A peculiarity of Old Town canoe buyers is a deep conviction that the Grays take a personal interest in every canoe they make. This belief comes close to hitting the mark, as they are ardent canoeists themselves and enjoy swapping experiences with others.

Few would think of writing to the president of an automobile company commenting on his car, but it is a poor day when a stack of mail isn't forthcoming from Old Town owners scattered over the face of the earth. They write to tell of their adventures and experiences, as well as to express satisfaction.

Each letter is answered with genuine interest by a member of the family, for to delegate the task to someone else would be a serious breach of Down East courtesy.

Their prize letter is from a lady who wrote that she and her husband had spent happy days in a second-hand Old Town canoe. When their second child was born they were hard pressed for money and had to give the canoe to the doctor for his services, but when they were on their feet again financially, their first act was to regain possession of the prized craft.

Although the paddle has been the time-honored method of propelling a canoe, both sail and outboard motor are now available and canoeing has experienced a great revival of interest all over the country.

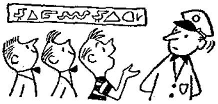
In the Midwest, canoe marathons in which the nation's leading canoeists compete are leading summer events. Down rivers and across lakes, the contestants make astonishing time. For three consecutive years, Jay Stephan of Grayling, Michigan, and Ted Engel of Gaylord, Michigan, have won that state's marathon championship. They hold the record for the 240 mile course: 17 hours and 27 minutes.

Tourist agencies in the northern belt of states and in Canada are besieged each year by persons who want to enjoy canoe vacations.

One of the most famous canoe tours is Maine's Allagash River trip, a three weeks outing through the forests of northern Maine. Unless you feel like it, you don't have to lift a paddle on this and other well-known trips. The guides do the paddling, cooking, and tent-pitching for the overnight stops; and you get about as far away from civilization as is possible these days.

The amateur canoeist is advised not to attempt the Allagash or similar trips without a guide who is also a professional canoe man. State tourist agencies at the various state capitals are glad to send booklets describing the various canoe trips within their states, including those safe for the amateur to take alone. The Canadian Tourist Bureau, at Ottawa, performs the same services.

Forest areas where roads are few and waterways numerous offer perfect summer playgrounds for woods-and-water enthusiasts who consider the canoe the ideal means of vacation transportation.



Small Talk

THREE BRIGHT little lads entered a New York museum and made for the Egyptian exhibits where they told the attendant they had come to see "the dead men." He directed them to the mummies and they viewed them solemnly for about 15 minutes.

Leaving, one of the youngsters approached the attendant and asked, "You kill them and stuff them yourself?"

—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*

MY NINE-YEAR-OLD violinist was taken to her first symphony concert. Asked what she liked best, she replied without hesitation: "The harpoonist." —HENRY W. PLATT

A LITTLE GIRL in Salt Lake City once asked a visitor where he came from.

"Boston," said the man. "Do you know about Boston?"

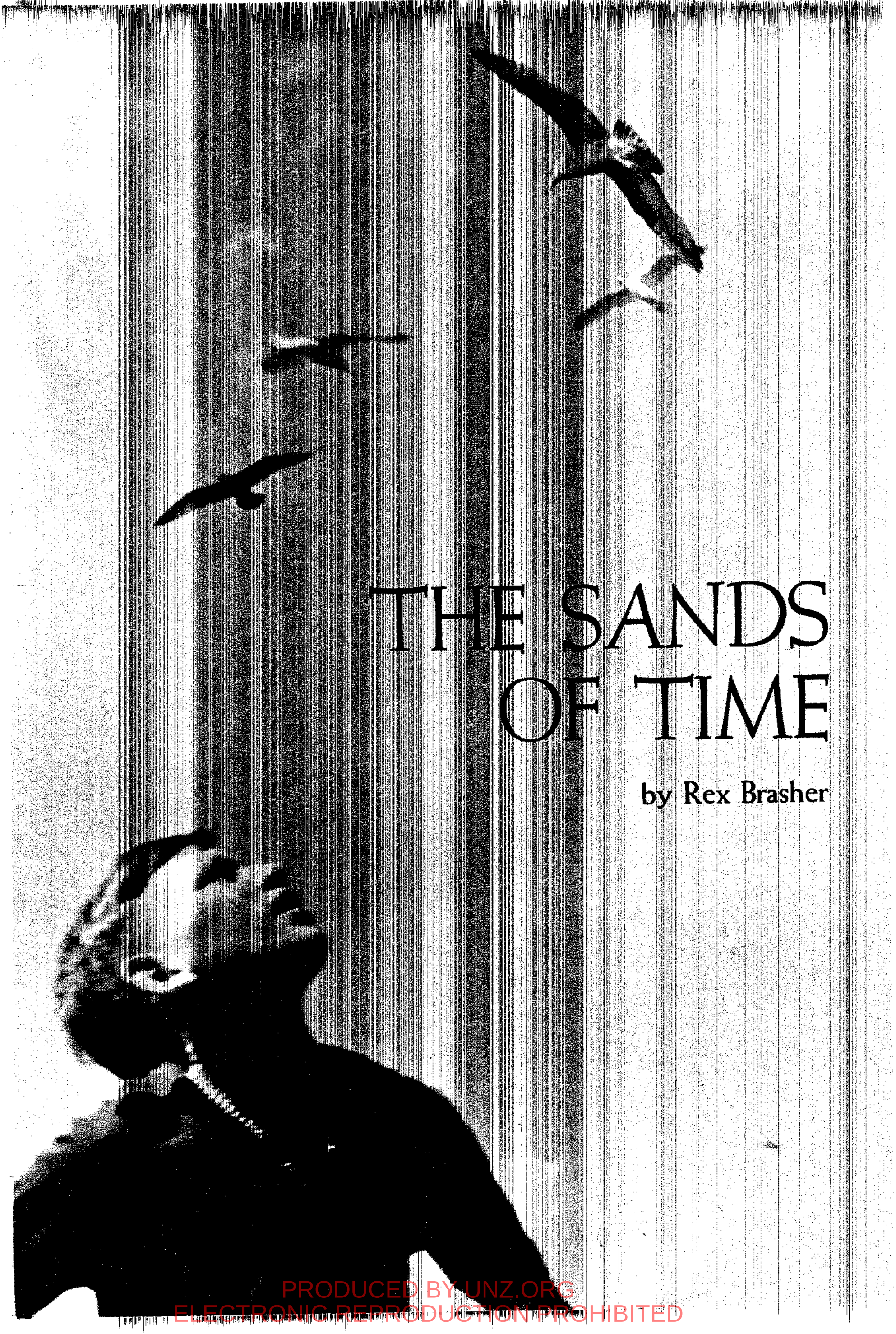
"Yes, indeed," the Mormon child answered. "We have a number of missionaries there." —*Fortnight*

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD girl, visiting a neighbor, was asked how many children there were in her family. "Seven," she answered.

The neighbor observed that so many children must cost a lot of money.

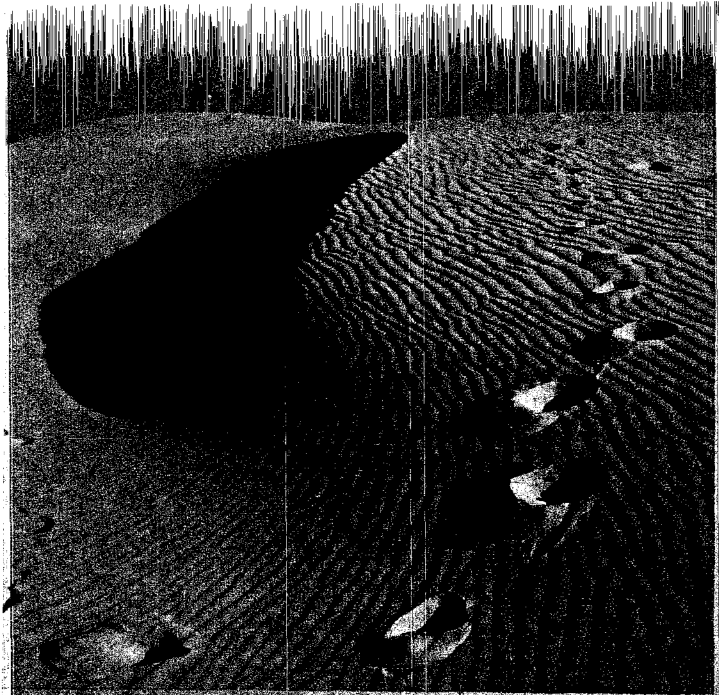
"Oh, no," the child replied, "we don't buy them—we raise them."

—*Capper's Weekly*

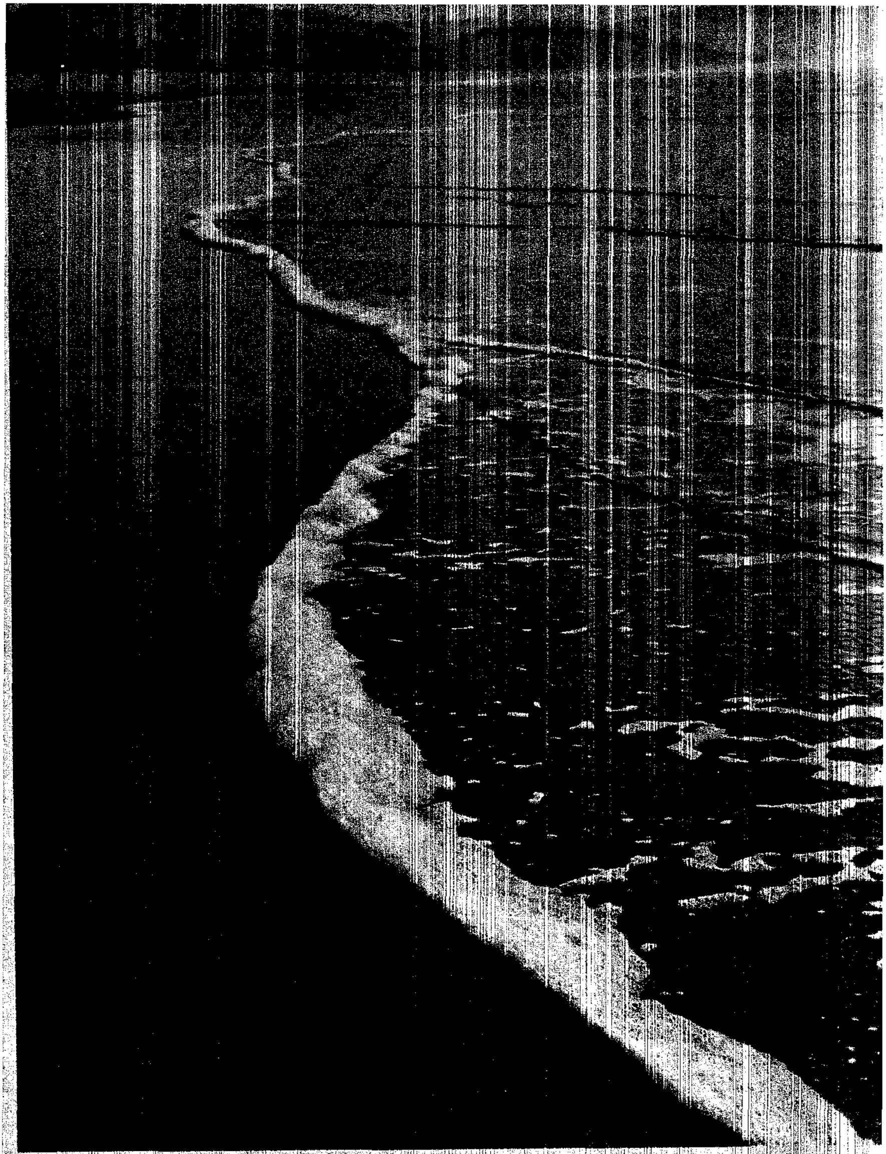


THE SANDS OF TIME

by Rex Brasher



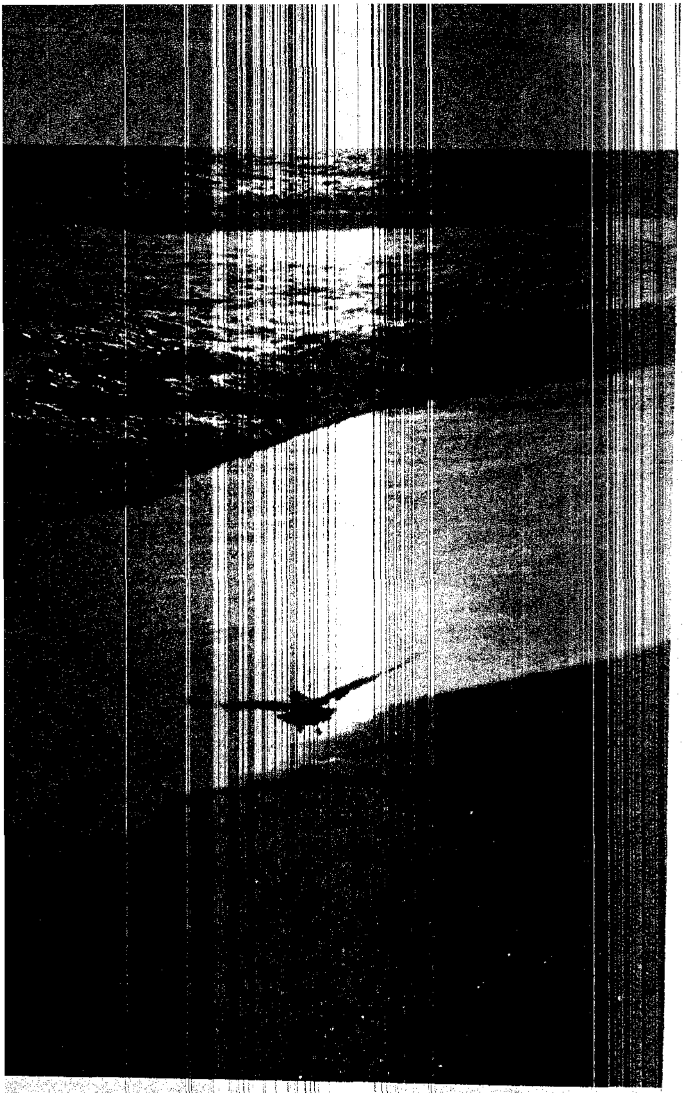
These are mosaics of a vanished beach.
Changeless may be the sea but not the shore it touches.
Every tide leaves its impress,
scarcely noticeable on rocky coasts,
but where the shore points into the sunset
its impetuous hands work wondrous alterations.



Further recedes the ebb, wider grows the expanse of beach.
At low water the wave break
is one hundred yards from flood line,
with long, shallow, sandlocked ponds between.

Just above high-water mark is the first dune ridge. This is low and variable, changing its contour with every strong

wind and tide. Thirty yards back, a second, firmer and higher, curves into distant levels. Beyond, rises the main rampart against Old Ocean's advance. Here beach-grass shoots tough, strong blades upward. The grass, striving for denied light, grows rapidly, and soon the dune has risen many feet. Try to pull up one of these stalks. It cannot be done. No man-devised method of keeping this fluid ground in place has proved as effective as these pliant spears, their wind-harried tips bending in a graceful arc and tracing a fairy circle on the sand.



shes give sanctuary, soon or late,
of the winged wild life of the upland.
-backed sandpipers goes whirling by,
ly it is marvelous they do not side slip. A flock
or more tiny 'peeps' lights nearby,
their sturdy bodies unwearied by flight.

The edges of these
United States are a continent
in the making.
A square mile of new country
in less than half a century
is swift work for
deliberate old Dame Nature.
All the machinery for
land-making is here:
the barrier reef,
taking brunt of storms,
washed away in one place,
only to reappear in another.
But usually more remains
than is swept off.

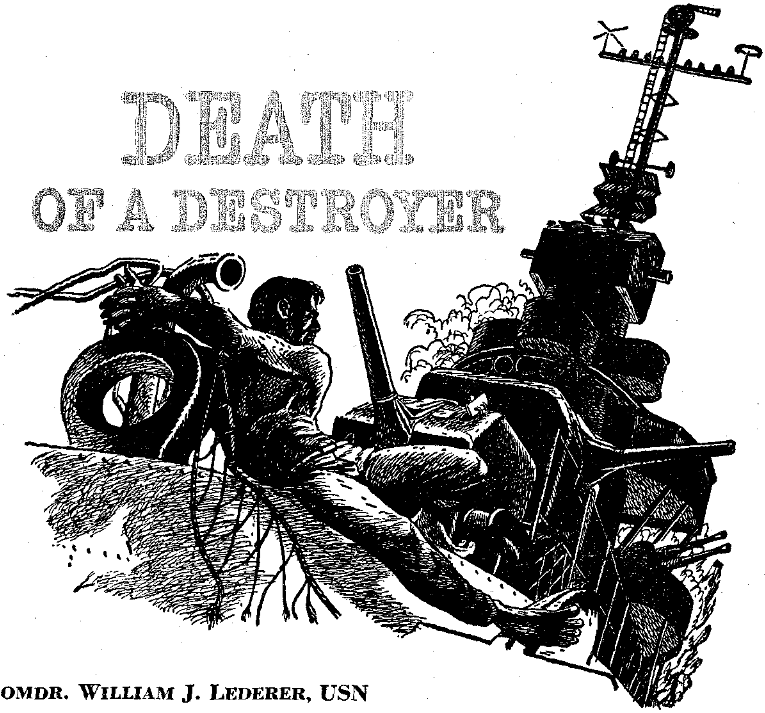
Like a

the whim
Perhaps a sea

Sometimes the temptation awakes to revisit the place where,
in youth, love for both birds and sea was satisfied.
But today, hundreds of houses freckle smooth areas of sand.
Far better to remember
those dunes as they were, glinting in the sun
or sleeping untamed beneath the moon.

Book Feature

DEATH OF A DESTROYER



by **COMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER, USN**

Here is the never-to-be-forgotten story of the last minutes of a gallant ship

At 4 o'clock in the morning, in the autumn of 1943, an almost-full moon lighted the Mediterranean. The USS *Litch* steamed from Salerno en route to Oran. In a matter of hours, the lookouts on the morning watch expected to sight the cliffs of Mers-el-Kebir.

All hands, for the first time in months, relaxed in their sleep. The danger area had been passed and two weeks of recreation started tomorrow. It had been a rugged year—invasions, air attacks, and patrols off enemy shores had come one after another without relief. The cruisers had rests between action, but the indispensable little destroyers went out night after night. And six of them had been sunk by the Germans in the last few months. Now, starting tomorrow, good times beckoned; two weeks of wine, music, and dancing girls in Oran.

At 0400, having just completed an inspection of the ship, I went to my cabin. After undressing (a luxury I hadn't enjoyed for months), I lighted a pipe and sat on my bunk, considering the best methods

From *All the Ships at Sea* by William Lederer. Copyright, 1950, by the author and published by William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York.

of handling liberty for the crew.

Up on the bridge the members of the morning watch checked on the telephone circuits. At 0401 the officer of the deck, Ensign Farnum, started a new zigzag pattern.

In the chart house Baylor, the sonarman, trained his sound unit from one bearing to another, listening for submarines. At 0402, a faint rumbling noise came out of the sound unit. Baylor tensed. Switching the mechanism from automatic to manual, he trained it to 210, the point of loudest rumbling. It sounded like water noises caused by the wake of a ship. But there were no other ships in company. He notified the Bridge and Radar.

WEAR A
V.F.W.
"Buddy"
Poppy
MEMORIAL DAY

Personnel all over the ship acted. The Officer of the Deck put his glasses out to 210. The radar operator swung his antenna there. The main battery trained to that bearing. Depth-charge personnel stood by their racks.

At 0403, the Bridge made its report. "Sound, Bridge, bearing 210 is clear."

Radar reported next. "Sound, Radar, bearing clear here."

But Baylor still heard the noise—now a definite chut-chut-chut. A propeller! Maybe our own—the ship just turned. It may be the kickback of our own wake.

He trained the sound unit aft to check the *Litch's* propeller. The propeller sounded a slow, deep beat. The noise at 210 whined fast and high-pitched.

At 0403½ Baylor moved his gear to the bow again. The noise came louder, increasing with each second.

Baylor screamed into the voice tube leading to the bridge, "Torpedo! Starboard bow, close aboard! Torpedo! . . ."

The explosion of 600 pounds of TNT interrupted his warning; it knocked Baylor to the deck. Lights flickered out. The heavy recording apparatus, toppling off its base, struck Baylor's head. By instinct alone, he crawled in the direction of the bridge.

Blood from his neck spurted over the ship's log, which lay on the deck, blotting out the last entry: "0400—Conditions Normal."

Ensign Farnum, standing behind the helmsman, heard Baylor's warning scream. Before he could move, the explosion threw him to the overhead and then to the deck. He got up, frantically tried to ring the general alarm. It was dead. Rushing to the wing of the bridge, Farnum looked aft to find out what had happened.

The torpedo had exploded amidships, in the number one fire room. Number two stack broke at the base, toppling overboard with a hiss. Steam came up from the engineering spaces. Bow and stern rose in a vertical plane; the ship had split amidships. The after part of the bridge stove in and the deck plates on the main deck buckled. Farnum observed that some of the life rafts had been released.

The captain staggered out the rear door of the emergency cabin, his head, face, and chest bloody. Groping, he felt his way by holding on to the wind break.

"Officer of the Deck!"

"Here, Captain. This is Farnum."

The captain fell to the deck. . . .

The torpedo had exploded under the forward fire room. During the moment the boiler and steam pipes were in a state of physical change—from boilers and steam pipes to rubble and steam and burning oil—the fireroom personnel still lived.

"Oh, God. . . ." said Napolito.

"Hey, Chief. . . ." said Kelly. Gustophsky started to shout, "Get out . . ." But the detonated TNT was too swift. The personnel in number one fire room became nothing; like the boilers and steam pipes, they became rubble and ashes. Only Kackett survived, miraculously blown through the deck hatch and into the water.

DOWN IN THE PLOTTING ROOM, Feinberg, the cook, handed a cup of coffee to the fire-control man. The explosion knocked Feinberg backwards into the crew's messing compartment. The ship shook and he fell flat to the deck.

He couldn't see. The ship lurched, and the emergency lights switched on. Feinberg saw a man spring from his hammock and run for the ladder. The ship jolted again, rolling Feinberg across the deck in the direction of the exit. The emergency lights went out.

He groped for the ladder; the pit of his stomach palpitated. He knew he had to get out or die. It seemed that he had been trying for hours to escape. Actually, about 20 seconds had elapsed since the explosion.

Finally he found the ladder. Running up it, he entered the galley passageway. In the flickering emergency light on the after bulkhead, he snatched up a life jacket that had been jarred to the deck.

A ship fitter ran out of the galley and opened the quick-action door leading to the main deck. As Feinberg followed him out, a flood of water swept him off his feet, carrying him back almost to the open door. Feinberg grabbed the forecastle railing. He noticed that the ship still had considerable way on; he could hear the swish of water.

The boat davits next to him were still intact, but the whaleboat had broken amidships. Its jagged timbers caught Feinberg's clothes: before he could free himself, the rush of water swept him into the ocean, pressing him between the dangling boat and the hull of the ship.

Feinberg fought to break loose. He struggled blindly, grabbing at everything he touched. His body felt numb. The darkness receded, and in its place strange designs shot across the white ocean in his mind.

As the ship lost motion, the water pressure on the dangling boat ceased. Feinberg floated free. His life jacket held his head above the water. Soon fresh air entered his lungs; he regained consciousness and found himself vomiting.

Something big floated near him. Climbing on it, he realized he was boarding the sinking ship, crawling over the partially submerged torpedo tubes. He shoved off, swimming away. He turned and looked at the sinking *Litch*. The stern and the bow rose; slowly water lapped over the midships section; men jumped off the forecastle and the fantail. A tremendous noise, a metallic scream, came from the ship. The bow and stern separated as the ship broke in two.

Feinberg remembered that the

stern had depth charges on it, and again swam away from the sinking ship as fast as he could.

Miflin, in charge of the depth-charge watch on the fantail, was shifting men from station to station when the torpedo hit. The full jolt of the explosion did not reach the fantail; there was a muffled roar followed by a shaking. A second later, Miflin saw the stack fall over, heard the hiss of steam, felt the stern rise out of the water.

He shouted to the men on watch. "Put the depth charges on safe! Willy, you and Jones take the portside. Johnson, you and Comp take the starboard side. I'll get the racks."

Willy and Jones ran to the port depth-charge throwers. Johnson and Comp hesitated. Miflin barked at them. "Shake a leg!"

"I know the charges are on safe," said Comp. "We're going to stand by the rafts."

"I said put them on safe! Now damn you, check them or I'll bash your head in!" Miflin rushed up to the two men, waving a wrench.

They began checking the depth charges. Miflin ran aft to the racks. He examined each depth charge carefully, using a light. The stern angled about 40 degrees to the horizontal. Miflin held on to the racks to keep from slipping. He glanced over the side; it looked like a mile to the water. He thought of the suction the ship would make when she went under.

The depth charges in the racks were okay. He looked forward and saw the life rafts floating in the water; men were abandoning ship. The stern lurched up to an angle of about 70 degrees. Miflin lost his grip, slid 20 feet down, smashed heavily into number five depth-charge thrower. A flash of pain jabbed his loins. He tried to abandon ship, but couldn't move. From the hips down he was paralyzed.

The stern settled. Miflin knew that if he didn't pull out he'd be lost. From where he lay he couldn't even float free as the ship sank; he'd tangle in the deckhouse netting. Grabbing the netting and using the muscles in his arms and shoulders, he tugged on the life line. But the lower part of his body remained paralyzed. Sweat poured out all over him. His hands shook. He remembered his knife. Slipping it out of the sheath, he cut the snaking. Then, by wriggling his shoulders, he rolled over the scupper and dropped into the water below. Using his arms, he sculled away from the wreck. About 15 minutes later, he was pulled onto a raft.

THE EXPLOSION lifted me from my bunk and threw me violently against a bulkhead. The lights went out, and I lay suspended in a bundle of whirling darkness.

Finally I stood up; my groping hand felt the dogged-down port. Under me the ship shuddered like a flag in a gale. I heard the groaning of steel mashing on steel and the whining hiss of berserk steam.

This is it, I thought. We've been hit and we're sinking fast! I fumbled around in the dark, feeling for my lifejacket. The nauseating odor of oil and smoke drifted into the cabin. I couldn't locate the lifejacket, nor did I search long.

Stumbling over debris, I rushed into the dark passageway. Dimly I heard voices shouting.

"The door's stuck!" the voices

screamed. "We can't get out!"

At the end of the passageway, barely discernible, I saw a dozen men huddled in front of the door which led topside to freedom—to air and a chance to live. The explosion apparently had jammed the door. I ran to the end of the passageway. One thought dominated me: get topside!

I found the door open about a foot. Looking out through the crack, I saw that the main deck and the water still were in proper relation to each other. The *Litch* wasn't sinking yet. I shouted, "All right, men, let's all push on the door together. One, two, three . . . go!"

The steel door swung open. We all crowded out and made our way to the fo'c'sle. The ship seemed normal except that the bow was at an angle of ten degrees to the horizon. I thought perhaps we'd passed over a mine and had only been jarred. I decided to go aft to investigate.

When I reached frame 60, the ship heaved violently; the after part angled to about 40 degrees, in a direction opposite the fo'c'sle's slant. The ship formed a "V" with its bottom at the forward stack.

The agony of the *Litch* lay in front of me. Both stacks had tumbled over; flames and sparks mixed with steam shot upward from cavities in the main deck. The stubby remains of the after stack lay askew like a broken nose.

Only the main deck platings and the power cables held the bow and stern together. The sea's motion grated the raw ends, making the ship shiver and screech. The midship section, where the *Litch's* back had been broken, settled in the water. The main deck plating

parted with a thunderous clang.

I went up to the extreme bow. Because of the steep incline I had to crawl like an animal. I knew she was sinking fast. I wondered if the depth-charges were set on safe.

The ship gave a grunt, and I saw the stern float off, stand on end, and slide under. Far away from the bridge I heard someone shout, "Abandon ship!"

A few sailors jumped, but most of them hesitated. The distance to the water from the bow increased as the angle got larger. It was now some 50 feet down. I thought: we better get the hell off here before the magazine explodes.

I shouted, "Let's go, boys!"

Not many of them moved.

"Abandon ship!" I ordered, almost screaming. "This is the exec, and I'm shoving off."

From the corner of my eye I saw men scrambling for the life lines. Then I jumped.

I landed in the water with less shock than I had expected. Looking back at the ship, I saw it had a twisting motion and noticed that bubbles gurgled and belched from the submerged section.

As I swam away from the dying *Litch*, my breath came hard, my legs hurt, my lungs burned, my arms dragged . . . yet I swam fast, using every muscle, all of my will and my instinct, to get away from the ship.

When I stopped to rest, I was

about 100 yards from the bow. The partially submerged stern drifted toward me. I started swimming again, away from the stern which had nine tons of TNT on it. When I could swim no more, I looked at the ship again. The bow still stood on end. The stern had disappeared. If the depth charges aren't on safe, I thought, the explosion will come any moment now.

About a minute went by. No explosion. Two minutes. Three. Except for the swish-swash of the waves, the ocean was silent.

Four minutes.

Well, I thought, that's that! She's not going to explode. The next thing is to get organized until we're picked up. The immediate fear of dying left me and the secondary instinct of taking charge of my men returned.

All of the men who had gotten off the ship were most likely not more than two or three hundred yards away.

I shouted, "Hey, hello!" but nobody answered. I probably had drifted off from the main group. An empty ammunition can and a piece of timber floated by. I grabbed them. Resting my shoulders on the can and my feet on the wood, I concentrated on relaxing. I knew I had to hoard my energy—I might be out there for days.

I closed my eyes and tried to go into a quasi-sleep. Suddenly I heard someone mumbling. About 15 feet away I saw Davis, a seaman. He was the last person I wanted to see. Davis didn't know how to swim. During the two years he had been on the *Litch*, I had tried to teach him to swim, but he had been afraid of the water. Now I saw that Davis had a life jacket, which relieved me considerably.

"You'll be all right, Davis," I said. "You've got a life jacket."

"These kapoks get soggy."

"They'll last for days. We'll get picked up after daylight."

"You'll stay near me, in case this kapok gets soggy?"

"Yes."

"Commander—I see a ship!"

There was a ship! A couple of hundred yards away stood a destroyer. It was lying still in the water, looking for the *Litch's* survivors.

For two or three minutes we shouted "Help," but no one replied. Davis said, "I'm going to make a try for it!"

I tried to make up my mind if I should swim toward the ship, pushing the ammunition can in front of me, or just swim alone as fast as I could. An empty life jacket floated by me; I was about to grab it when I saw that Davis had cast it off and was dog-paddling furiously toward the destroyer. Pushing my ammunition can in front of me, I swam alongside Davis.

In what seemed like months, we finally got alongside the destroyer. Rescue ladders were over the side and I climbed aboard. Davis had to be carried up.

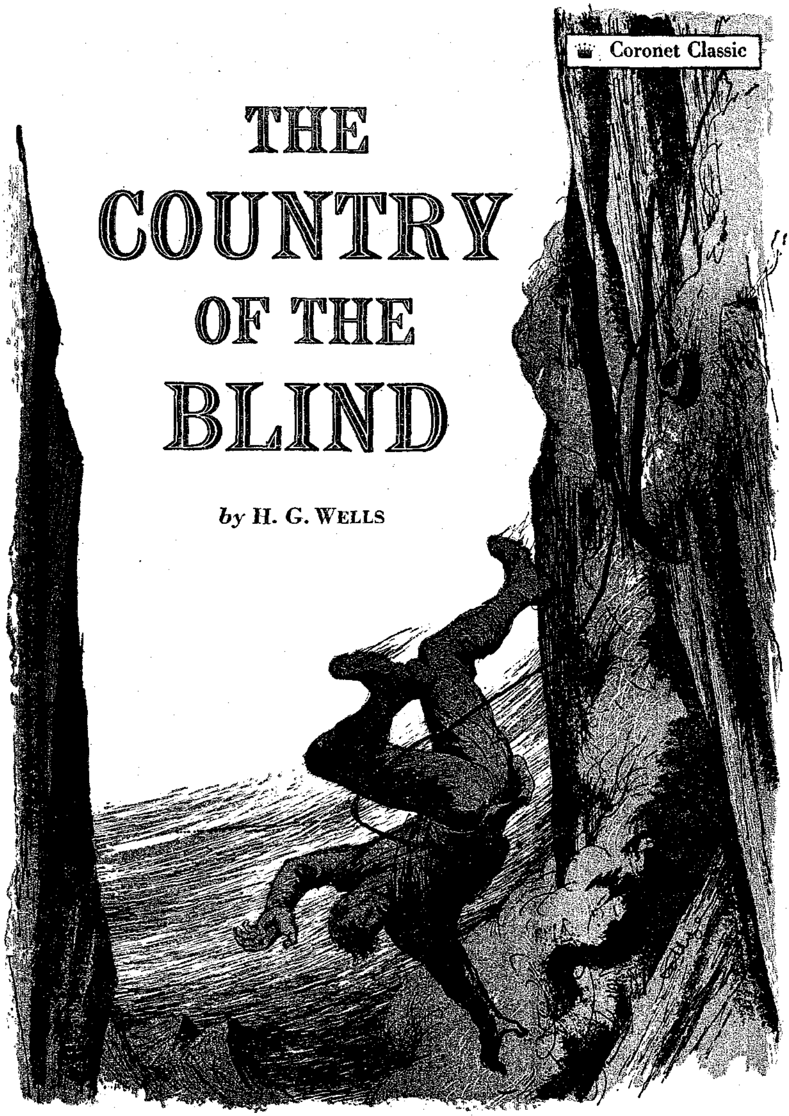
As soon as he had his breath he babbled, "I swam here! I swam—for the first time in my life, I swam!"

We were the first survivors from the *Litch* to be rescued. I pointed where I thought the others were, and the destroyer started after them. Meanwhile (as soon as the medical officer treated a wound on my leg) I went to the radio shack and quickly wrote down the events while they still remained fresh in my mind.

Coronet Classic

THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND

by H. G. WELLS



H. G. Wells was a master of fiction—an author fond of writing about "worlds to come" as well as worlds of fantasy. In "The Country of the Blind," he tells a classic adventure story, set in a land where truth is shaped by men's ignorance—a world, perhaps, somewhat like our own.

—THE EDITORS

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THREE HUNDRED MILES from Chimborazo, in the wildest wastes of Ecuador's Andes, lies that mysterious mountain valley cut off from the world of men, the Country of the Blind. Long years ago it lay so far open to the world that men might come through frightful gorges and over an icy pass into its equable meadows; and men indeed came, a family or so of Peruvian half-breeds, fleeing from the lust and tyranny of an evil Spanish ruler.

Then came the stupendous outbreak of Mindobamba volcano, when it was night in Quito for seventeen days and the water was boiling at Yaguachi; everywhere along the Pacific slopes there were landslips and swift thawings and sudden floods, and one whole side of the old Arauca crest slipped and came down in thunder, cutting off the Country of the Blind forever from the exploring feet of men. But one of the early settlers had chanced to be on the far side of the gorges when the world had so shaken itself, and he had to forget his wife and his child and all the possessions he had left up there, and start life over again in the lower world. The story he told begot a legend that lingers along the length of the Cordilleras of the Andes to this day.

The valley, he said, had in it all that a man could desire—sweet water, pasture, an even climate, slopes of rich brown soil, and on one side great hanging forests of pine that held avalanches high. Far overhead, on three sides, vast cliffs of grey-green rock were capped by cliffs of glacier ice.

The settlers did well there, and but one thing marred their happiness. A strange disease had come, and made all the children born to them blind. Amidst the little population of that isolated valley the disease ran its course. The old became groping, the young saw but dimly, and children saw never at all. But life was easy in that snow-rimmed basin, lost to all the world, and the seeing had become purblind so gradually that they scarcely noted their loss.

They guided the sightless youngsters until they knew the whole valley marvellously, and when at last sight died out among them, the race lived on. They had even time to adapt themselves to the blind control of fire, which they made carefully in stoves of stone. Generation followed generation. They forgot many things; they devised many things. Their tradition of the great world outside became mythical in colour and uncertain. And then came a time when chance brought a man into this community from the great world outside. This is the story of that man.

HE WAS A MOUNTAINEER called Núñez from near Quito, a man who had been down to the sea and had seen the world, a reader of books, an acute and enterprising man, and he was taken on by a party of Englishmen who had come to Ecuador to climb mountains, to replace one of three Swiss guides who had fallen ill. He climbed here and he climbed there, and then came the attempt on Parascotopetl, the Matterhorn of the Andes, in which he was lost to the outer world.

The party had worked their difficult and almost vertical way up to the very foot of the last and greatest precipice, and built a night shelter amidst the snow upon a little shelf of rock. Then they found that Núñez had gone from them. They shouted, and there was no reply; shouted and whistled, and for the rest of that night they slept no more.

As morning broke they saw traces of his fall. He had slipped eastward towards the unknown side of the mountain; far below he had struck a steep slope of snow, and plowed his way down it in the midst of an avalanche. His track went straight to the edge of a frightful precipice, and beyond that everything was hidden.

Far, far below, and hazy with distance, they could see trees rising out of a narrow, shut-in valley—the lost Country of the Blind. But they did not know it was the lost Country of the Blind, nor distinguish it in any way from any other narrow valley. Unnerved by the disaster, they abandoned their attempt, and to this day Parascotopetl lifts an unconquered crest. But the man who fell survived. . . .

At the end of the slope he fell a thousand feet, and came down in the midst of a cloud of snow upon a slope even steeper than the one above. Down this he was whirled, stunned and insensible, but without a bone broken; and then came to gentler slopes, and at last rolled out and lay still, buried amidst a softening heap of the white masses that had accompanied and saved him. With a mountaineer's intelligence he worked himself loose, and then rested for a space, wondering where he was. He looked up to see, exaggerated by the ghastly light of the rising moon, the tremendous flight he had taken. Below, down what was now a moonlit and practicable slope, he saw the dark and broken appearance of rock-strewn turf.

He struggled to his feet, aching in every joint and limb, went downward until he was on the turf, and there dropped beside a boulder, drank from his pocket flask, and instantly fell asleep.

He was awakened by the singing of birds in the trees far below him. Rising, he perceived he was on a little alp at the foot of a vast precipice, grooved by the gully down which he and his snow had come. Over against him another wall of rock reared itself against the sky. The gorge between these precipices ran east and west, and was full of morning sunlight.

He took his bearings and turned his face up the gorge, for he saw it opened out above upon green meadows, among which he now glimpsed a cluster of stone huts of unfamiliar fashion. At times his progress was like clambering along the face of a wall, and after a time the rising sun ceased to strike along the gorge, and the air grew cold and dark about him. But the distant valley with its houses was all the brighter for that.

About midday he came out of the gorge, into the plain and the sunlight. The houses were strange to his eyes, and indeed the whole aspect of that valley became, as he regarded it, queerer and more unfamiliar. The greater part of it was lush green meadow, starred with beautiful flowers, irrigated with extraordinary care, and bearing evidence of systematic cropping. High up and ringing the valley was a wall, and on the higher slopes above this, flocks of llamas cropped the scanty herbage. The irrigation streams ran together into a main channel, enclosed by a wall. This gave a singularly urban quality to this secluded place, a quality that was greatly enhanced by the fact that a number of paths paved with black and white stones, and each with a curious little curb at the side, ran hither and thither in an orderly manner.

The houses stood in a continuous row along a central street of astonishing cleanness; here and there, their parti-colored facade was pierced by a door, but not a solitary window broke their even frontage. They were parti-colored with extraordinary irregularity, smeared with a plaster that was sometimes grey, sometimes drab, sometimes slate or brown; and it was the sight of this wild plastering that first brought the word "blind" into the thoughts of the explorer.

"The good men who did that," he thought, "must have been blind as bats!"

He descended a steep place, and came to the wall and channel that ran about the valley. Now he could see a number of men and women resting on piled heaps of grass in the remoter part of the meadow, and nearer the village a number of recumbent children, and then nearer at hand three men carrying pails on yokes along a little path. The men wore garments of llama cloth and boots and belts of leather. They followed one another in single file, walking slowly and yawning as they walked, like men who have been up all night. There was something so reassuring in their bearing that after a moment's hesitation, Núñez stood forward on his rock and gave a mighty shout that echoed round the valley.

The three men stopped and moved their heads as though they were looking about them. Núñez gesticulated with freedom. But they did not appear to see him, and after a time, they shouted in answer. Núñez bawled again, and then, as he gestured ineffectually, the word "blind" came up to his thoughts again.

"The fools must be blind!" he said.

When at last, after much shouting, Núñez crossed the stream by a little bridge and approached them, he was sure that they were blind. This was the Country of the Blind of which the legends told. The three men stood side by side, not looking at him but with their ears directed towards him, judging him by his unfamiliar steps. He could see their eyelids closed and sunken, and there was an expression near awe on their faces.

"A man," one said in hardly recognizable Spanish, "a man it is—a man or a spirit—coming down from the rocks."

But Núñez advanced with confident steps. All the old stories of the Country of the Blind had come back to his mind, and through his thoughts ran this old proverb, as if it were a refrain:

"In the Country of the Blind the One-eyed Man is King . . .
In the Country of the Blind the One-eyed Man is King."

Very civilly he gave them greeting.

"Where does he come from, Brother Pedro?" asked one.

"Down out of the rocks."

"Over the mountains I come," said Núñez, "out of the country beyond there—where men can see. From Bogotá, where there are 100,000 people, and where the city passes out of sight."

"Sight?" muttered Pedro. "Sight?"

"He comes," said the second blind man, "out of the rocks."

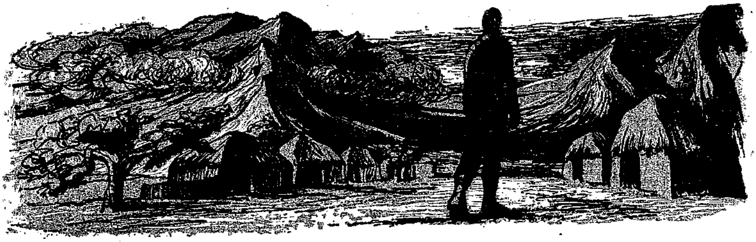
The cloth of their coats, Núñez saw, was curiously fashioned, each with a different stitching. Then suddenly, they startled him by a simultaneous movement towards him, each with hand outstretched. He stepped back from the advance of spread fingers.

"Come hither!" said the third blind man, following his motion and clutching him neatly. Then they held Núñez and felt him over.

"Carefully!" he cried, finding a finger pressed against his eye.

"A strange creature, Correa," said Pedro. "Feel the coarseness of his hair. Like a llama's."

"Rough he is as the rocks that begot him," said Correa, in-



vestigating thoroughly Núñez' unshaven chin with a soft hand.

"Carefully!" he said again.

"He speaks," said the third man. "Certainly he is a man."

"Ugh!" said Pedro, at the roughness of his coat.

"Let us lead him to the elders."

"Shout first," said Correa, "lest the children be afraid. This is a marvellous occasion."

So they shouted, and Pedro took Núñez by the hand to lead him to the houses. He drew his hand away. "I can see," he said.

"See?" said Correa.

"Yes, see!" said Núñez.

"His senses are still imperfect," said the third blind man. "He stumbles, and talks unmeaning words. Lead him by the hand."

"As you will," said Núñez, and was led along. He thought to himself: they know nothing of sight. Well, in good time I will teach them. . . .

Soon he heard people shouting, and saw figures gathering in the middle roadway of the village. The place seemed larger as he drew near, and the smeared plasterings queerer. A crowd of children, men and women (the women and girls, he was pleased to note, had sweet faces, for all that their eyes were shut and sunken) came about him, holding on to him, touching him with soft, sensitive hands, and listening to every word he spoke. His three guides kept close to him with an air of proprietorship, and said again and again: "A wild man out of the rocks."

"Bogotá," he said. "Bogotá. Over the mountain crest."

"A wild man—using wild words," said Pedro. "Did you hear that—*Bogotá*? His mind is hardly formed yet. He has only the beginnings of speech."

A little boy nipped his hand. "Bogotá!" he said mockingly.

"Aye, a city to your village. I come from the great world—where men have eyes and see."

"His name's Bogotá," they said.

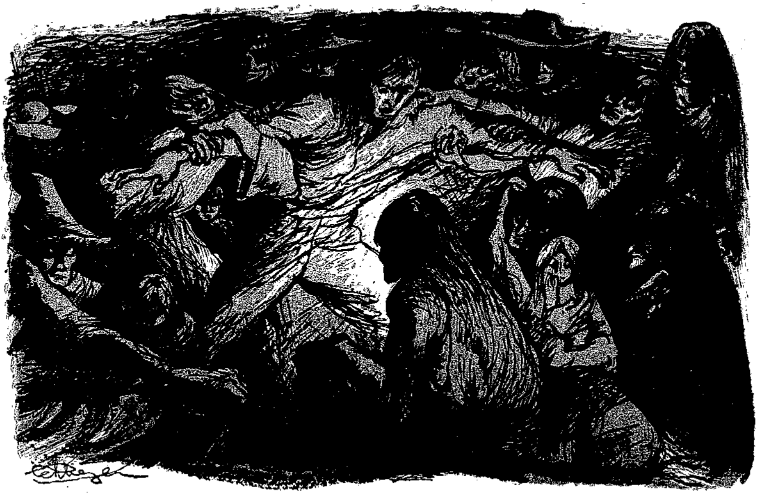
"He stumbled," said Correa. "He stumbled twice."

"Bring him to the elders."

They thrust him through a doorway into a room as black as pitch, save at the end where a fire faintly glowed. The crowd closed in behind and before he could arrest himself, he had fallen headlong over the feet of a seated man. His arm, outflung, struck the face of someone else as he went down; he felt the soft impact of features and heard a cry of anger, and for a moment he struggled against a number of hands that clutched him.

It was a one-sided fight. An inkling of the situation came to him, and he lay quiet. "I fell down," he said. "I couldn't see in this pitchy darkness."

There was a pause as if the unseen persons about him tried to



understand his words. Then Correa said: "He is but newly formed. He stumbles as he walks and mingles words that mean nothing with his speech."

Others also said things about him that he understood imperfectly. "May I sit up?" he asked. "I will not struggle again."

They let him rise. Then an older man began to question him, and Núñez found himself trying to explain the great world out of which he had fallen, and the sky and mountains and sight and such marvels, to these elders who sat in darkness in the Country of the Blind. But they would believe nothing that he told them, a thing quite outside his expectation.

For generations these people had been blind and cut off from all the seeing world; the names for all the things of sight had faded; the story of the outer world had faded to a child's story; and they had ceased to concern themselves with anything beyond the rocky slopes above their circling wall. Blind men of genius had arisen among them and questioned the shreds of belief and tradition they had brought with them from their seeing days, and had dismissed all these things as idle fancies, and replaced them with new and saner explanations.

Much of their imagination had shrivelled with their eyes, and they had made for themselves new imaginations with their ever more sensitive ears and fingertips. The eldest of the blind men explained to him life and philosophy and religion, how the world (meaning their valley) had been an empty hollow in the rocks, and then had come, first, inanimate things without the gift of touch, and llamas and a few other creatures that had little sense, and then men, and at last angels, whom one could hear singing and making fluttering sounds, but whom no one could touch at all, which puzzled Núñez greatly until he thought of the birds.

He went on to tell Núñez how this time had been divided into the warm and the cold, which are the blind equivalents of day and night, and how it was good to sleep in the warm and work during the cold, so that now, except for his advent, the whole town of the blind would have been asleep. He said Núñez must have been specially created to learn and serve the wisdom they had acquired, and that for all his mental incoherency and stumbling behavior, he must have courage and do his best to learn, and at that, all the people in the doorway murmured encouragingly. He said the night—for the blind call their day night—was now far gone, and it behooved everyone to go back to sleep. He asked Núñez if he knew how to sleep, and Núñez said he did, but that before sleep he wanted food.

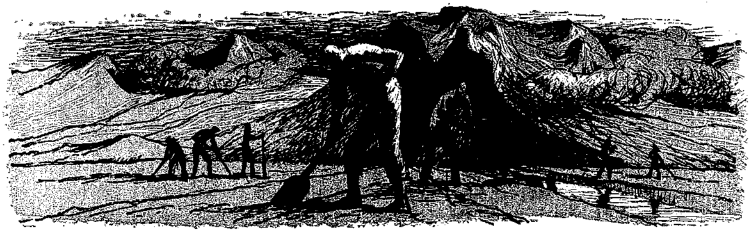
They brought him food—llama's milk in a bowl, and rough salted bread—and led him to a lonely place to eat out of their hearing, and afterwards to slumber until the chill of the mountain evening roused them to begin their day again. But Núñez slept not at all.

Instead, he sat where they had left him, turning over in his mind the circumstances of his arrival.

Every now and then he laughed, sometimes with amusement, sometimes with indignation.

"Unformed mind!" he said. "Got no senses yet! They little know they've been insulting their heaven-sent king and master. I see I must bring them to reason. Let me think—let me think." And he was still thinking when the sun set.

Núñez had an eye for beautiful things, and it seemed to him that the glow upon the snowfields and glaciers that rose about the valley was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. His eyes went from that inaccessible glory to the village and irrigated fields, fast sinking into twilight, and suddenly a wave of emotion took him. He thanked God from the bottom of his heart that the power of sight had been given him. Then he heard a voice calling from the village: "Yo ho there, Bogotá! Come hither!"



At that he stood up, smiling. He would show these people once and for all what sight would do for a man.

"You move not, Bogotá," said the voice.

He smiled, and made two stealthy steps aside from the path.

"Trample not on the grass, Bogotá! That is not allowed."

Núñez had scarcely heard the sound himself. He stopped, amazed. The owner of the voice came running up the path. Núñez stepped back into the pathway. "Here I am," he said.

"Why did you not come when I called you?" said the blind man. "Must you be led like a child? Cannot you hear the path as you walk?"

Núñez laughed. "I can see it," he said.

"There is no such word as *see*," said the blind man. "Cease this folly, and follow the sound of my feet."

Núñez followed, a little annoyed. "My time will come," he said.

"You'll learn," the blind man answered. "There is much to learn in the world."

"Has no one told you, 'In the Country of the Blind the One-eyed Man is King'?"

"What is blind?" asked the blind man carelessly.

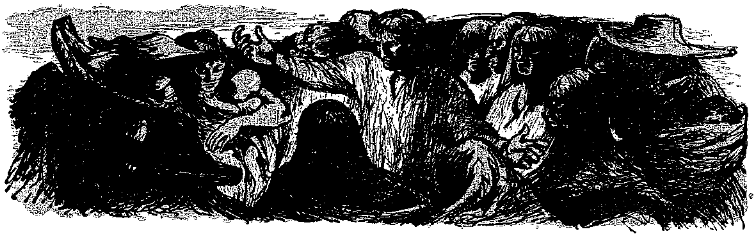
FOUR DAYS PASSED, and the fifth found the King of the Blind still incognito, a clumsy and useless stranger among his subjects. It was, he found, much more difficult to proclaim himself king than he had supposed, and meantime, he did what he was told and learned the manners and customs of the Country of the Blind. He found working and going about at night a particularly irksome thing, and he decided that this should be the first thing he would change.

They led a simple life with all the elements of virtue and happiness. They toiled, but not oppressively; they had sufficient food and clothing; they made much of music and singing, and there was love among them, and little children.

It was marvellous with what confidence and precision they went about their ordered world. Everything had been made to fit their needs; each of the radiating paths of the valley area had a constant angle to the others, and was distinguished by a special notch upon its curbing; all obstacles and irregularities had long since been cleared away.

Their senses had become marvellously acute; they could hear and judge the slightest gesture of a man a dozen paces away—could even hear the beating of his heart. Intonation had long replaced expression with them, and their work with hoe and spade was as precise as garden work can be. Their sense of smell was extraordinarily fine; they could distinguish individual differences as readily as a dog can, and they tended the llamas with ease.

Núñez rebelled only after he had tried persuasion. "Look you



here, you people," he said. "There are things you do not understand in me."

They sat with faces downcast and ears turned intelligently towards him, and he did his best to tell them what it was to see. Among his hearers was a girl, with eyelids less red and sunken than the others, whom he especially hoped to persuade. He spoke of the beauties of sight, of watching the mountains, of the sky and the sunrise, and they heard him with amused incredulity that presently became condemnatory. They told him there were indeed no mountains at all, but that the end of the rocks where the llamas grazed was indeed the end of the world; thence sprang a cavernous roof the universe, from which the dew and the avalanches fell; and when he maintained stoutly that the world had neither end nor roof such as they supposed, they said his thoughts were wicked.

So far as he could describe the sky and clouds and stars, it seemed to them a hideous void, a terrible blankness in the place of the smooth roof to things in which they believed—it was an article of faith with them that the cavern roof was exquisitely smooth to the touch. He saw that in some manner he had shocked them, so he gave up that aspect of the matter and tried to show them the practical value of sight.

One morning he saw Pedro in the path called Seventeen, coming towards the central houses, but still too far off for hearing or scent, and he told them as much. "In a little while," he prophesied, "Pedro will be here."

An old man remarked that Pedro had no business on Path Seventeen, and then, as in confirmation, that individual went transversely into Path Ten, and so back with nimble paces toward the outer wall. They mocked Núñez when Pedro did not arrive, and afterwards, when he asked Pedro questions to clear his character, Pedro denied and outfaced him.

Then he induced them to let him go up the sloping meadows towards the wall with one complacent individual, and to him he promised to describe all that happened among the houses. He noted certain goings and comings, but the things that really seemed to signify to these people happened inside of or behind the windowless houses (the only things they took note of to test him by) and of these he could see or tell nothing. It was only after the failure of this attempt, and the ridicule they could not repress, that Núñez resorted to force.

He thought of seizing a spade and smiting one or two of them to earth, and so in fair combat showing the advantage of eyes. He went so far as to seize his spade, and then he discovered a new thing about himself—it was impossible for him to hit a blind man in cold blood.

He hesitated, and found them all aware that he had snatched up the spade. They stood alert, heads on one side, and bent ears towards him for what he would do next.

"Put that spade down," said one, and Núñez felt a sort of helpless horror. He thrust one of them backwards against a house wall, and then fled past him and out of the village.

He went athwart one of their meadows, leaving a track of trampled grass behind, and presently sat down by the side of one of their ways. He felt something of the buoyancy that comes to all men in the beginning of a fight, but he began to realize that you cannot even fight happily with creatures who stand upon a different mental basis.

Far away he saw a number of men carrying spades and sticks come out of the street of houses, and advance in a spreading line along the several paths towards him. They advanced slowly, speaking frequently to one another, and constantly the whole cordon would halt and sniff the air and listen.

The first time they did this Núñez laughed. But afterwards he did not laugh, for one struck his trail in the grass, and came stooping and feeling his way along it.

For five minutes he watched the slow extension of the cordon and then his vague disposition to do something forthwith became frantic. He stood up, went a pace or so towards the wall, turned, and went back a little way.

There they all stood in a crescent, still and listening. He also stood still, gripping his spade tightly in both hands. Should he charge them? The pulse in his ears ran into the rhythm of "In the Country of the Blind the One-eyed Man is King!" Should he charge them?

He looked back at the high and unclimbable wall behind and at the approaching line of seekers. Behind these, others were now coming out of the street. Should he charge them?

"Bogotá!" called one. "Where are you?"

He gripped his spade still tighter, and advanced down the meadows, but as soon as he moved, they converged upon him. "I'll hit them if they touch me," he swore. Then he called aloud, "Look here, I'm going to do what I like in this valley. Do you hear? I'm going to do what I like and go where I like!"

They were moving in upon him quickly, groping, yet moving rapidly. It was like playing blind man's buff, with everyone blind-folded except one. "Get hold of him!" cried one. He found himself in the arc of a loose curve of pursuers.

"You don't understand!" he cried in a voice that was meant to be resolute, and which broke. "You are blind, and I can see. Leave me alone."

"Bogotá! Put down that spade and come off the grass!"

"I'll hurt you," he said, sobbing with emotion. "By Heaven, I'll hurt you. Leave me alone!"

He began to run, not knowing clearly where to run. He ran from the nearest blind man, because it was a horror to hit him. He stopped, and then made a dash to escape from their closing ranks. He made for where a gap was wide, and the men on either side, with a quick perception of his approach, rushed in. He sprang forward, and then saw he must be caught, and *swish!* the spade had struck. He felt the soft thud on hand and arm, and the man was down with a yell of pain, and he had broken through.

Through! And then he was close to the street of houses again, and blind men, whirling spades and sticks, were running with a sort of reasoned swiftness hither and thither.

He heard steps behind him and found a tall man rushing forward and swiping at the sound of him. He lost his nerve, hurled his spade a yard wide of his antagonist, and whirled about and fled, fairly yelling as he dodged another.

Núñez was panic-stricken. He ran furiously to and fro, stumbling. For a moment he was down and they heard his fall. Far away in the circumferential wall, a little doorway looked like heaven, and he set off in a wild rush for it. He did not even look around at his pursuers until it was gained, and he had clambered a little way among the rocks and lay down sobbing for breath. And thus did his attempt to proclaim himself king come to an end.

NÚÑEZ STAYED OUTSIDE THE WALL for two nights and days without food or shelter, and meditated upon the unexpected. During these meditations he repeated very frequently and always with a profounder note of derision the exploded proverb: "In the Country of the Blind the One-eyed Man is King." He thought chiefly of ways of fighting and conquering these people, and it grew clear that for him, no practicable way was possible. He had no weapons, and now it would be hard to get one.

The canker of civilization had got to him even in Bogotá, and he could not find it in himself to go down and assassinate a blind man. Of course, if he did that, he might then dictate terms on the threat of assassinating them all. But, sooner or later, he must sleep! . . .

Fear came to him on the second day, and fits of shivering.

Finally he crawled down to the wall of the Country of the Blind and tried to make terms. He crawled along by the stream, shouting, until two blind men came out and talked to him.

"I was mad," he said. "But I was only newly-made."

They said that was better.

He told them he was wiser now, and repented of all he had done. Then he wept without intention, for he was weak and ill, and they took that as a favorable sign. They asked him if he still thought he could "see."

"No," he said. "That was folly. The word means nothing—less than nothing!"

They asked him what was overhead.

"About ten times ten the height of a man there is a roof above the world—of rock—and very, very smooth." He burst again into hysterical tears. "Before you ask me any more, give me some food or I shall die."

Núñez expected dire punishment, but these blind people were capable of toleration. They regarded his rebellion as but one more proof of his general idiocy; and after they had whipped him, they appointed him to do the simplest work they had.

So Núñez became a citizen of the Country of the Blind, and the people ceased to be generalized and became individualities to him, while the world beyond the mountains became more remote and unreal. There was Yacob, his master, a kindly man when not annoyed; there was Pedro, Yacob's nephew; and there was Medina-saroté, the youngest daughter of Yacob.

She was little esteemed in the world of the Blind because she had a clean-cut face and lacked that glossy smoothness that is the blind man's ideal of feminine beauty. But Núñez thought her beautiful at first, and presently the most beautiful thing in all creation. Her closed eyelids were not sunken and red after the common way of the valley, but lay as though they might open again at any moment; and she had long eyelashes, which were considered a grave disfigurement. Also her voice was strong, and did not satisfy the acute hearing of the valley swains, so that she had no lover.

There came a time when Núñez thought that if he could win her, he would be resigned to live in the valley for the rest of his days. He sought opportunities of doing her little services, and presently he found that she observed him. Once, at a rest-day gathering, they sat side by side in the dim starlight, and the music was sweet. His hand came upon hers and he dared to clasp it. Then very tenderly she returned his pressure.

One day he went to her when she was sitting in the summer moonlight, spinning. The light made her a thing of silver and mystery. He sat at her feet and told her he loved her, and how beautiful she seemed to him. He had a lover's voice, he spoke with tender reverence, and she had never before been touched by adoration. She made no definite answer, but it was clear that his words pleased her.

After that, he talked to her whenever he could find an opportunity. The valley became the world for him, and the world beyond the mountains seemed no more than a fairy tale he would some day pour into her ears. Very tentatively and timidly, he spoke to her of sight.

To her, sight seemed the most poetical of fancies, and she listened to his description of the stars and mountains and her own beauty as though it was a guilty indulgence. She did not believe, but she was mysteriously delighted, and it seemed to him that she completely understood.

Núñez's love lost its awe and took courage. Presently he was for demanding her of Yacob and the elders in marriage, but she became fearful and delayed. And it was one of her elder sisters who first told Yacob that Medina-saroté and Núñez were in love.

FROM THE FIRST THERE WAS GREAT OPPOSITION to the marriage, not so much because they valued her as because they held him as a being apart, an idiot thing below the level of a man. Her sisters opposed it bitterly as bringing discredit on them all; and old Yacob, though he had formed a sort of liking for his clumsy, obedient serf, shook his head and said the thing could not be.

The young men were all angry at the idea of corrupting the race, and one went so far as to revile and strike Núñez. He struck back. Then for the first time he found an advantage in seeing, and after that fight, no one raised a hand against him. But they still found his marriage impossible.

Old Yacob had a tenderness for his daughter, and was grieved to have her weep upon his shoulder. "You see, my dear, he has delusions; he can't do anything right."

"I know," Medina-saroté wept. "But he's better than he was. He's getting better. And he's strong, father, and kind—stronger and kinder than any other man in the world. He loves me—and, Father, I love him."

Old Yacob was greatly distressed, so he went and sat in the

windowless council-chamber with the other elders and said, at the proper time: "He's better than he was. Very likely, some day we shall find him as sane as ourselves."

Then one of the elders had an idea. He was a great doctor among these people, their medicine-man, and a man of very philosophical and inventive mind. The idea of curing Núñez of his peculiarities appealed to him.

One day when Yacob was present, he returned to the topic of Núñez. "I have examined Bogotá," he said, "and the case is clearer to me. I think very probably he might be cured."

"That is what I have always hoped," said Yacob.

"His brain is affected," said the blind doctor. "Now, *what* affects it?"

"Ah!" said Yacob.

"*This*," said the doctor, answering his own question. "Those queer things called eyes are diseased in such a way as to affect Bogotá's brain. They are greatly distended, he has eyelashes, and his eyelids move, and consequently his brain is in a state of constant distraction."

"Yes?" said Yacob.

"And I think I may say with reasonable certainty that, in order to cure him, all that we need to do is a simple operation—namely, to remove these irritant bodies."

"And then he will be sane?"

"Then he will be perfectly sane, and a quite admirable citizen."

"Thank Heaven for science!" said Yacob, and went forth at once to tell Núñez of his happy hopes.

But Núñez's manner of receiving the good news struck him as cold and disappointing.

"One might think," Yacob said, "you did not love my daughter."

Finally, it was Medina-saroté who persuaded Núñez to face the blind surgeons.

"You do not want me," he said, "to lose my gift of sight?"

She shook her head.

"There are beautiful little things—the flowers, the lichens among the rocks, the far sky with its drifting clouds, the sunsets and the stars. And there is *you*. For you alone it is good to have sight, to see your sweet face, your kindly lips, your beautiful hands folded together . . . It is these eyes of mine that hold me to you which these idiots seek."

"I wish," she said, "I wish—you would not talk like that."

"Like what?"

"I know it's pretty—your imagination. I love it, but now—"

He felt cold. "*Now?*" he said faintly. "You mean—I should be better, better perhaps—"

He was realizing things swiftly. He felt anger at the dull course of fate, but also sympathy for her lack of understanding. He put his arms about her, kissed her, and they sat for a time in silence.

"If I were to consent to this?" he said in a voice that was very gentle.

She flung her arms about him, weeping wildly. "Oh, if you would," she sobbed, "if you only would!"

FOR A WEEK BEFORE THE OPERATION, Núñez knew nothing of sleep, and all through the warm sunlit hours, while the others slumbered happily, he sat brooding or wandered aimlessly, trying to bring his mind to bear on his dilemma.

Then at last work-time was over, the sun rose in splendor over the golden crests, and his last day of vision began for him. He had a few minutes with Medina-saroté before she went away to sleep.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I shall see no more."

"Dear heart!" she answered, and pressed his hands. "They will hurt you but little, and you are going through this pain for *me*. . . . Dear, if a woman's heart and life can do it, I will repay you. My dearest one, with the tender voice, I will repay."

He held her in his arms, pressing his lips to hers, and looked on her face for the last time. "Good-bye!" he whispered.

Núñez had meant to go to a lonely place where the meadows were beautiful with white narcissus, and remain there until the hour of sacrifice should come; but as he went he lifted up his eyes and saw the morning, like an angel in golden armor, marching down the steeps. He went on, and passed through the wall and out upon the rocks, and his eyes were always upon the sunlit ice and snow. He saw their infinite beauty, and his imagination soared over them to the things beyond.

He thought of that great free world that was his own, and had a vision of those further slopes, with Bogotá, a place of palaces and fountains and statues and white houses, lying beautifully in the distance. He thought of the river journey, day by day, from great Bogotá to the still vaster world beyond, through towns and villages, forest and desert, the rushing river day by day, until its banks receded and the big steamers came splashing by, and one had reached the sea—the limitless sea, with its ships seen far away in their incessant journeyings about that greater world.

Núñez scrutinized the great curtain of the mountains with a keener inquiry. For example, if one went up that gully and to that chimney there, then one might come out high among those stunted pines. And then? That slope might be managed. Thence perhaps a climb might be found to take him up to the precipice.

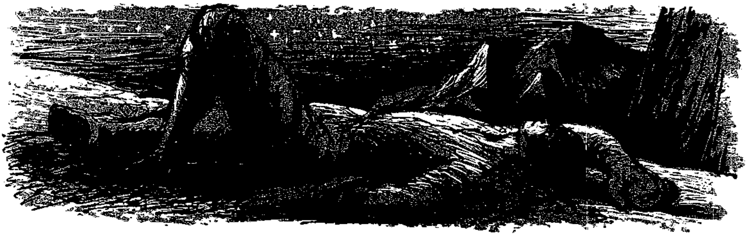
Núñez glanced back at the village, then turned around and regarded it steadfastly. He thought of Medina-saroté, but she had become small and remote. He turned again towards the mountain wall, down which the day had come to him.

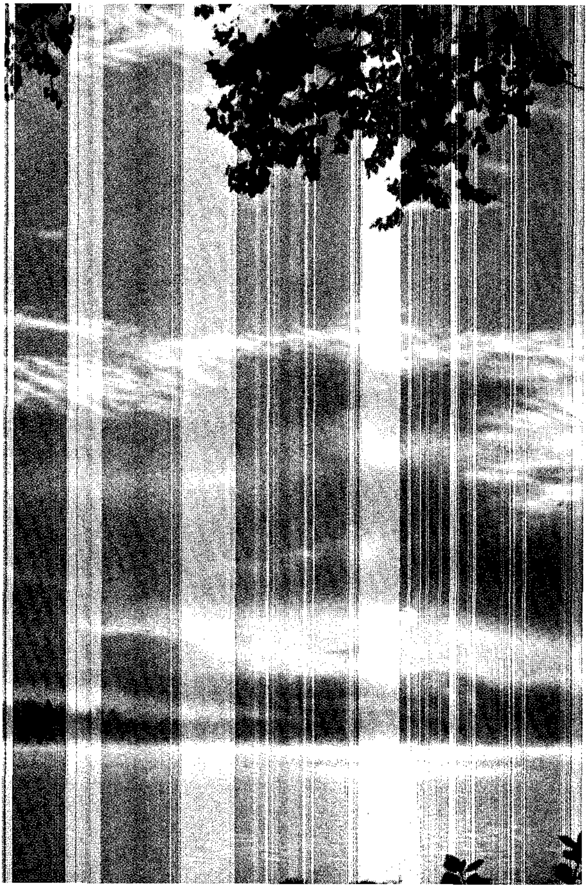
WHEN SUNSET CAME, Núñez was no longer climbing, but he was far and high. His clothes were torn, he was bruised in many places, but he lay as if he were at his ease, and there was a smile on his face.

From where he rested, the valley seemed as if it were in a pit and nearly a mile below. Already it was dim with haze and shadow, though the mountain summits around him were things of light and fire, and the little details of the rocks near at hand were drenched with subtle beauty.

There were deep mysterious shadows in the gorge, blue deepening into purple, and purple into a luminous darkness, and overhead was the illimitable vastness of sky. He lay quite inactive, smiling as if he were satisfied merely to have escaped from the Valley of the Blind in which he had thought to be King.

Then the glow of the sunset passed, and night came, and still Núñez lay peacefully contented under the cold stars.





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